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VOL. XV.

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FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A SCENE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

THE STATION AT GLACIER, WITH MOUNT "SIR DONALD" IN THE DISTANCE.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XV MAY, 1900 No. 1

CANADA AND THE TOURIST.

LAST summer, as I passed along northern Ontario, between Port Arthur and Rat Portage, I saw, sidetracked by the bank of a river, the private palace car of the President of the New York Central, one of the richest citizens of the United States. His wealth could not provide him in New York with what he was seeking and getting, free of charge, in Canada—the pleasure of casting a fly for gamey fish amid the most entrancing and restful natural scenery.

As I sojourned at Banff and Laggan and the Glacier in the Rockies, I met Europeans who had crossed the Atlantic and a great continent to view mountains more majestic in their number and extent than the Alps of Europe and fully equal in grandeur and colouring.

In Vancouver and Victoria I met Americans from San Francisco and other western cities who had come up to see the beauties of British Columbia, its famous mountains, rivers and salmon fisheries and to enjoy one of the balmiest climates in the world.

The Muskoka region, in Ontario, is crowded each summer with tourists from all parts of the United States, and last year many were forced to make a short stay because of inadequate accommodation.

The City of Quebec, with its quaintness and its romance, is yearly attracting an increased number of travellers anxious to see its madiæval relics and its historic rock. The celebrated Chateau Frontenac is taxed to accommodate all the visitors who write their names on the register in an office which overlooks one of the most beautiful terraces in the world.

The Maritime Provinces are now the regular camping grounds of the people from the cities of the Eastern States. Halifax and St. John are well known as objective points for those who wish to escape for a month from the toil and heat of a large city, and to avoid the bustle and rush of a fashionable watering place. Here they find a land which is fanned by cooling sea breezes, which possesses land-locked harbours, where even the frail bark canoe may be safely launched, where the scenery is of a sweet pastoral simplicity or an impressive grandeur, and where in crystal brook or primeval forests may be found sport which will create memories to be treasured throughout life.

While the number of foreign tourists is on the increase, the Canadian people themselves are awakening to a realization that in their own country are to be found the chiefest pleasures of life. The neighbourly relations between the people of adjacent provinces are being extended and more "social calls" are being paid. The people of Ontario, and they comprise one-third of the whole population of Canada, are found making summer tours eastward through Quebec and the Maritime Provinces or westward across the prairies to the

mountain regions of British Columbia. Such a result is the inevitable accompaniment of the growth of railroad and steamship lines and of the perfecting of travelling comforts. The development of inter-provincial trade, the broadening of patriotism from provincial to national boundaries, and the more thorough acquaintance with Canadian history are also important factors in this development of inter-provincial travel.

The growth of the Canadian urban population has increased the number of people who are desirous of getting "back to nature" for at least one month of the year. Hence in the neighbourhood of each city there are one or more special districts where the summer cottage is in increasing evidence and where the formalism and restraint of the city can be laid aside to the benefit of mind and body. It is not many years since the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence were the only important resort of this character. Recently, however, many other places have grown into equal prominence as resorts. The people of Winnipeg do their camping and summer cottage duties on the Lake of the Woods, chiefly at Rat Portage. The people of the Ontario cities have resorts in the Geórgian Bay, on Lake Huron, Lake Erie, on the Niagara Peninsula, the Muskoka lakes, and along the Upper St. Lawrence. The denizens of Montreal have created many beautiful summer villages along the Lower St. Lawrence. The citizens of St. John and Halifax have no trouble in finding quiet sea-beaches beside which they may while away the heated days of summer.

The young men who desire to avoid the village of summer cottages and summer hotels have begun to visit Lake Temiskaming and Lake Temagaming, on the boundary between Ontario and Quebec, and some 230 miles north-west of Ottawa. The boundary runs through Temagaming, while Temiskaming is about forty miles east. The railway now runs as far up as Temiskaming Station at the southern extremity of the lake of that name. Here there is a fair hotel. It is best to take canoes and supplies along, but Indians can be engaged there. On Lake Temiskaming there is a steamer which takes the canoeist up to the head of the lake (75 miles); and from there to Lake Temagaming, via the Montreal River, is several days' paddle. There is a shorter route by the River Metabechawan, but the former route is more novel even if more difficult. Temagaming is above the average of these northern lakes in its beauty, its fish and its game. It contains over thirteen hundred wooded islands and these make canoeing safe and pleasant. There are trout and bass and doré such as are never seen nowadays in the better known tributaries of the St. Lawrence, and deer, bear and moose are frequently encountered. There is a Hudson's Bay Company post at Bear Island, in the centre of the lake, but otherwise there is no sign of civilization in the region. Indians, of course, are met with in many parts, and the canoeist is generally pleased to meet them.*

To return from this digression to the general subject, it may be remarked in conclusion that it is certain that Canada shall become more and more the resort of the summer traveller, especially from the United States. Her thousands of lakes and rivers afford plenty of sport for the seeker after pleasant excitement, her vast forest preserves are still well stocked with the finest game in the world, and the natural beauty of the many regions, which the prosaic hand of civilization has not yet touched, affords rest to the tired man or woman of the world. Canada is rising in importance as the natural play-ground of America, and that explains why this tourist number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE has been prepared.

The Editor.

* Two illustrated articles on this region, by a Torontonian who spent two or three seasons there, may be found in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, June and July, 1899, under the title, "With Rifle and Rod in the Mooselands of Northern Ontario."



SCENES IN AND ABOUT TORONTO.

1. A Niagara Navigation Co. Steamer. 2. In High Park. 3. In Toronto Bay. 4. On the Humber River. 5. In Reservoir Park. 6. On the Humber River.



Summer *on the* Pacific Coast.

By Julian Durham



A FEW BRITISH COLUMBIAN THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES.

TRULY the trail of the tourist is over it all! Strolling about the busy cities on the Pacific Coast, that present to the stranger such odd contrasts between the modern buildings, flanking their asphalted streets, their quaint Chinatowns, and the impenetrable wildernesses of their vacant "town lots"—wandering through the exquisite glades of Stanley Park, or the charmingly laid-out grounds of Beacon Hill—a boat in the harbours—a-picnicking up the canyons—a-wheel anywhere—the tourist is ubiquitous throughout the province of British Columbia.

How well we know him with his inevitable kodak and his soft fedora hat, and how dearly we love him for his honest appreciation of our great Canadian West! Occasionally it is amusing to watch his astonishment at the growth and development of the new towns, or to note his admiration of the wondrous beauty of some fern-dressed ravine, that is cleft into the very heart of the heavily-wooded hills, but at all times it is vastly pleasing to hear him exclaim with genuine enthusiasm: "I am glad I came!"

And, well he may be—not only glad, but interested and fascinated also, for the tourist who visits British Columbia (let us say during the months from April to November, which are by far the most enjoyable on the Coast) finds himself amongst surroundings such as he has never met with elsewhere. In the first place, he discovers everything to be on a very large and generous scale, from the mountains with their giant fir trees and luxuriant vegetation, down to the ideas of the hospitable inhabitants in this land where free life and fresh air characterize the entire country. Secondly, there is so much to see and to do that cannot be seen or done one-half as well in any other locality. And last, but not least, there comes to every stranger who visits the West that restful sense of living near to Nature's heart which appeals so strongly to the jaded minds of town-bred men and women. From dusk to dawn, from sunrise to sunset, a mighty peace lies upon the land, and a feeling of space exhilar-



PHOTO. BY THOMPSON, VANCOUVER.

THE BIG TREES IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

ates the brain. Life seems so very well worth living, so full of grand possibilities out on the Pacific slope.

Day after day the transcontinental express brings large numbers of tourists into the Terminal City, some of them bound for Chinese and Japanese ports, to which they sail from Vancouver by one of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company's magnificent boats, commonly called "the Empresses"; others, anxious to take passage for Melbourne or Sydney, board the vessels of the Canadian-Australian Royal Mail Line; many *en route* to the Klondike and Northern points pass quickly through the town and are gone, whilst a goodly quota remain behind simply to spend a pleasant holiday in British Columbia.



VANCOUVER—ENGLISH BAY.

Having seen all the glories of the Rocky Mountains, and feasted his eyes upon the spiral loveliness of the Selkirk Range, the Tourist arrives at the fine new Terminal station and establishes himself in one of the many local hotels such as the "Vancouver," the "Badminton," or the "Commercial." Then he naturally begins to look around him. First of all, he takes in the town with its smart up-to-dateness and cheerful air of bustle; next, perchance, he scrapes acquaintance with some returned Klondiker or owner of Atlin claims, and listens with breathless interest to marvellous accounts of the wonders that may be seen farther North, from the lips of that sanguine individual, with the result that he is fired by a fierce ambition to instantly extend his trip to Dawson City, *via* the Yukon & White Pass Railway, one of the grandest scenic routes in the world.

By and by, mayhap, he strikes a civic official, or that unrivalled encyclopedia, "the old resident," and is promptly whisked off to visit Stanley Park, Chinatown, or the Hastings Saw Mill and wind up with a turn along the docks, where tall-masted ships lie at anchor, and the steamers running to Skagway, San Francisco and the Puget Sound ports are tied up. These latter vessels offer to men of a roving disposition ample opportunity for making short excursions to places of interest north and south of British Columbia, and the round trip to Alaska on



PHOTO. BY THOMPSON, NEW WESTMINSTER.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA LOGGING CAMP.

board the *City of Seattle*, or a run down to the American coast towns, forms the basis of many a most enjoyable tour for those who like sea voyages ; whilst as regards people going from Canada into the United States who prefer railroad travelling, the Seattle & International Line takes them comfortably across the border, and connects with the luxurious systems of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Companies. Thus Vancouver, though essentially a Canadian Pacific Railway town, is also an important centre of general travel, from which steamship and railroad lines radiate to all points of the compass.

As an alluring spot to strangers, Stanley Park undoubtedly holds the first place in Vancouver's long list of attractions. It is a beautiful dense forest, traversed by trails cut deep into the tangle of underbrush and moss-hung tropical growth ; and these paths, over-arched with huge Douglas firs, and bordered by an infinite variety of broad-leaved, succulent plants, open up to the lover of nature a world of surprises and delight. The flamboyant blossoms of the skunk cabbages, the glossy foliage of the sallals with their delicate pink flowers, and the star-eyed, scarlet-fruited pigeon-berries, all contribute vivid spots of colour to the soft-toned pictures of the woods. A perpetual background of ragged, grey, lichen-covered logs and dim green depths, smeared by bronzing shadows, soothes with ineffable sweetness human senses overstrained by the storm and stress of the world.

A big jump to the opposite end of the city lands the stranger in China-town, an evil-smelling, but curious jumble of shacks, shops, opium dens and restaurants, a tour of which leaves him a wiser but much-disgusted man.

Huh ! the concentrated odours of those restaurants ! There the Mongolian cooks offer you an assortment of chickens, geese and ducks, unplucked and uncleaned, all boiled together in the same huge pot, and, by way of relish, long stringy sausages made of plain dog. One never can be quite sure about these things, but a brew that resembles nothing so much as cockroach soup usually forms the *pièce-de-resistance* of the Chinese *menu*. Having fortified the inner man with such (fortunately) rare and revolting viands, topped off by a cup of straw-coloured tea, the Tourist may descend into an opium den, play a little game of fan-tan, climb up to the Yoss House, attend a weird performance at the Chinese theatre, or investigate the mysteries of the rice hand-mills and opium factories, as time and inclinations dictate. It is all horribly dirty, but there is, nevertheless, a piquancy in orientalism, however squalid, that survives disgust, and attracts even whilst it repels.

A lovely summer morning, and away the Tourist skims over the harbour in a sloop-rigged yacht with a merry party aboard, and a spanking breeze blowing straight up from the west. Whither shall it be? To Seymour Creek, where white-stemmed alders droop over the rippling waters, and grassy banks invite to idleness—to Cypress Creek, a gorge the nakedness of whose escarped sides is clothed by a clinging mantle of tender maiden-hair ferns and rich green arbutus saplings that spring out of the crevices in the rocks—or the Capilano Canyon, where vertical walls rise up three hundred feet from the bed of the brawling stream, and a rustic bungalow, set amongst pine trees, overhangs the precipice and forms an ideal halting-place. Close to any of these spots the snow-winged boat will carry the stranger, and a day passed picnicking under the blue and balmy sky is ever a day well spent.

If a longer expedition be desired, Sechelt, the North Arm or Howe Sound may be visited by steamer, and a glimpse of the wilder aspects of the coast thus obtained.

A trip to New Westminster over the Interurban Electric Tramway Line, and a few hours whiled away in this city, which was laid out in 1858 on the banks of the Fraser River by the Royal Engineers, forms another attractive excursion ; especially interesting



THE SALMON FLEET—ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING SCENES ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

if the return journey to Vancouver is made by sea aboard a vessel calling in at the different canneries and passing through the fishing fleet when a big "salmon run" is on. Time should be taken to note the methods employed in the larger canneries, where the whole process may be watched, from the moment when the fish is first landed until it stands upon the table, canned and labelled, ready for exportation.

God's own celestial weather around us, and the only sound in nature the rustle of the breeze as it sways the pine-tops slowly to and fro beneath the glorious noon-tide! It is August, and in the logging camps every one is busy. Deep down the forest glades, the lumbermen seek for the finest timber, and blaze with an axe those trees that tower up straight as masts, thus singling them out for felling. Some think it strange to find such a lonely camp safe buried in the woods within a few miles of a large city, and as the tourist looks around him he certainly sees but little that bespeaks civilization.

A shanty built of rough-hewn logs, warmly mudded-up, a band of glossy-coated horses to haul the sawn timber over the skid roads, the inevitable Chinese cook, and the very best of food, such are the chief adjuncts of a British Columbian logging place, as the guest who once partakes of its hospitality can testify. The process of



OAK BAY HOTEL, VICTORIA, B.C.

felling one of the forest giants is an exciting thing to witness; for the men who stand on spring-boards, at either side of the huge bole, and cut it through with a two-handled saw, can foretell unerringly exactly where the trunk will fall, consequently it is perfectly safe to stand close to the doomed tree on the off-side and watch the whole operation. It does not seem so—to the tourist at least, not until he has once fairly taken his courage in both hands and tried the experiment.

Back again to Vancouver in the dusk of the deepening twilight. How brilliantly the harbour lights shine out over the waters of Burrard Inlet, as the sounds of the busy city run shivering across their rippled surface. Night descends, and lulled to rest by the pine-scented winds, that waft inland the song of the sea as it hushes the shore to sleep, the tourist dreams a golden dream of the West.



VICTORIA—THE INTERIOR OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER.

British Columbia is a paradise for sportsmen! The streams, both on the mainland and on Vancouver Island, abound with fish, while duck, snipe, grouse, pheasants, deer, bear and cougars are all found between the Coast Range and the ocean. What can the heart of man desire more? He may go off with rod and creel, rifle and gun for one day or twenty, he may fish in the neighbourhood or shoot far afield. It matters not, the sport is alike excellent.

To traverse the Gulf of Georgia on board the steamer *Islander* is a charming trip, and at the end of it the Queen City of Victoria affords a variety of attractions that fairly rival those of older and more established places. Picturesquely situated on a hill which slopes gently down to the ocean's brim, and surrounded by beautiful open country and cultivated fields, the town is particularly inviting to travellers. Across James Bay the Parliament Buildings stand out in all the majesty of their cold grey splendour, and many an hour may be pleasurably and profitably spent roaming through the Legislative Chamber and committee rooms, the library and the various Government departments, or in studying the fine collection of stuffed animals, birds, fishes and Indian curios that fills the well-stocked Provincial Museum.

The coast cities, being essentially business towns, do not in themselves engage much attention from the ordinary stranger, unless he is interested in manufactories, shipping or some special branch of trade; therefore it is un-

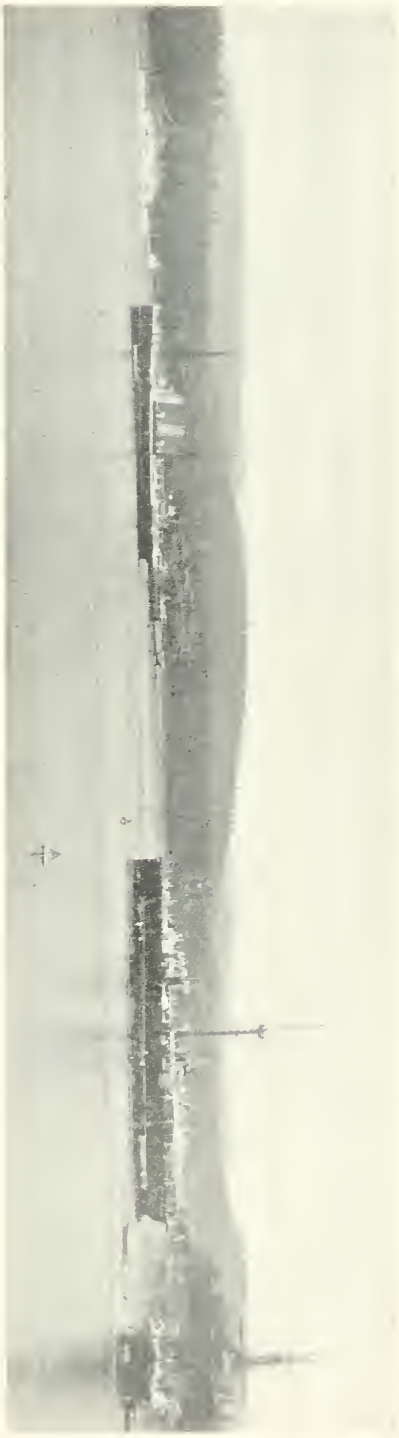
necessary to dilate in this connection upon the general aspect of the handsome "blocks," warehouses, shops and public buildings that adorn Vancouver, Victoria or New Westminster. The tourist usually finds his chief attractions outside of such limitations.

For example, at Oak Bay, beyond the treadmill of the typical sight-seer, the Golf Links are superb—large undulating meadows hemmed in by the sea, and possessing precisely those qualifications which render them well-night perfect in the eyes of all players of the good old Scottish national game. Then there are the country roads that intersect the fertile farm lands, where one may ride, drive or wheel for miles between hedge-rows bright with wild flowers, and where the scent of the dog-roses is sweet upon the June air. Or again, there is the ocean, trimmed by a fringe of wave-worn rocks, and upon whose palpitating bosom the dull green masses of kelp with their long brown ribband-streamers heave softly up and down. There the tourist can row in an open boat, or else he can paddle a canoe up the gorge, below whose waters deep purpling shadows lie hid, whilst overhead, above the changes and chances of the clouds, the blue sky is stretched from horizon to horizon. In the environs of Victoria, whichever way you turn, an exquisite landscape or seascape meets your eye.

Of course, the Queen City has its Chinatown, its park, and its share of good hotels, just like Vancouver, and there is no more delightful abiding place in all British Columbia than the "Oak Bay," an hotel that stands facing the sea, midway between the town and the Golf Links.

A run down by tram-car to the Naval Station at Esquimalt, combined with visits to Her Majesty's ships in port, forms a charming way of spending a summer afternoon, added to which an expedition to the Barracks and the fortifications at Macaulay Point is most enjoyable.

Every one bicycles in Victoria, and excursions awheel are largely the order of the day. Innumerable spots, such



PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYNARD.

BRITISH WARSHIPS IN ESQUIMALT HARBOUR.

as Cedar Hill, Goldstream or Otter Point offer every inducement to picnickers ; therefore, from the time when the first tender shoots of spring appear, until autumn lies brooding over the land, enwrapping all nature in her russet cloak, merry parties may be met daily bound for some outlying district with hearts aflutter and spirits gay.

An immense amount of shipping is done in Victoria, and the trips that can be made thence by boat, and the expeditions that may be undertaken up the Island by those in search of pleasure and sport are countless. A journey to Nanaimo over the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Line is also a capital means of seeing the country, and some very large coal mines at the end of the journey.

Nor is there any lack of amusement for the evenings, as dramatic performances, concerts, and entertainments of various kinds are constantly in progress in all the coast cities, each of which boasts of theatres and music halls.

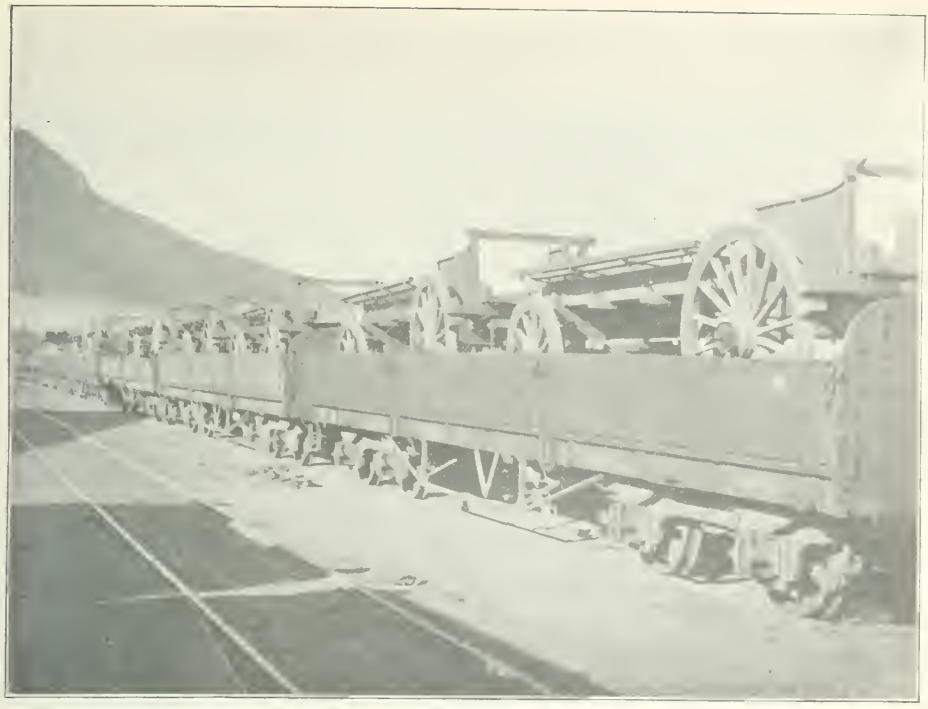
To the artist the picturesque elements met with at the western edge of Canadian soil carry an irresistible appeal. The diversity of form, the riot of colour, and the force of individuality are all there, whilst a cosmopolitan flavour gives to the whole a daring dash of contrast. On the Siwash Indian Reserves, in the Chinese quarters, and along the waterfronts dwell types that are each a study in itself. When the sun comes climbing up over the snow-capped crests of the mountains, and you see the land touched with the witchery of a summer's day—what a picture is that ! Or the reverse—the austere and treeless cliffs, stern bastions of rock upraised against an oxydized-silver sky, some log huts crouching between half-burned trees at the edge of an angry sea, and in the foreground a few spent blooms that bow their heads in grief as the chill wind moans a requiem over the dead day.

Life is so full of enjoyment during the summer on the Pacific Coast, that it is difficult to discriminate and decide exactly what constitutes the real charm of existence in that glamorous Western Land.

Is it sport ? There is plenty. Is it sight-seeing ? An unlimited choice awaits the stranger. Is it cycling, driving, riding, boating or mountaineering ? Each one is indulged in. Is it tennis, golf, croquet or cricket ? All are played. Is it scenery ? British Columbia is full of Nature's most magnificent handiwork. Ah ! well, who shall say ? We of the West are content. Let the Tourist answer.



A MORNING CATCH FROM A MOUNTAIN STREAM.



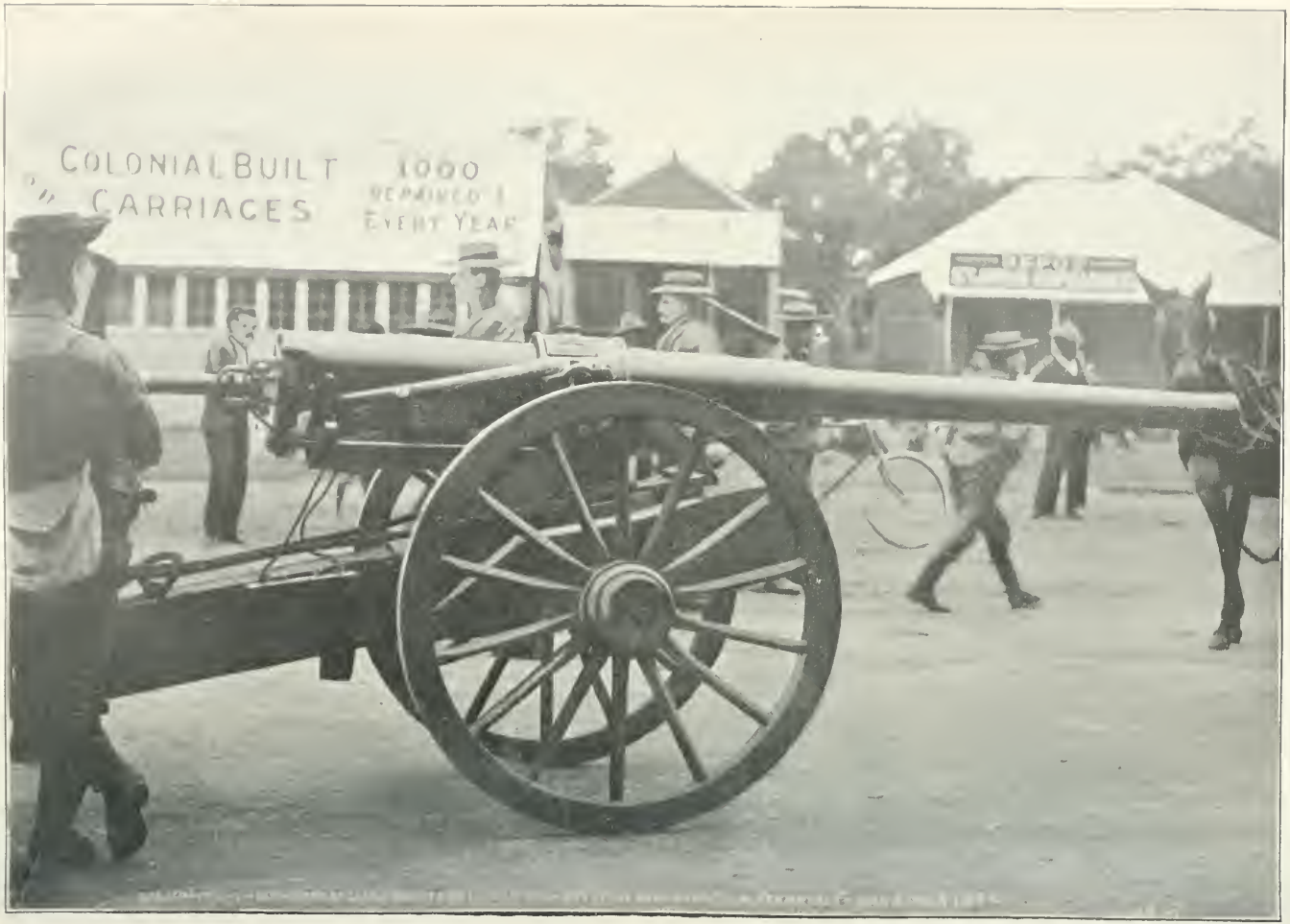
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 22—A TRAINLOAD OF WAGGONS FOR THE FRONT. A FAMILIAR SCENE IN CAPETOWN AND DURBAN.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 23—THE STOEP OR VERANDAH OF 22 CAMP ST., CAPETOWN, THE RESIDENCE OF HON. J. H. HOFMEYER, PRESIDENT OF THE AFRIKANDER BOND. A SPOT WHERE IMPORTANT MEETINGS HAVE BEEN HELD.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT DURBAN.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 24—A NAVAL 12-POUNDER. NOTE THE LENGTH OF THE GUN AND THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CARRIAGE, BOTH BEING VERY DIFFERENT FROM THOSE OF THE ORDINARY 12-POUNDER FIELD GUN.



DRAWN BY F. CECIL BOULT.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 24.—A WRECKED ARMOURED TRAIN, FROM A SKETCH BY AN ARTIST WITH GENERAL BULLER'S ARMY.



The GEORGIAN BAY ARCHIPELAGO

By W. R. Bradshaw.

ONE of the rarest pleasures of a holiday-outing is to abandon one's-self to primeval nature, to the splendour of lakes embosomed in surrounding hills, or to the labyrinthine mazes of an archipelago, where every island presents a new picture to the eye, and fresh food for contemplation.

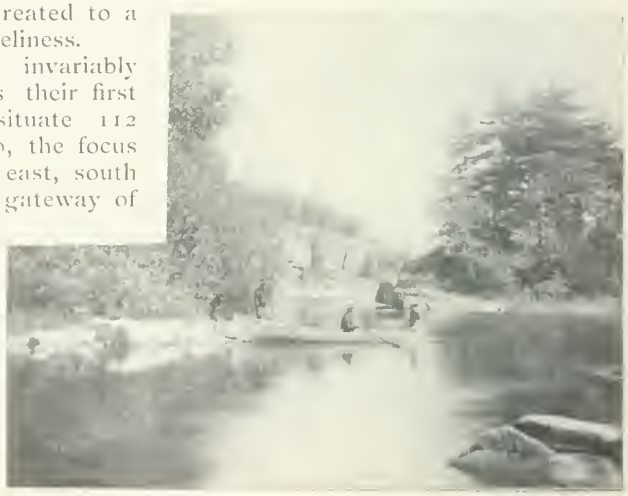
It would be impossible to duplicate the opportunities for a tour through wild scenery afforded by that part of the Highlands of Ontario which abuts on Georgian Bay. Here the splendours of the aboriginal forest are more than equalled by the endless charms of a belt of lake studded with some thirty thousand islands, stretching from Christian Island, on the south, to French River, the outlet of Lake Nipissing on the north, and beyond through the North Channel to the Sault Ste. Marie.

I do not over-state the fact when I say, that in these splendid solitudes the lover of nature is treated to a Barmecide feast of wild loveliness.

Visitors to this region invariably make the Muskoka lakes their first destination. These are situate 112 miles due north of Toronto, the focus of tourist travel from the east, south and west, and the natural gateway of the Ontario Highlands. From Toronto to Muskoka wharf is a journey of only a few hours by the Grand Trunk Railway. Here the tourist is introduced to a trinity of lakes, Lake Muskoka, Lake Rosseau and Lake Joseph, whose enchantments allure thousands of tourists every succeeding season from within a radius of a thousand miles.

He who has once felt the extraordinary charm of these glorious lakes will ever remain a slave to their fascinations. The virgin splendour of islands, bays and promontaries that characterize these lakes of most fantastic outline; the brightness, dryness and extreme healthfulness of the climate; and the unequalled facilities for hunting, fishing, camping and social recreation, make the Muskoka region the Mecca of holiday wanderers.

But the joys of the lake region are more than duplicated by an excursion to the wilderness beyond, to that *ultima thule* known as Georgian Bay, with its labyrinth of islands, the climax of Muskoka's charms. He who catches a breath of the fragrance wafted from these enchanted isles will know better



A NORTHERN ONTARIO RIVER.

than language can teach the poetic meaning of the legend of the Hesperides.

One route to Georgian Bay is by way of Port Cockburn, at the head of Lake Joseph. A stage carries passengers to Maple Lake, on the Canada Atlantic Railway which runs to Parry Sound. The tourist in search of the picturesque had better walk thither, or rather walk to Rankin's Station, in a north-westerly direction, a distance of ten miles, to obtain an intimate impression of the beauty of the Canadian forest.

The road leads through a densely wooded region, extending to infinite distance on the north and east, a forest of pine, hemlock, spruce, balsam, cedar, maple, oak, birch, juniper and tamarack.

Ah ! what glorious breaths of air one inhales in these resinous solitudes ! There is potency in every inspiration. The infinite white sunlight touches every tree with its beauty, and even the dull road becomes an Elysian pathway, leading to unknown enchantments beyond.

The fundamental rock hereabouts is a disorganized upheaval of what geologists believe was the first sedimentary deposit from the primary granite in primordial seas. It is a gneissoid rock with many stratifications. Here and there vast, smooth protuberances appear, surrounded with a jungle of ferns, mosses, grasses and blackberry bushes, in which lie the half-buried, decaying trunks of trees, that have been blown down by the wind. The trees had grown too big for the pocket of earth they stood rooted in, to adequately minister to their needs.



AN IDEAL SPOT FOR TROUT.

Elsewhere are seen giant trunks of



MUSKOKA WHARF STATION.

pine that have been almost wholly consumed by fire. Here charred remains of what were at one time monarchs of the forest, either lie prostrate, or stand erect in blasted majesty on the naked rock, supported by the still spreading remnants of giant roots, but how deformed, how ghastly in the life-giving sunshine and the luminous green of the surrounding forest!

Such evidences of the scourge of forest-fires are seen everywhere, the yearly destruction of valuable timber being something enormous. The fire seems to have raged in spots, and has spared some of the best growth as well as that of inferior value, but where it has swept the forest the hoary giant, two hundred feet in height, is as helpless as the smallest sapling.

The Ontario Government sells "timber rights" to lumbermen to cut all timber over ten inches in diameter, and gangs of men have penetrated the forest everywhere, felling trees for lumber. The forest in consequence has lost much of its beauty, but after being denuded of the larger trees, a new growth of pine springs from the soil, that is very picturesque.

The configuration of the land as one proceeds north-west is a succession of hilly ridges alternating with deep valleys. Descending the valleys, distant lakes are observed, notably Trout Lake, Whitefish Lake and Horseshoe Lake on the right, and Clear Lake on the left. The blue waters of these lakes fill the cup-like depressions of the landscape with a poetic charm. The silence is profound, only the whisperings of the pines at times make a murmur like the washings of far-off seas. The islands that rise from the bosom of the lakes stand in lonely solemnity, thickly covered with pines, and the all-surrounding shores are shaggy with interminable forests.

Ascending the hilly ridges of the landscape, the aspect of the forest, stretching away on either hand until lost upon the crests of distant hills, is one of singular serenity and majesty. The sunlight illumines the splendid amphitheatres of foliage, which sparkle continuously with scintillations of white sun fire. The air, streaming from the north; from the endless forests of the Hudson Bay region, from the frozen tundras of Arctic lands, but warmed to a degree on its journey hither, is gloriously cool and bracing. The climate is assuredly one that could transform a vast crowd of dyspeptics, hypochondriacs, pessimists and nerve-racked, drug-racked humanity, into a race of happy beings, forgetful of their miseries. It is indeed the elixir of life.

Parry Sound is an enterprising town, located on a magnificent harbour with Parry Island forming the southern boundary. The scene is delightful. The site of the town at the mouth of the Sequin River is an ideal one, being located on an amphitheatre having a southern exposure. Far to the north-west and to the south lies the grand archipelago of Georgian Bay, whose wide waters stretch westward where one may travel hundreds of miles without touching the shore in any direction.

Since the opening of the railway to Ottawa, Parry Sound has become the focus of a vast trade in grain and other western products, and this fact, together with the extensive local mining industry, makes it a place of prospective importance.

Parry Sound is the central rendezvous for tourist travel in Georgian Bay. One may proceed north and explore a virgin archipelago of islands of every conceivable form and dimensions, the largest, Manitoulin Island, being as big as Long Island and ten times more picturesque, with the advantages of aboriginal inhabitants and teeming preserves of game and fish.

The journey south to Penetang in the ancient home of the Hurons is the more popular excursion at present, although the Northern Navigation Company of Ontario runs steamers north to the Magnetawan and French Rivers, and thence westward through the endless panorama of islands that engorges the North Channel, to far Sault Ste. Marie, and the more remote Mackinac Island, that guards the entrance to Lake Michigan.



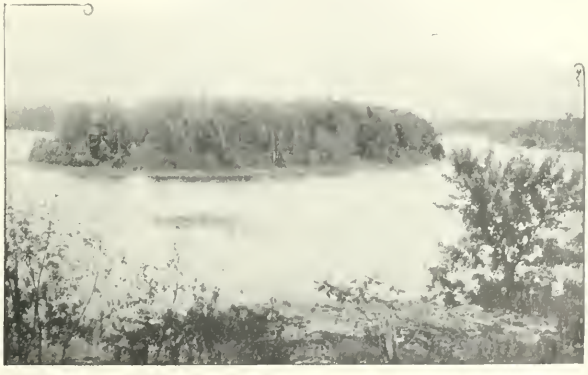
STEAMER ON LAKE MUSKOKA.

A glorious excursion truly! The imagination cannot conceive the splendour of nature in their sublime solitudes when the summer's sun calls into new life the tremendous vegetation that covers every island with its beauty, and permits a romantic dalliance with every unknown shore. How rare the pleasure to discover every day a new *terra incognita*, as full, at this hour, of pristine beauty and wildness as when the Jesuit missionaries urged their canoes through the mazes of the islands southwards on their mission to the Hurons, two hundred and fifty years ago.

Let us follow in the track of the missionaries by embarking at 6 o'clock on a glorious summer morning, on the steamer leaving Parry Sound. The gate of the archipelago leading south is of itself of unequalled beauty. Parry Island lies on the right, and the mainland on the left, and between and beyond there is a labyrinth of islands, serene and splendid, which it is the delight of the traveller to explore.

The brightness of the sun gives promise of a glorious day, and as we enter the Ten Mile Narrows the rapture of the moment is profound. The vessel proudly sweeps between the hushed and splendid walls of vegetation that rise from islands on either hand, and, discovering still narrower passages, we move as in a dream through straits of blessedness, where the clear water is gemmed with lilies; where the clean-washed rocky shores enclose little sandy bays; where the hushed pines stand happy in the sunlight breathing the wonderfully pure and quiet air.

It is a strange thing that so much wild beauty lies so near the haunts of man, that a region of romance, practically ten thousand miles away, can be reached from a busy Canadian town in fifteen minutes! Yet



ROUND ISLAND—GEORGIAN BAY ARCHIPELAGO.

we do not expect to see here any indications of humanity, so ideal are the conditions. One rather expects to see a nymph dividing the clear wave, or a centaur, or even Pan himself, haunting the forest solitudes.

As we progress, little interior bays are discovered in the islands, that still preserve the silence and mystery that brooded over them since the dawn of creation. It is a most precious thing to be able to gaze upon these sacred haunts—to be the first, as it were, to disturb their virgin solitude, to taste the nectar of their ideal beauty.

But to merely pass through the islands on the steamer does not give the tourist an impression of the one-thousandth part of their beauty. Happily the steamship company has erected a hotel on one of the most picturesque islands, known an Sans Souci, which contains over 300 acres of well-wooded bays and promontories. Sans Souci Hotel, with its subordinate cottages, are the only buildings on the island, and the outlook on all sides is a virgin landscape only disturbed by the daily call of the steamer.

Those who love the companionship of flashing crystal seas, of the swaying foliage of forest crowned islands made splendid with the summer light and heat, of sloping rock and precipice rising from clear depths of water, of the cool streaming air laden with the aromatic breath of pine and balsam, will here find such an ecstatic environment.

Sans Souci, like the other islands, is a cyclopean mass of highly convoluted rock, rising in irregular terraces to a height of a hunded feet. The shore line is delightfully irregular, in fact ideally so. Several deep bays, or diminutive fiords, penetrate into the very heart of the island forming idyllic retreats, chambers of supreme loveliness, sanctuaries where one may pass entrancing hours.



IN THE GEORGIAN BAY ARCHIPELAGO.

The sparse soil produces park-like woodlands, where clumps of trees alternate with open sunny spaces. Nowhere is the timber too close for free locomotion in any direction. Soft beds of green moss carpet, the odorous groves, and fern and bracken make a delightful jungle that invites repose.

Such are the joys of Sans Souci. In these splendid solitudes where the only sounds are the murmur of the water and the Æolian sighing of the forests, one wonders at the absence of

mankind and only half believes the solitude is complete. Where is that harassed crowd of humanity that so longs to be at rest? Man, in the aggregate, is a creature of habit. He is so chained to his money-getting employments that he knows nothing of such joys as these.

An excursion from Sans Souci to the Moon River, a distance of fifteen miles, gives a fine idea of the beauty of the grand archipelago. To enjoy such a journey to its utmost, a seat in a cushioned stern of a rowboat towed by the steam launch, by a rather long cable, affords an intimate and impressive view of the scenery. From such a seat, as one glides over the swelling undulations of clear deep water, spotted with bubbles of foam, the vast panorama unfolds itself. The boat at times crosses wide gleaming sea-like expanses of water surrounded by a distant amphitheatre of islands and again glides through secret channels between precipitous walls of rock, or of dense vegetation.

The openings between the islands reveal profound reaches of water with still other islands beyond. In a deep bayou is discovered a rocky inlet gloriously apparelled with the fragrant plumes of cedar. Here is a larger island whose deep ravines are engorged with vegetation that proudly climbs the acclivities, a haunt of beauty, that "wastes to sweetness on the desert air."

The vessel flies past rounded shaggy capes and fair and sunny declivities, covered with sparse greenery, where one might erect a home and live happily aloof from the world.

Secret passages that wind about the thicknesses of cyclopean rocks open to receive the steamer and her trail of cedar boats, the mirror-like serenity of the water being rudely disturbed by the aqueous calvacade. The water is starred in places with floating water-lilies, which are moored to the bottom by the long sinuous stems. To thus float, as in a dream, with the objective faculties lulled to repose and the subjective entity roused to enthusiasm, one recalls passages from the poet's description of such scenes as these. There is a passage in Tennyson's poem entitled "Timbuctoo" which fitly describes the environment.



NEAR HUNTSVILLE—LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT.



STEAMER "CITY OF TORONTO," ENTERING A GEORGIAN BAY CHANNEL.

"Where are ye,
Thrones of the western wave, fair islands green
Where are your moonlight halls, your cedars' glooms,
The blossoming abysses of your hills?
Your flowering capes and your gold-sanded bays,
Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds?
Where are the infinite ways, which, Seraph trod,
Wound through your great Elysian solitudes,
Whose lowest depths were, as with visible love,
Filled with divine effulgence, circumfused
Flowing between the clear and polished stems
And ever circling round their emerald cones
In coronals and glories, such as gird
The unfading foreheads of the saints in heaven?
For nothing visible they say had birth
In that blest ground, but it was played about
With its peculiar glory."

Here indeed is the ideal land of the poet visible in all its bright reality.

As one rushes over the surging flood each island seems to spin upon its axis, slowly revolving until it passes away.

Some of the islands are owned by clubs and individuals, but not one in a hundred has ever yet been surveyed. A club from Cleveland, Ohio, owns *Qui Vive* Island, opposite which is Waubano Island. Sadie Island is remarkable for a natural formation of rock known as Collingwood Rock. Bentymon Island is a jungle of bosky vegetation.

Other islands in this section of the archipelago are, Wahsonne Island, Frying-pan Island, Copperhead Island, Assinniboia Island and the three romantic retreats Hafuz, Saadi and Firdusi Islands. The Provincial Government of Ontario sells islands to all comers at the fixed price of five dollars per acre, the expense of surveying being also paid by the purchaser.

The Moon River is a most romantic stream and



BLACKSTONE CHANNEL IN GEORGIAN BAY ARCHIPELAGO.

is the outlet of the Muskoka Lakes. The estuary is three miles wide and is usually filled with a boom of logs awaiting transportation. Three miles inland are the Moon River Falls, a torrential cascade dashing down a chute in the rocks, with a fall of over fifty feet.

The islands of this remarkable region are the boldest and finest of all the inland waters of the American continent. Those of Lake George are small but very enchanting. Those of the Lake of the Thousand Islands are of greater dimensions and of more varied configuration. The islands of the Muskoka Lakes are still bolder and more picturesque, but those of Georgian Bay are the grandest of all and possess every fascinating feature of island scenery in their most impressive moods.

From Sans Souci to Penetang the journey is delightful. Islands swarm upon the water, creating an endless variety of vistas. There are islands that seem smitten with the calm of an eternal morning and there are others shaggy with the forest growth of ages, that seem like a thunderous roll of smoke blown far out to sea.

The vessel at times emerges from the islands and sails on the broad ocean-like expansion of Georgian Bay. In the west there is no land visible, nothing but a vast horizon of opaline water, the fit environment of the Canadian Hesperides.

CANADIAN CAMPING SONG.

A WHITE tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I fear no blaze of the noontide rays
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare—
The odour of forest pine

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row or sail ;
With always a fish for a midday dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale ;
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide through the pleasant days ;
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
We kindle the camp-fire's blaze.

From out of the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
O'er forests dark and still ;
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of whip-poor-will ;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above ;
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
And dream of the ones we love.

—Hon. James D. Edgar.



TOURIST ATTRACTIONS in ONTARIO

By William B. Varley

"ONTARIO"—a pleasant prospect of lakes and woodland, which the word in the Indian language implies—is aptly named. The instinct that makes the beauty of the lake, the sky, and the maple and pine grove thrill almost every human heart, was surely strong within the breast of that first red-man as, from some commanding headland, with shaded eye he gazed across the undulating landscape and pronounced its poetical name—"Ontario." As it doubtless was then, the name is graphically descriptive today of this fair Province. But now the dense growth of forest in the southern section has to a great extent given place to the well-tilled field on the rolling upland, the rank, rich pasture of the river bottom, to the blossoming peach and apple orchards and the vine-clad slopes, all giving promise of bounteous harvest.

A land of lakes and rivers is this Ontario—rivers that have their source in the cool, northern forest, and flow, now swift, now peaceful, till they join those vast inland seas, Superior, Huron, Erie, Ontario, whose waters are in turn borne by the broad St. Lawrence to the ocean.

Of beauty and variety of scene, Ontario has much to entice the footsteps of the traveller; while the qualities of its pure northern air, make its climate invigorating and delightful.

The tourist starts as a rule with Niagara Falls, partly because of its celebrated beauties, and also because usually it lies directly in the path of travel. After viewing this attraction and the magnificent Niagara River, his course will probably be across Lake Ontario, a distance of 45 miles, to the city of Toronto, the Provincial capital. Toronto is a convenient centre, for from thence he may proceed East, West or North, as inclination directs.

The eastern route is preferably by boat along the north shore of Lake Ontario, past Port Hope, Trenton, Belleville, Picton, and Kingston, all pleasant summer resorts, to the River St. Lawrence. Here the famous archipelago of the "Thousand Islands" is entered. For fifty miles the vessel picks its way among these charming islands, while the beholder thinks as every new water stretch is entered and a fresh vista opened to the view, that each is more beautiful than the last. That this is a famous summering place is at once apparent



A START ON LAKE HURON.



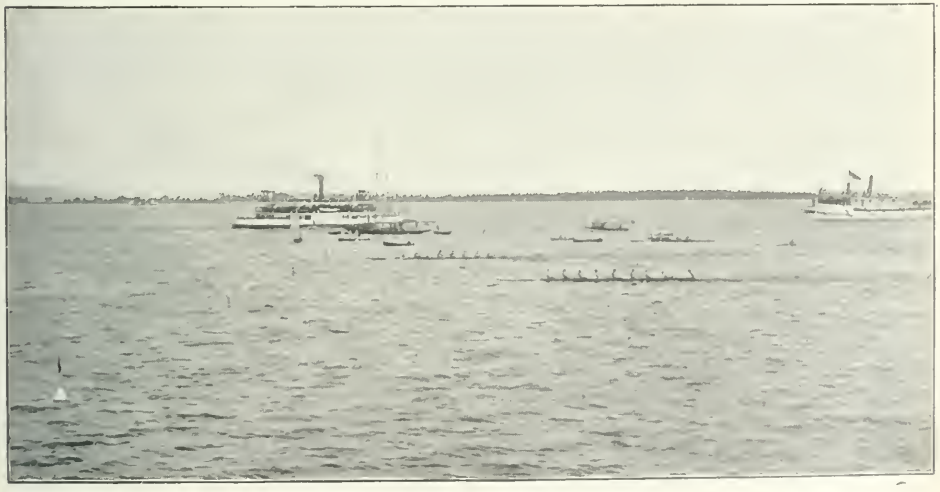
THE HARBOUR OF ERIEAU ON RONDEAU BAY, LAKE ERIE.

from the homes that have been built either among the pine trees, or perched on rocky buffs, or half hidden in the beautiful bays.

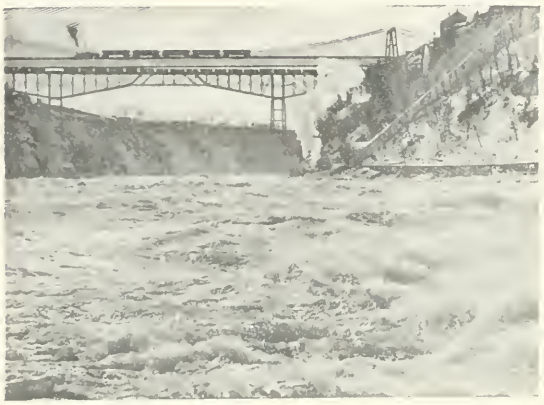
Soon after passing the town of Brockville, the vessel enters the first of a long series of rapids. The passage by steamship through the churning, foaming breakers is certainly a most novel experience; but there is little danger under the guidance of the competent pilot. The last of the series of rapids is the far-famed Lachine, which is the finest of all.

After the passage of the rapids is made, the city of Montreal is soon reached, which at the present time is the head of ocean navigation.

From Lachine, a pleasant trip may be made up the Ottawa River, which forms the boundary between Ontario and Quebec, to the city of Ottawa.



ROWING REGATTA—TORONTO BAY.



NIAGARA FALLS—THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

It is to St. Anne, just above the Lachine rapids, that Moore refers in his beautiful "Canadian Boat Song:"

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past."

The Ottawa is a majestic stream, one of the most beautiful of the Dominion, and the sail is truly delightful. Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, is a



NIAGARA FALLS—AMERICAN FALLS VIEWED FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

most attractive point. The magnificent Government buildings situated upon a high bluff overlooking the river, the Chaudiere Falls, the immense lumber business, are all extremely interesting features, and make a day spent rambling about the capital a very pleasing experience.

Nowhere in Ontario will there be found scenery more imposing than that of the Upper Ottawa River Broad



MAIN BUILDING AND LAWN, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

and deep are its waters, fierce and strong its rapids, many and beautiful its islands, while its banks, high, precipitous and tree-covered, vie at times with those of the famous Saguenay. This river forms a drainage basin for thousands of miles of virgin forest, and it seems to carry with it much of the power and grandeur of the great lone Northland where it has its source. The Ottawa is one of the great water highways of the lumbering industry, and many a sturdy monarch of the forest is borne by it each year within the reach of civilization. Here the typical French-Canadian lumbermen will be met with, voyaging in their flat-

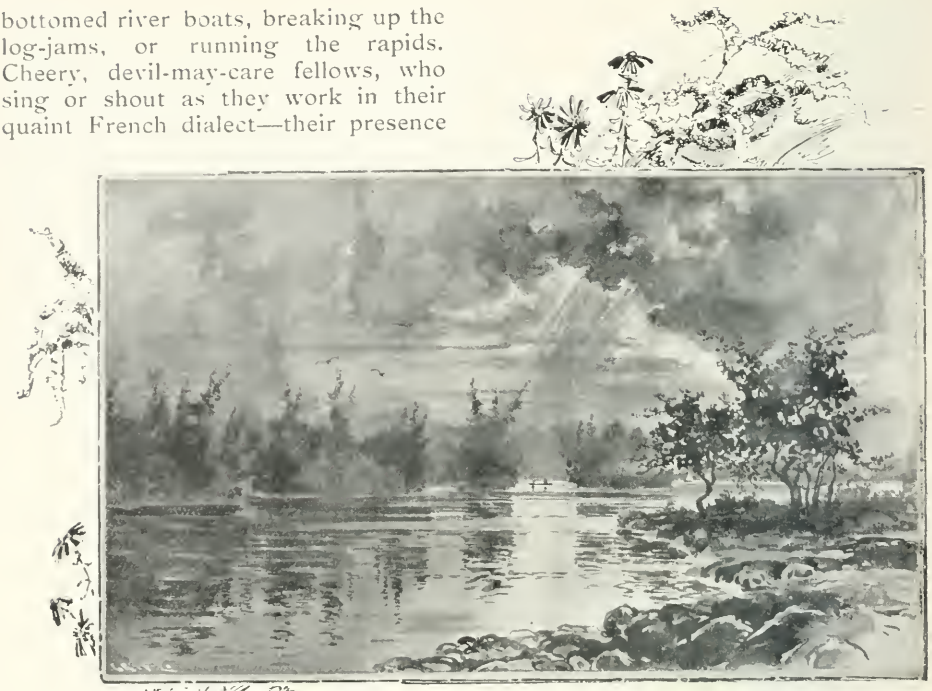


THE TORONTO: ONE OF THE R. & O. BOATS RUNNING ON LAKE ONTARIO AND THE ST. LAWRENCE BETWEEN TORONTO AND MONTREAL.



CANOEING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

bottomed river boats, breaking up the log-jams, or running the rapids. Cheery, devil-may-care fellows, who sing or shout as they work in their quaint French dialect—their presence always adds interest to the scene.



CHARACTERISTIC SCENE AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

By taking the train from Ottawa to Pembroke and thence up the river by steamboat, the tourist will be made acquainted with what is perhaps the most attractive section of the whole river, and cannot fail to be well repaid. Should he desire to continue further, the river may be followed northward to Lake Temiskaming, a distance of some 230 miles above Ottawa, sometimes by boat but often by rail close to the river bank or on its very margin. If he has the explorer's instinct and wishes to see the forest as it looked when only the red man held sway, he should take a canoe, an Indian guide and camping outfit from Lake Temiskaming, and follow one of the rivers that are tributary to the Ottawa till he reaches Lake Temagiming. There he will find himself in a land where neither the settler nor the lumberman has penetrated. Its woods are the home of the moose, the deer and the bear, and its waters still sacred to the trout and the bass.

Returning from the city of Ottawa, there is no plesanter trip than through the Rideau chain of lakes to Kingston on Lake Ontario. These lakes are favorite resorts for fishermen, and for canoeing and camping parties.



THE STEAMER "ISLANDER" ENTERING THE LOST CHANNEL IN THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The attractions of Northern Ontario are unequalled for those who desire to spend the summer months on the lakes or in the woods, under canvas by the camp fire, or in summer cottage or hotel. For the weary, over-worked toiler of the city, the healing sunshine and fresh air of this region will work wonders. Here is Ontario's fairyland—a land of thousands of lakes and streams and myriads of islands—beautiful at the earliest touch of spring, when the waters are still cold with the icy coldness of winter, and the strong, graceful trout makes mighty leaps in the fierce rapid ; beautiful in the soft, warm summer days, when one succumbs to the sweetness of doing nothing ; but most beautiful in the quiet, sad days of autumn, when the leaves drop reluctantly from the trees, and no sound mars the stillness of lake and hill but the crash of the deer as he breaks through the undergrowth. The song of the wind in the trees, the odour of the pines, the lap, lap of the wave on the rocky shore, the rhythmic beat of the paddle, are as the voice of the siren, and compel one irresistibly to return to Ontario's Northland with each succeeding summer.

The best known and most frequented resort of the North is the Muskoka Lake region, which lies about one hundred miles directly north of Toronto. This beautiful district has an altitude of several hundred feet above the level of the Great Lakes, and its climate is therefore particularly invigorating. Lakes Muskoka and Joseph, the largest in the vicinity, are filled with islands and indented with bays and promontories. Summer cottages, camps, and hotels are very numerous, and the fine scenery, pleasant society, excellent boating, bathing, and fishing, make it an ideal spot for those who desire the benefits of an unconventional outdoor life during the hot months of summer.

Another much frequented resort, very similar to Muskoka in its characteristics, is to be found at Stony Lake, a little north of Peterborough. It forms one of a series of lakes seventy miles in length, known as the Kawartha Lake region. These waters are celebrated for their fishing, and form an excellent route for a canoe trip.

One of the most beautiful trips by boat that Northern Ontario can offer to the tourist is through the islands of the Georgian Bay. In general char-

acter they resemble those of the St. Lawrence River and the Muskoka Lakes, but instead of one thousand islands there are thirty thousand.

The Upper Lakes are well furnished with steamboat lines and the tourist may embark either at Owen Sound or at Windsor. The route lies through Lake Huron, past Great Manitoulin and other islands to St. Mary's river, by which the overflow from Lake Superior is conducted into the Lower Lakes. At the rapids, which occur at this point, resorts. Running the Ste. Marie rapids in an Indian canoe is an exciting adventure, indulged in by visitors.

Leaving Sault Ste. Marie for Fort William, the steamships take their course directly across the widest part of Lake Superior—which is far more like the sea than a fresh water lake—and in less than twenty hours come within sight of the rocky bluff of Isle Royale and the tremendous purple promontory of Thunder Cape—"The Giant Asleep." This turreted head-



ASCENDING A RAPID ON THE MONTREAL RIVER, NORTHERN ONTARIO.

named Sault Ste. Marie by the French voyageurs almost three centuries ago, magnificent locks have been constructed on both the Canadian and American sides, by means of which steamers are lifted to the level of Lake Superior. The towns of Sault Ste. Marie, on both sides of the river, have grown up at this point, where three great railways now converge, and they are rapidly becoming important commercial centres and popular summer land shelters the large indentation of Thunder Bay and affords a grand harbour which has been taken advantage of to form the principal ports upon the north shore of the lake—Port Arthur and Fort William. Here the tourist will find good hotel accommodation, and if he cares to stop over, he can go by rail to Nepigon river, 65 miles east, to which celebrated resort for trout fishermen this lake tour forms an excellent means of access.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. XIII.—MR. JAMES BAIN, Jr.

IN the making of a library there are three necessary factors: a collection of books, a librarian, and it is convenient to have a building. The value and permanence of the institution will depend, in large measure, upon the quality of the librarian. No one who frequents a library, either for the borrowing or the consulting of books, doubts this. It is unnecessary, if it were allowable, to enter into a dissertation upon libraries. Canadians are familiar with the subject from personal experience. We have many of these institutions in the land, and statistics indicate that they are well patronized.

Of free public libraries in Canada the most valuable and extensive is that at Toronto, and its chief librarian, Mr. James Bain, Jr., after seventeen years of incessant and unselfish labour in his present position, possesses a career and a personality that amply entitle him to a place in any list of Canadian notabilities. Mr. Bain (I learn from "Morgan") was born in London, England, in 1842, of Scotch parents. He came to Canada early in life, and was educated in Toronto. If in those days the idea of a free library, with Mr. Bain as its future librarian, had occurred to any one, he would have been put in the way of receiving exactly the kind of training that fell to his lot. After being educated in the best schools of the city, he began a practical knowledge of books under his father, an experienced bookseller. Later on he entered the publishing and book firm of Jas. Campbell & Son, and was sent to England as buyer for the house. He conducted a branch establishment for this firm in London for several years, and in 1878 entered into partnership with Nimmo, the London publisher, the firm being Nimmo & Bain. It was on the dissolution of this firm in 1882 that Mr. Bain returned to Canada, and in the following year, on the foundation of the Toronto Public Library, he was appointed its first librarian. I have been particular in mentioning these details, because a mere recital of the facts defines so well the nature of the training he has received in the buying, selling and publishing of books. In short, Mr. Bain is a typical bookman. He has passed practically his whole life among books, and being an omnivorous and industrious reader his knowledge is wide, accurate and thorough. As the adviser and chief official of the board of citizens who are entrusted by the taxpayers with the executive control of the library, Mr. Bain's services to the public must have been of great value. The population of Toronto is partly industrial, partly commercial, and partly a community of university men and scholars. It consists mainly of an intelligent well-to-do class, with a standard of education above the average. As the library is the constant resort of university students, literary men, scientific inquirers, and others with serious work on hand—who are on a higher plane than the thousands who, like myself, read for amusement—it is evident that the books have been well chosen, and that the library is abreast of modern requirements. It contains over 120,000 volumes. The time, the knowledge, and the energy of the librarian are at the disposal of all sorts and conditions of men who are earnestly investigating any branch of study, and I have heard many a grateful tribute to his services in this respect.

Mr. Bain is a singularly modest man—singularly because it has become so firmly established a proposition in these days that the world takes you at your own valuation, that genuine restraint in the delicate art of self-puffery is not a common quality. The probability is that if you asked Mr. Bain who was



MR. JAMES BAIN, JR.

chiefly responsible for the success of the library, he would mention Mr. Hallam, or some of the other public-spirited members of the board, who have judiciously helped the institution to gain its present position. Of his own share in the work you would hear absolutely nothing. In no respect has the library been more wisely conducted than in the wealth of Canadian material which has been gathered together. It contains, I believe, the most valuable collection of Canadian books to be found on this continent, and there are, besides, some manuscripts of historical worth and importance. Mr. Bain has, it is clear, a thorough acquaintance with Canadian history and bibliography, and is a close and careful student of these subjects. He is, in spite of his ancestry and residence for years abroad, a Canadian to the core, and his attachment to this country is not the least among his qualifications as a librarian. He keeps, it is said, a watchful eye ever open for opportunities to add to the treasures of the library. An anecdote is related to show how, on one occasion, he distanced several competitors, including the Government of Ontario. When the D. W. Smith manuscripts were offered for sale in London some years ago several bids were put in. The Ontario Government was among the bidders. A member of the Ministry happened to be in London at the time, and sallied forth to get the prize. But he and other eager seekers were met with: "You are too late. The mss. are now the property of the Toronto Library. Mr. Bain ordered them by cable."

Dealing with Mr. Bain in his official capacity I have spoken in moderate terms—doing, perhaps, less than justice to those sterling qualities as a public servant which have gained for him so distinctive a place in the community—in order that a word might be said about the man himself. His energy

enables him to get though a great deal of work. During many years, first as secretary, latterly as treasurer and vice-president, he has been a staunch friend of the Canadian Institute. He is a prominent member of the Scottish societies of Toronto. He is an honorary member of the Library Association of the United Kingdom and of the Minnesota Historical Society, an active member and Canadian representative of the American Manuscript Commission and an ordinary member of about twenty English and American societies. He lent a vigorous hand in organizing the meeting of the British Association at Toronto in 1897, and was the local treasurer of that body. He has written a number of monographs on historical and other questions in a perspicuous and fluent literary style. In the literary life of the city he fills no small place, and his opinion is sought, not in vain, by all in need of counsel, research, and judgment in the prosecution of literary work. For one who has no association with politics, Mr. Bain is admirably posted on political measures, men, and events, thus dispelling the illusion that to be in close touch with the public movements of the time you must belong to one party or the other. On the question of the British connection, however, no man holds more pronounced views, and Mr. Bain has always shared to the full the sentiment of attachment to British institutions and ideals that dominates the community.

In social life it would be hard to find a more congenial companion. A good listener, but an equally good raconteur, a keen relish for genuine fun, a mind stored with anecdote and literary reminiscences, a kindly and dignified manner touched with the flavour of that fine old-fashioned courtesy one sometimes associates with the old world rather than the new, are a few of the characteristics that have drawn about him a host of appreciative friends. He is now in the vigour and prime of later life with many years of service and useful activity before him. The generations to come will hold him in grateful remembrance.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

SHE AND I.

By Etta Callaghan

WE had been chatting together some time before I discovered her advanced ideas of womanhood. Then we differed on some little point, and I happened to add, "There is not a particle of the 'New Woman' about me, not that I mean to infer that there is a touch of it about you either." She replied, "But there is more than a 'touch' of it about me; I am a new woman, out and out." I immediately became on the qui vive for new impressions, for this was the first time I had encountered one who was avowedly an out-and-out new woman.

She did not look in the least like one. The new woman, as she existed in my imagination, wore clumsy boots, a short skirt, an ill-fitting bodice, and —invariably—spectacles, not a becoming pince-nez, but uncompromising spectacles, hooked securely behind the ears. She, on the contrary, had no glasses, and, as she occasionally tapped her foot, I noticed that she wore a dainty pair of fine kid slippers. As she moved across the room to find a book from which to illustrate a point, I knew by the gentle frou-frou that she wore a silk petticoat, and when she resumed her chair I saw that her well-cut serge skirt had a scarlet taffeta lining with a foot frill edged with two rows of black velvet bébé ribbon. Her silk blouse had ruchings of chiffon on it, and it had such a pretty, soft collar—my imaginary new woman wore stiff collars and Ascot ties.

Judging by appearances I was inclined to doubt the sincerity of her as-

sertion; but she assured me that she was in earnest, and she began forthwith to talk so learnedly that I almost had to gasp for breath. I realized that I was hopelessly behind the times, because so much of what she said was "Greek" to me.

She talked about "the woman movement," and "the economics of women," and many other unfamiliar topics, but the phrase "economics of women" occurred so often that I felt I must expose my ignorance and ask the meaning of the term if I were not to lose the gist of her remarks. As nearly as I could make out, "the economics of women" means something about every woman being in a position to support herself; but I am even yet rather hazy about its exact import, as she was so thoroughly conversant with the subject that it seemed too trivial to need much explanation.

In common parlance, she thinks we are too ready to dance to whatever tune the men may choose to play, and she says the result is that we lower their ideals. That, if we are content with being less than their equals intellectually, they will be content to have us remain so, but that if we study to improve our minds and raise our standard of excellence in every direction, they will be compelled to raise their standard too, and the result will be a higher intelligence all round.

I mildly suggested that, instead of feeling that they must study to keep pace with our improved intellects, they might turn their attention to those girls who were willing to look up to them on their pinnacle of intellectual superiority, but she assured me that I was mistaken.

She defined marriage as "an excellent narcotic for disappointed ambition," and when I insisted upon a further elucidation of that definition she said that was the only way she could account for the fact that so many girls with lofty ideals were content to marry most uninteresting men, and, while letting all their ambitions go, yet appeared to be perfectly happy. Again I ventured a protest by suggesting that their ambition might merely be turned in another direction, rather than that it had dropped altogether. But she would not agree to this, and repeated her "narcotic theory."

Then she told me that the key-note to the new woman movement was individuality, and she gave me to understand that, to realize our highest good, we must strengthen and broaden, and raise our individuality so that we may be able to cope with all the great questions of the day, and to take our place on the platform of intellectual equality with the men.

I suppose I ought to have been inspired with an ambition for a seat on that platform. Perhaps because I am behind the times in this woman movement, or perhaps because I am mentally indolent, I felt, as she pictured it all, that I should much prefer a seat in the audience where I might look up at that platform and hear the others carry on the discussion.

And then she talked of the many-sidedness of life, of the numerous outside interests with which women might connect themselves, and of all the good they can do for humanity.

When she turned the conversation into another channel, it was not because she had exhausted her supply of arguments, but, I fear, because my ideas were not sufficiently advanced to pursue the subject any further. Each carried away her own impressions of the other. I dare say she considers that I am hopelessly hedged in a narrow groove of conventionality, and that my life is as unattractive and uninteresting as ruts are supposed to be. On the other hand, I found *her* most profoundly interesting. She talked like a book and she made me feel such a shallow, incompetent sort of individual, in need of a mental tonic of some kind. But, for all that, I think I should become very tired of being a new woman, for her course is like that of a cyclist taking a short cut through a strange field, where stones and thorns and rough places are to be encountered at every turn of the wheel.



HEINRICH HEINE

By W. A. R Kerr

WITH ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS OF SOME OF HIS SONGS.

THERE is perhaps no foreign poet who is such a favourite with English readers as Heine. He is at once as sentimental as Orlando, and as cynical as Jaques. It is in his infinite variety that his charm lies. He was himself the strangest "bundle of contrasts" that ever lived: a Jew who was a pagan; a German who possessed the *esprit gaulois;* a man of feeling who said that love was "hell." With Heine's prose we have here nothing to do, only to recall a few of his songs.

Heinrich Heine was born in Düsseldorf on December the thirteenth, 1799. For his own purpose he afterward said, he first saw the light on New Year's Day, 1800; and so ironically called himself "one of the first men of the century."

His father, Samson Heine, though a somewhat slack, feckless individual, was a fine musician and greatly interested in matters of art. From his mother Heine inherited his intellectual qualities. She was a woman of high mental endowment. Though a Jewess by race, she was in religion a Deist of the age of Voltaire. She was very ambitious for the future of her children, three boys and a girl, the eldest of whom was Heinrich.

It had been at first intended that the boy should enter the army, but with the downfall of Napoleon that career was closed, and Heine's mother was forced to seek out something else for her clever young son. In the light of later days it is amusing to learn that the Church was seriously considered. Luckily both for Heine and the Church the proposal was dropped. With medicine he would have nothing to do. At last, in 1816, he was installed in the banking house of his Uncle Solomon in Hamburg.

Heine had already had a boyish love affair with a strange girl called Sefchen, the daughter of a long line of hereditary executioners, from whom the taint of bloodguiltiness kept away less romantic youths. So on his arrival in Hamburg he was ready to fall at once desperately in love with his cousin Amalie, a girl of great beauty and charm. But when her father, Heine's uncle, found that his nephew had no business talent whatever, and that instead of adding up his columns of figures he was engaged in making love songs, the old banker decided it was time to get rid of him. He offered to help Heinrich with five hundred thalers a year if he would undertake the study of law. As he had no other prospects, Heine consented, and in 1819 set out for Bonn, carrying with him his unfortunate manuscripts.

Heine's college days were not entirely given over to the assimilation of Justinian. Most of his hours were devoted to reading poetry, ancient, mediæval and modern. He was writing steadily by this time. His hopeless affection for Amalie seems to have thrown a gloom over his mind, and a great many disconsolate lyrics were the result. It is generally thought that the famous romance, "Mountain Echo," contains a reflection of his despair:

MOUNTAIN ECHO

A horseman rides adown the glen,
Jaded his charger brave :
" Ride I, alas, to my darling's arms,
Or into the dark grave ? "
And echo answer gave :
" To the dark grave ! "

And forward moves the cavalier,
A deep sigh rends his breast :
" If I so soon must to the grave,—
Be't so, the grave is rest ! "
Answers the mountain crest :
" The grave is rest ! "

A tear rolls down the cavalier's cheek,
A tear that tells of woe :
" And if in the grave alone is rest,
Then I to the grave will go."
Hollow the echo and low :
" To the grave will go ! "

An odd little poem, called " Instruction," gives what is probably Heine's later attitude towards his affair with his cousin Amalie. It is marked by that strange mingling of sentiment and cynicism for which the author is famous :

DIE LEHRE.

Mother to little bee :
" Ware of lights ever be ! "
But what the mother said
Soon left the wee bee's head.

Whirr round the light he does,
Whirr with a buzz-buzz-buzz,
Mother's call hears not he :
" Little bee, little bee ! "

Youthful blood, silly blood
Flies in the flaming flood,
In the flame heedlessly,—
" Little bee, little bee ! "

Flares the light red anew,
Fire burns as fires do—
" Ware of maids ever be,
Laddie wee, laddie wee ! "

After the wandering habit of the German student, Heine shifted in 1820 from Bonn to Gottingen, but becoming involved in a duel he was rusticated, and he moved on to Berlin. As he had already acquired some little fame, he was taken up by the fashionable literary circle of the Prussian capital. At the house of Frau Varnhagen he came into contact with the most cultured and intellectual society in Germany. The impulse he received is evident by his publication in 1823 of two tragedies with a " Lyrical Interlude." This " Interlude " contained by far the best work Heine had yet done. The tiny poem which follows can hardly be matched in modern literature for its wonderful power of suggestion :

A pine tree standeth lonely
On a bare northern height,
It slumbereth ; while ice and snowflakes
Are veiling it in white.

And of a palm it dreameth,
That far in an Orient land
Lonely and silent mourneth
On a burning rocky strand.

One other example from the " Interlude " exhibits Heine's lifelong delight in folksong and myth. The original of these few verses breathes a melody which it would demand an English Heine to reproduce in translation :

From tales of elf and fairy
Beckons a snow-white hand,
A magic music airy
From an enchanted land,

Where giant flowers languish
In golden evening light,
And wan with love's sweet anguish
Pine in each other's sight.

Where all the trees are chattering
And loud in concert sing ;
And laughing streams are pattering,
In rhythmic music ring :—

And sweeter songs are trilling
Than thou hast ever heard,
Till with fond yearning thrilling
Thine heart is fondly stirred.

O that I might come yonder,
And there my heart set free,
And loosed from pain might wander,
And happy ever be !

In dreams I see it often,
That land of fancy fair,
But sunrise sees it soften
And vanish into air.

While in Berlin Heine had been very reckless of his health, and in 1823 he left the city for the seaside at Cuxhaven. On his road thither he passed through Hamburg, and there he was overwhelmed by a flood of old painful memories about his love for Amalie. The literary result of this sad return to the scene of his " Youthful Sorrows" was the collection of songs called the " Home-coming." A note of regret sounds through them all, now reckless,

now cynical, now fanciful. The most famous of all Heine's songs, the "Lorelei," is to be found in the "Home-coming." As everyone is familiar with it, however, I have chosen another :

As the moon with flashing effort
Struggles through the clouded sky,
So before me comes a picture
Out of days long since gone by.

On the deck we all were sitting,
Down the stately Rhine we sailed,
Glowed the banks in summer verdure
As the evening sunshine failed.

At her feet there I sat musing,
Mild the lady was and fair ;
O'er her pale and lovely features
Played the red-gold sunset air.

Bells were ringing; boys were singing,
Wonderful the joy and strange !
Grew the heavens ever bluer,
Took the soul a wider range.

Like a fairy tale were passing
Field, town, forest, mountain high :—
And I saw them all reflected,
Mirrored in the lady's eye.

It was Heine's first sight of the sea at Cuxhaven which struck an almost untouched chord in German song. Till then the mystery, the ceaseless change, the subtle suggestiveness of the ocean, had been unnoticed in the Fatherland. Heine's sea poetry is written in an odd irregular metre without rhyme, which is extraordinarily successful in his hands, but such lines as "Sunset" are very difficult to render at all adequately into English :

SUNSET.

The sun all lovely
Has peacefully sunk down into the sea ;
The weltering waters already are dyed
By the gloomy night ;
Only the glow of sunset
Strews them o'er with golden lights,
And the roaring strength of the flood
Presses ashore the foaming billows,
Which merrily, hastily gambol,
Like the fleecy flocks of lambs,
Which the shepherd-boy, singing at evening,
Drives to the fold.

From the time of the publication of the Book of Songs in 1827, in which may be found the originals of all the preceding selections, Heine led till 1831 a wandering life. He was by turns in England, Italy, Germany and Heligoland. Then came the Revolution of July, and Heine could not keep himself away from Paris. There he arrived in May of 1831. In Paris Heine met with continuous success. His work was of all kinds : criticism, history and special foreign correspondence.

No more verse appeared till 1844, when the "New Poems" were published. The same year also saw the production of "Germany" and "Atta Troll." The following dainty little song is from the "New Poems :"

Stars with tiny feet and golden
Wander on high with step so light,
Lest they should the earth awaken
Sleeping in the lap of night.

Listening stand the silent forests,
Every leaf a verdant ear !
And its shadowy arm the mountain,
As if dreaming, stretches near.

Hark ! what broke the stillness yonder ?
In my heart the echo rings.
Is't my loved one's voice, or only
But a nightingale that sings ?

Though Heine during his long stay in Paris had never ceased to heap ridicule on Germany, despite his forced gaiety, his genuine heart-sickness of exile finds a pathetic echo in one of the "New Poems :"

WHERE?

When shall I have ceased to wander,
Where at last my place of rest ?
Under southern palms far yonder,
Or beside the Rhine's loved breast ?

Shall some desert lonely hold me,
Borne there by a stranger hand ?
Or some coast-line bleak enfold me,
Buried 'neath the wave-worn sand ?

Ever on ! The heavens cover
Wandering steps by land or sea ;
And like funeral tapers hover
Still the stars by night o'er me.

In 1845 Heine was attacked by a first slight stroke of paralysis. In the next year he went to the Pyrenees in search of health, but the quest was vain. One May day in 1848 he took his last walk—"the last day of his life," he himself calls it. From that hour on for eight endless years the poor invalid lay bolstered up with pil-

lows on his "mattress-grave." He was faithfully nursed by his wife, for Heine had married, some years previously, a gay but loyal-hearted Parisienne named Mathilde Mirat. His case was utterly hopeless; death was the only possible outcome, but still the lagging months dragged on, each crushing him under its burden of unbearable pain, yet no release came. He managed to write occasional letters to his mother, who was still alive in Hamburg, but not a word about his illness escaped his lips.

Though Heine was a wreck physically, his mind was as active as ever. The work he produced under such conditions was tainted by an increasing cynicism, a growing recklessness, and a regrettable tendency to coarseness. His lack of any kind of real faith is only too evident. The rhymeless poem "Asra" may serve as an example of what Heine was still capable of. The note of despair at the end is not surprising, and no doubt shadows forth the hopelessness of his own doom:

THE ASRA.

Daily went the wonder-lovely
Sultan's daughter back and forward
In the evetide at the cistern,
Where the waters white are plashing.

Daily stood the young slave yonder
In the evetide at the cistern,
Where the waters white are plashing;
Daily grew he pale and paler.

Then one evening stepped the princess
Up to him with hurried question:
"Thy name would I know, I pray thee,
And thy homeland, and thy kindred!"

Spake the slave, "I'm called Mohammed,
I am hither come from Yemen;
I spring from that race of Asra,
Who die when they love, 'tis fated."

Heine had ever been a mocker. In youth he laughed at his own sentimental woes; in mid-life his jeer was turned on his countrymen; and now in the Valley of the Shadow he turned to survey the whole of human life, and his conclusions as to the fate of the righteous man are, to say the least, not those of that other "sweet singer of Israel," David, the poet-king:

Approaches death—I make confession
Of what to hide eternally,
My pride forbade: for thee, for thee
My heart still beat, 'twas thy possession!

The coffin's ready, and they lower me
Into the grave. Peace have I now.
Yet thou, Marie, Marie, yet thou
Wilt think of me and oft weep o'er me.

Fair hands thou wring'st by grief o'ertaken
—Comfort thyself—That is the fate,
The fate of man:—The good, the great,
The fair end wretchedly forsaken.

In February of 1856 the poor patient's life-flame was seen to be burning low, and early on the morning of the seventeenth, while he slept, it flickered silently out.

MORNING ON THE LAKE BEACH.

June.

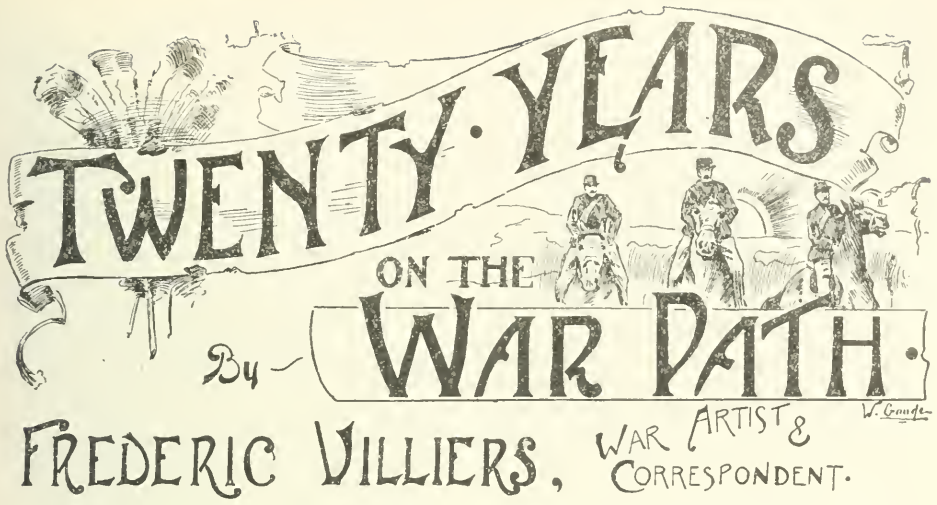
FROM "LAKE LYRICS."

SEE, the night is beginning to fail,
The stars have lost half of their glow,
As though all the flowers in a garden did pale
When a rose is beginning to blow.

And the breezes that herald the dawn,
Blown round from the caverns of day,
Lift the film of dark from the heaven's bare lawn,
Cool and sweet as they come up this way.

And this mighty green bough of the lake,
Rocks cool where the morning hath smiled;
While this dim, misty dome of the world, scarce awake,
Blushes rose like the cheek of a child.

William Wilfred Campbell.



VII.—"MY FRIEND CORPORAL TONBAR."

"SAY, sir, don't you think you had better lie down? Here you are just in the line of the lead?"

I had been peering through the gloaming trying to make out the little spurts of flame flickering in the direction of the foot hills in our immediate front, when a friendly corporal of the 42nd Highlanders touched my shoulder, and suggested that I should seek the cover of a ridge of sand behind which the front face of the square was lying.

There was not much cover anywhere in the wretched position the British force found itself before Tamai on the night of March 12th, in the year 1884. We had marched from Baker's zeriba shortly after noon till sundown over a scorching, stony plain, studded here and there with cactus and mimosa, right straight in the teeth of the enemy; and were now bivouacking on a sandy patch between the outlying foot hills and the base of the chain of rugged volcanic mountains which run parallel to the whole length of the Red Sea littoral. The enemy were already sighted on the low black rocks of granite and syenite in our front. Splashes of light were flickering like flecks of fire in a distant hamlet as the sinking sun lights up its window-panes.

But not so suggestive of peace were thost reflections from the hills. The broad barbs of the spears of Osman Digna's warriors gave out the light, now blood-red with the dying sun, as if already reeking with gore.

Presently these broad shafts of fire seemed to move forward, and the Fuzzy Wuzzy warriors began to skirmish in our direction. Springing lightly over the scrub, they wriggled along on their stomachs when coming to patches of sand, seeking every little bit of cover of rock or mimosa.

Not wishing to court an attack till the morrow, the General ordered our mountain guns to open fire. A few beautifully placed shrapnel shells checked the advance of the Arabs, and knocked the devil out of them for the night, so that we were eventually left in peace to cook our rations.

Mimosa bushes were cut down, and a zeriba was formed round our position to stop a sudden inrush on the part of the enemy. Our men ate their suppers, smoked their pipes, and soon, rolling themselves up in their blankets, courted slumber. The wooing was not long with Mr. Atkins and soon the simmering, heaving, fretful pulsations of a sleeping army was heard on all sides.

I was not well pleased with our position; to me it seemed excessively insecure. On our right flank was a mass

of rock a few hundred yards distant, and for some reason not occupied by us. In our front, not more than 1,000 yards off, were some 6,000 of the most daring fighting men in the world, lying perdu behind the cover of a network of black boulders. We lay out in the open, on a plain slightly shelving upward towards the enemy; an excellent target for any Arabs bold enough to creep round our flank and occupy that mass of rock unsecured by us.

I had already planned in my mind the attack which the Arab might make. A galling fire in the middle of the night from the ominous-looking rocks on our right rear, while a few thousand spearmen should rush our zeriba with spears, and then there would be the devil to pay. I took my revolver out of its case and kept it ready to hand.

Did I sleep? I wonder if I slept. That unoccupied rock bothered me. It seemed to grow into a mountain that grew bigger and bigger till the whole adjacent ground was filled with its immensity. Whether I had slept or not I now found myself suddenly and very unmistakably awake. The simmering mass of humanity around me was now also on its feet and very wide awake. The force with the low growl of expletives peculiar to Tommy Atkins when disturbed from his slumbers, was struggling to fix bayonets. A sharp rattle of musketry from the foot hills, the shriek of bullets overhead, and the distant beating of war drums, were the motive of Tommy's sudden awakening.

I looked anxiously towards my *bête noir* the rock. It was still unoccupied, and so far we were safe. We stood to our arms for several hours—it was a desultory fight all on one side, for we never returned a shot. Like summer rain, the enemy's fire would patter away to a few dropping shots, when again there would come a brisk sprinkling of bullets.

It was a very uncomfortable situation, for motionless troops are always uneasy when a sharp cry there or a groan here tells that bullets are finding their billets. An inanimate form was carried past me by two comrades towards the red lamp, marking the doctor's quarters.

Here and there a sharp clatter would notify that a bullet had struck a mess tin or commissariat box. In the middle of the square a horse which had been shot in the withers, lay struggling, vainly trying to gain his feet. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, the bullets kept falling and stirring up little puffs of dust on the open ground in front of the zeriba.

"There is no blooming fun in this sort of fighting," Tommy growled. "When will that blooming sun come up and show us where to shoot?"

I had at the moment walked up to the front face of the square, when my corporal friend already alluded to manifested his solicitude for my personal safety. Corporal Tonbar, for that I found to be his name, had now mysteriously disappeared. There was no one else of a communicative turn of mind near me, for the men were sullenly dozing in spite of the occasional twang of the bullet.

I sprawled on the sand and looked up at the stars. They were growing fainter and fainter; now Venus grew pale; then the Great Bear passed away; then Orion and the Southern Cross gradually waned and died out in the lilac dawn. I was thinking how many of us would be looking on those stars before another dawn melted them into space, when a tall, gaunt figure, carrying something under his great coat, strode between me and the brightness of the coming day. Then the tall figure stooped down and whispered: "Would ye like a wee drap o' rum, sir?" It was my good friend, the Scottish corporal, once more.

"Dinna be feart, sir," he continued, "tak' sup. Thae Fuzzy Wuzzies hae spoilt the taste o' rum for at least one of us. So it's all right; we won't miss it. Drink!"

I took a long pull at the corporal's rum, and never was spirit less harmful; it drove the chill of the night from my veins, and braced me up for the coming struggle.

"My worthy friend," said I to the corporal, "let me do you a good turn

for this. Come and see me at the home of Levi, the famous merchant of Suakin, and I will give you something better than Passover cakes. We will drink to the utter defeat of the Fuzzy Wuzzy if we get out of this."

The sun came up at last, looking in the lingering haze of the plains like a large, luminous, over-ripe apricot. The enemy's sharpshooters slunk back into the purple shadows of the Khor as the glorious day burst upon us. Now left in peace for a time, our men prepared their breakfasts; then folded their overcoats, and made ready for the coming fray.

From Baker's zeriba came our cavalry right in the eye of the sun; the handsome face of their gallant leader, Herbert Stewart, radiant with the spirit of war upon it, glowed in the morning light.

At 8.30 we moved out from the zeriba towards the enemy; our two brigades in echelon—the second, under General Davis, in front, the first, under Buller, about seven hundred yards in the rear. I was watching Buller's square forming up, when the sound of rapid firing was heard in the direction of Davis's square.

Scudamore, of the *Times*, and I resolved to see what was going on at the front, so we mounted and rode towards the leading brigade. Approaching it, we found the square broken. The front face of it and part of the right flank had charged a strong force of the enemy, which had sprung up out of a deep nullah about a hundred yards in our front. I rode up behind the 65th just as their flank was being turned.

Like a great wave striking a boulder, the Arabs had re-bounded and were swirling round our flanks, rushing through a great gap at the angle between the front and the right face of the 65th, which regiment had been hurled back by the force of the dervish charge upon the Marines, who were thrown into disorder. The large gap made by the flanks running into line tempted the swarms of Arabs, and they came pouring in before the Marines could recover from their momentary disorder. Some say the men of the 65th gave way; if they did it was done slowly and reluctantly; to me they seemed to be trying to keep in touch with the Marines and to reform square, for several men coolly knelt and deliberately took aim as the Fuzzy Wuzzy enveloped our flank. But even British pluck must fail sometimes, and that nullah held too many of those bounding, reckless dare-devils. Nothing could stop them for the time—neither Gatlings, nor Gardners, nor Martini-Henrys, nor the cold steel; they forced their way into the square, and, unfortunately, they came to stay for the moment. Though a short period, it was long enough to teach Mr. Atkins some respect for the fighting qualities of the Hadendowahs. Unless when a bullet smashed a skull or pierced a heart, they came on furiously; and even when the paralysis of death stole over them, in their last convulsions they would try to cut, stab, or even bite. Among that howling, bounding mob of fanatics, even little boys came brandishing sticks, led recklessly on by their parents to the very muzzles of our rifles. When once in the square, an absolute *mêlée* ensued. In rallying groups our men tried to stand their ground, but slowly, yet surely, a retrograde movement was compulsory.

We were getting the worst of it. Enveloped in smoke we could hardly distinguish friend from foe. For a moment or two firing ceased, and an appalling silence seemed temporarily to reign, but the struggle had now devolved into a deadly hand-to-hand conflict in which both sides were too busy to give tongue.

An occasional rallying shout from an officer was heard; and at one period, when things looked very bad indeed, I could distinctly hear the voice of that plucky war correspondent, Bennet Burleigh, shouting: "Give it them, boys! Hurrah! Three cheers, my men! Hurrah!"

Many a man who feared the day was lost rallied on that cheer, and thought

things must be improving, and fought all the better for the belief.

A certain General has said "that war correspondents are the drones of the army." A few more drones like Burleigh, when Tommy Atkins is in a tight corner, would not be detrimental to the success of the British Army in the field.

How I got out of that fight I hardly know to this day. A great source of anxiety to me was my horse—an animal which was the only one I could procure at Suakin, and which had been condemned by the military authorities as unsound. He could stand on his forelegs and move, it was true, so to me he was better than nothing; but in an unlooked-for emergency such as this, he gave me grave anxiety, for not knowing his weak points I was always speculating as to what the brute would do next as I struggled through the human *débris* of the broken square. Once or twice as I lay flat along on the animal's back urging him onward with my spurs, Arabs would leap out at me from the smoke and poise their spears ready to strike, but apparently refrained risking a thrust at one who was moving so swiftly. I fired my revolver at any dusky form I saw emerging from the smoke, but still the figures flittered. Regulation revolvers are not much use against the Fuzzy Wuzzy. He seems to swallow the bullets and come up smiling like the proverbial conjuror with his "you observe, ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception about it!"

If my horse had gone lame or played any circus tricks at that moment, a blanket and a narrow trench would have been my shroud and resting place that night.

How Sir Redver Buller's intact square, moving over the very ground we had left, diverted the attention of the enemy, giving us breathing time to rally and reform and advance in line to recapture our lost guns, is a matter of history I will not dwell on here. The Black Watch suffered terrible losses; many of their non-commissioned officers were cut down in the first mad rush.

I was therefore rather troubled about my newly-made friend Tonbar. One day after my budget of sketches had been posted to the *Graphic*, Corporal Tonbar walked into my lodgings at Suakin. We had our promised smoke and chat, and I found my friend no ordinary individual—keen, quick-witted, and every inch a soldier.

It was New Year's Day of the following year, and the British forces for the relief of Khartoum were concentrating at Korti. For hundreds of miles the Nile was alive with boats crowded with British soldiers rowing, towing and sailing their whalers up the dreary reaches of the river. I was waiting outside the postal tent while the British mail was being sorted, when a cadaverous, sun-burnt individual accosted me. He was in shreds and tatters. It was difficult to discover by the sun-faded trousers that he was of that famous Highland regiment the Black Watch. The red heckle had disappeared from his feather bonnet. His face, however, made up for this deficiency; all shades of red were there, from the pinkish hue of his skinned nose to the deep tan of his hollow cheeks.

"Don't you remember me?" said the tattered soldier.

"Well! Eh, I hardly——. By Jove! Corporal Tonbar."

"No longer corporal, sir, but sergeant now," said he modestly.

"Well, I am mightily pleased to see you. But what a plight you are in! You have evidently had a tough time of it, sergeant. Why, your mother wouldn't know you." I turned him round and looked at him once more.

"It's these boats, sir. We Highlanders are not used to rowing. Those patches you are looking at now, sir, are made of biscuit tin and sailcloth—hard, but saves you from losing leather. I have just been to the post," he continued, "and find my dear old mother has sent me these," he held up a bottle containing white tabloids. "They are thirst-quenchers. I shan't want them, however, as I go with the force moving up the Nile. You are

going across the desert with Stewart's lot; they will be useful to you. Pray take them, sir!"

Anything from old England out in those wild parts was precious enough. I was reluctant to accept the bottle, but as he threatened to spill the contents on the desert, I took it.

"Tonbar, you have befriended me once more; mind, if ever I can be of service to you, now don't be afraid to ask me."

He laughingly promised and we parted.

I often blessed his dear old mother on that long dreary desert march, which we subsequently made to Subat, for the happy idea of the thirst-quenchers.

Some years after the Nile expedition, I was reading a daily paper in my club in London, when my eye caught a paragraph that ran something like this: "For exceptional bravery in the field, Sergeant-Major Tonbar to receive her Majesty's commission." I drank Fred Tonbar's health, and wished him further promotion. Two years afterwards I was quietly painting in my studio, when a sharp ring at the bell brought me to the door.

On the threshold was a smart Bond-street type of gentleman in frock-coat, enamelled boots, and an orchid in his buttonhole. He raised his hat, and said with a suspicion of a slight drawl in his speech:

"Why, don't you know me, Mr. Villiers?"

I was fairly staggered for a moment, then my memory of him flashed on me. "Come in," said I, "and sit down. Have a cigar, and tell me all about it."

"I have no time for that just now. I have come simply to ask you for the service you promised me."

"Well, fire away, Mr. Tonbar."

"The fact is, Villiers," he slightly hesitated, "I am—oh, I am going to be married at St. George's, Hanover-square, to-morrow, and I want you for best man."

To be Continued.

SPRING SHADOWS.

ONE April eve, as earth impatient broke
From winter's clasp, to meet the coming spring,
In converse deep, while homeward sauntering,
The spirit music in our souls awoke
As harp-strings, vibrant to the master's stroke.
Through all the naked branches overhead,
The moon rays soft a subtle radiance shed,
That lit the revels of the fairy folk,
And cast quaint shadows on the pavement-stone.
The naked branches—so they seemed to be,
Till in the shadows on the pavement thrown
We saw the swelling buds, just bursting free;
O Life! how oft to us in shade is shown,
What in the substance we had failed to see.

Martha E. Richardson



The RESPONSIBILITY of Mrs WEATHERSTONE

By Virna Sheard ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

PRETTY little Mrs. Weatherstone sat with her chin on her hand, gazing into the heart of the fire.

John Weatherstone from the sofa watched her with a sense of tranquil enjoyment in the picture she made, and the fact that he alone enjoyed it.

A hard day in Court, and a signal victory there, entitled the man to his hour of rest, and those who had met him about town—a keen, shrewd, unreadable lawyer—would hardly have recognized him at this moment, when he allowed "the cares that infest the day" to "fold their tents like the Arabs." Silvery twilight outside—firelight in the room—a blue wreath of smoke curling above the sofa—the girlish figure yonder—lit by rosy reflections that made her blonde hair glisten, and the rings on her small fingers flash with a thousand sparkles.

Suddenly the spell was broken by Mrs. Weatherstone saying, in a quick, decided little fashion of her own—

"John, are you asleep?"

"Far from it," was the slow answer.

"Then listen, dear—and attend—well, attend the way you do when you have your Q.C. gown on. I have a weight on my mind."

"Ah!" with a smile, "who is it this time?"

"It is Donald," she said, throwing out her hands. "I am perfectly wild about the way he has been going on this winter. He'll never get through in May—never—never," impatiently, "and it's most important that he should. He's five-and-twenty."

"Five-and-twenty, as you say," came from the shadowy corner. "But as for his taking his M.D.—why, who ever thought he would. He is unfortunate enough to possess the means to keep him going. One of the gilded youth, you see. It's only poor beggars with nothing but what they make who study. Look at me. Don't worry over him Betty. He is rather a weight to have on one's mind—about 180 pounds, I fancy."

"Please don't talk nonsense, Jack. If *you* don't regard Don as a responsibility, *I* do. We simply can't have him plucked again. Something must be done."

"Well, darling," yawning, "I'll leave it to you with absolute faith in your power to perform what you undertake. Like Kipling's sailor, you are 'a person of infinite resource and sagacity.'"

The man smiled to himself in the dusk. The woman sought counsel from the fire.

Presently she gave a little start. "I have it John," she said, rising with a light laugh. "I have it—I have it—but poor Donald—O, poor Donald."

"Knowing you, I say poor Donald likewise," said the voice.

"Ah!" cried she, crossing to the sofa, "you won't help me, and we really ought to try and prevent his falling in love with one girl after another, the way he has been doing. If it were only one girl now, we might rejoice, but he is forever flitting about like a—like a—"

"Bee over a clover field," he suggested.

"Thanks! yes dear. Quite so—but I was thinking of a gay Lothario. It is always the latest pretty face with Donald, and he will certainly become a flirt—a male flirt—that abomination; or a shiftless, unstable creature who does not know his own mind. If one could save him from *that!*"

"Noble mission. But what is he now?"

"What is he now?" echoed his wife, glancing down quickly. "You surely don't mean *I* called him shiftless and unstable? O no, I said he would become so if he were not checked in his—in his—"

"Mad career," said Weatherstone.

"Yes, dear, for that is what it is—and simple ruination. He is only a boy—a nice boy too—and a handsome boy—very like you, Jack."

"Heaven forbid," he remarked fervently.

"In looks," she continued, "and the girls very naturally like him; everyone likes him, but they let him see it, unfortunately. It's a case of infatuation with Don every time—pink and white prettiness to-day—"

"Black-and-tan to-morrow," said the man.

"Exactly—and he talks of them incessantly, that is, to me. There have been four since September. First Kitty Wentworth. Now, she was a pleasing enough variety of girl (his taste is exceedingly good), but I grew positively to dread every word that began with K. 'Kitty,' 'Kitty,' constant reiteration made the name almost lose meaning. When she went back to Cleveland he turned for consolation to Claudia Atherly. Just the way the man changes pictures in a magic lantern. Claudia is of a higher type of beauty than the other, and I really had reason to think that affair would last. But no; it died a natural death in a few weeks. Next it was a Miss Quintin, though she was out of the question—engaged already. Then came Nell Overton, decidedly the most dangerous of all, but Nell refused to take him seriously. It was serious enough to Donald. He impoverished himself all during January buying her roses. She liked roses, it seemed. At present," sighing, "there is no one in particular. Probably he is worshipping the whole four, and has a mental composite photograph of them hanging on the walls of memory. He will be worse next time on account of this lull."

"Being unaccustomed to lulls of the kind," remarked Weatherstone, rising. "Well, poor chap, if you intend to marshal him through the Spring Assizes—exams. I mean, he has my sympathy. There is a deadly lot of work ahead of him, and none behind. I can't understand Don. Now, I never was in love but once. Once was enough, sweetheart, for it wrecked my supply of common sense totally, although in sweet compensation I was drifted in a semi-imbecile condition to the shore of Paradise."

"Keep to the subject, Jack," she said softly.

"Donald! Oh, I had rather dropped Donald. If you want an opinion, I think it's a nuisance having one's young and erratic cousins left on one's hands. Probably he'd better go; he has enough to live on."

"He's an orphan," she said, "and this is the only place on earth he can call home. Your mother wished it."

"That's the reason he stays, Betty; and because left to himself it's a question where he'd bring up," said the man, going out.

Three or four days later Mrs. Weatherstone entered her parlour with light, quick step. A smile, a deep, deep smile lay upon her red lips, and shone from the depths of her gray eyes.

In one hand she held a cabinet photograph, which, after great deliberation and trying to place in one position after another, she stood conspicuously on the piano leaning against a Dresden vase.

"That will do it," she said to herself, going back a little to view the effect.

"That will do it, Elizabeth." Then she waited, filling in the time by playing a waltz.

It was a swinging, swaying melody, with one sweet minor note recurring ever in the bass. A note to watch for.

Presently the door opened and a man entered the room. He crossed to the piano with long steps.

Mrs. Weatherstone looked up and nodded. A handsome young fellow this, tall, deep-chested, and with a

clear-cut, rather discontented face. He thrust his hands into his pockets and leaned against the tail of the grand, taking up the waltz in a low vibrant whistle. The player stopped abruptly —as was her way.

"Please go on—that was divine," said the other. "You *can* play, Betty."

"O, a little," said she, watching him from under her lashes.

"A little!" he returned quickly. "Well, rather. You have the gift." Suddenly noticing the new photograph at his elbow, he took it up, looking at it long and silently.

Mr. Weatherstone still played broken music. Her lips twitched.

She saw Donald turn the picture over. The back was blank, so he turned it face upward again. Then he stared at it.

"By Jove!" he said to himself. "By Jove!"

"Did you speak, Donald?" she inquired, after a moment.

"No—yes—that is—tell me, Betty —who is she?"

"You must not ask Don—really. I cannot tell you. *Not now*, anyway. But she is pretty, isn't she?"

"Pretty!" He gave a short laugh. "How like a woman. Why, I never saw such a face; it is perfect. Is she like this, honestly, Betty?"

"That is considered a good likeness, I believe," answered Mrs. Weatherstone.

"Well, who is she? When did you get this? Do you know her, or is she some actress or singer?" returned the young fellow.

"No! no! No actress or singer, and yes, I do know her, by sight. We have smiled at each other often. More music.

Donald Weatherstone stood the charming photograph back slowly, lingeringly.

"I never saw such a face," he said, thoughtfully.

"Where have I heard that remark before," said the other. "Now, Donald, please don't ask questions about this one. She's not for you, and that should settle it. I do not say I could not manage to have you meet her—your eyes are very pleading—but you are so fickle, Don, and she is not for you."

"Fickle!" he exclaimed impatiently, "Come, I like that."

"Well, you have been devoted to a most outrageous number of fair maidens already. It has been 'lightly come, lightly go,' and you fritter away your time horribly. As for your affections, really, the woman who gets what is left after you are through 'admiring' all the pretty girls you meet, deserves my pity."

"Don't let it worry you," he said, gloomily. "I am through with such nonsense."

"Oh! it doesn't worry me at all," answered Mrs. Weatherstone, "not in the least, only sometimes the—the ghosts, as it were—of those girls I have heard so much, so very much about, come to trouble me. Remember Kitty Wentworth?"

There was a smothered word from the other end of the piano. The waltz went on smoothly, serenely.

Weatherstone turned his back to the player and gazed darkly across the pretty room. On swept the dulcet notes, rich, compelling.

"And Claudia?" said Mrs. Weatherstone.

"You need'nt go over them all, Betty," he said. "Have the goodness to drop it."

"You ought to be able to see what I mean, Don. No one would have the heart to introduce you to this girl. She is still fancy free, and, and altogether too sweet. No, no I will not think of it. John would not like me to. You are so unstable, I could not reconcile it to my conscience."

"Do, Betty," he said, half bashfully, leaning across the piano. "I don't know when I've been so taken with a picture. Do. I thought you were a friend of mine—that at least I could count on that."

"You need not ask, for I won't, Don. Comfort yourself with

'If she be not fair for me, what care I.'"

There was a pause.

Then Weatherstone spoke again.

"Tell me who she is, anyway, Betty; that won't do any harm."

A resolute shake of the head and some emphatic chords that ended the music.

He took up the picture again and turned it over. "There's not a mark on it. Where was it made?"

"In town," laughingly.

"And is she really like this, Betty—eyes and hair and all?"

The eyes that looked up into the man's face were wonderful. Large, soft, with lashes heavy and curling. The hair was light and abundant. An exquisite setting for so much beauty. No nose could have been more charming, no mouth more like a Cupid's bow, an alluring dimple graced the square little chin. This lovely head rose out of a misty background, dark, almost mysterious. It was like a flower broken from the stem. The expression of the face was saint-like, tranquil, even pensive.

"It is a strange sort of face," said Weatherstone, "quite unnaturally beautiful, yet with a peculiar fascination."

"So much soul in it," answered the woman, looking over his shoulder. "So much soul, Donald. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps that is it; anyway, I never saw anything more lovely."

"Nor I, Donald."

"It is ideal," abstractedly.

"Do you really want to see this—this beauty?"

"What a question!"

"But do you?"

"Honour bright, my dear Betty, I do—any fellow would."

"Then I'll make a bargain with you. Here it is, February. Now, if you pass your examinations in April—is it?—I'll manage to let you see her—the rest you must do yourself."

"That's awfully kind of you, but rather a tight bargain. Suppose I fail—after sitting up till cock-crow, reading?"

"In your little lexicon must be no such word as fail. If you do fail, why you won't see the fair maid—that's all."

"I suppose I'll be able to survive that," he replied; "please don't think me quite an idiot. I shall get through anyway, Betty."

"All right, then it's a bargain," she said, leaving him.

The students of Medicine during the next two months burned the midnight oil, sitting silently in ofttimes chilly rooms, with wet towels bound about their throbbing brows—this perchance that they might later bind them with laurel.

There was not a man of them all who studied harder than Donald Weatherstone, and he won. Then he demanded his reward.

"We'll go down town together, Donald," said Mrs. Weatherstone, "and you shall see her."

It was a heavenly morning. The world had renewed its youth as it does every year when May comes round. Alas! that we follow not its sweet example. The sun shone with a glorious determination to put a gilt edge on everything, and the air blew in, cool and invigorating, from the lake that sparkled away yonder like a line of beaten silver.

The two stepping along briskly together felt that it was a good morning to be alive.

"You haven't thought much about that picture, Donald, have you?" Mrs. Weatherstone asked after a while.

"Haven't had time, but it's been in the background of my mind, so to speak."

"Yes, I understand, behind the Anatomy, Physiology, Materia Medica, and other things. What I meant, Don, was—you won't be very disappointed if—if—"

He wheeled around suddenly. "Am I not to see her, Betty? I understood it was a square thing—a bargain."

"O, yes! yes! do keep cool," she answered, her colour fading a trifle, and a little catch in her voice. "Yes, indeed, you may see her, Donald. She—she is just across the street from here."

"O," he inquired calmly. "Where, just across the street?"

"Why"—she answered—"why in a shop, you know."

"Very well!" said Weatherstone, striding along by the trim little figure, "that'll be all right. I hate a snob. If that girl is like her picture she might be anywhere. Are you going in with me? How far does the bargain take you?"

They had crossed the road, and now Mrs. Weatherstone stopped before a huge shining plate-glass window. Behind it were switches, wigs that rose and fell strangely on abnormally bald pates, simpering dummies that nodded like mandarins, bunches of love curls, white periwigs, frightful scratch wigs, false bangs, and back of them all a wonderful, wonderful French modelled head that rose out of a cloud of soft pink tulle. The beautiful eyes had such sweeping lashes as surely eyes never wore before. The pure oval of her face was unbroken, the curling bow of her mouth smiled at one, showing even pearly teeth. Her hair of light glittering gold was a dream.

"There she is, Donald," said a small, small voice at his elbow.

The young fellow was staring in at the lovely head in a fixed wooden fashion. He answered nothing.

"I had her picture taken you see, Don. Don't hurt me, please. You're the biggest—" the voice slipped away into nothingness.

Weatherstone turned and looked down at her. The red flamed up into his boyish face, then he went white.

"Betty," he said, "it was a ghastly joke. No fellow enjoys being made a fool of. I'll never live another day under John Weatherstone's roof."

"You will! You will!" she cried, half laughing and catching his hand, "and you will live to forgive me, for it has been your salvation. Remember you are through, and have your big M.D.! All on her account," nodding at the bewitching face so near. "O, dear Don, we're not made like that, don't you see, only just in factories and the minds of men. You wouldn't like anything so perfect if it came to life. Indeed, no; and you're not in love with any one, you're only in love with loving or some ideal you have formed, and you did need a lesson, Don."

He bit his moustache, then looked at her with a queer little smile.

"Thanks," he said, "but don't tell John."

"O, never!" she answered firmly. "Never. Now come home to luncheon."

A DEAD POET.

LONG, long ago—ah, me! how very long—
A way-worn poet died within my breast;
Unblest of fate!—poor wailing ghost of song,
He yet doth haunt me with a strange unrest.

John Arbory.



A SEAWARD VIEW



By A. M. Belding

ST. JOHN, N.B., AND THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

IF you have not yet experienced the subtle fascination of the sea, go eastward in the summer-time. Study its moods in mist and sunshine ; see it in calm and storm ; hear its myriad voices that whisper among the pebbles or thunder on the cliff ; hear the low song or loud shriek of its winds ; bathe in it ; sail on it ; let the wonder of it take hold on your imagination, as its bracing energy takes hold upon the very fibre of your physical being ; and at the end you will journey west or south again with no further need of a tonic, nor any need of a Byron to tell you of the might and mystery and magic of the sea.

Aye, the Muskoka lakes are beautiful—and the St. Lawrence, with its Thousand Islands, its Rapids, its broad sweep to the sea ; and to none are their charms more apparent than to the man from the seaboard. By a similar force of contrast, to none should the attractions of the seaboard, aside altogether from the question of climate, appeal more forcibly than to those from inland cities.

Canada is fortunate in that her people have, in the Maritime Provinces, a summer resort which, both in climate and natural beauty, is unsurpassed. The people of the United States recognize the fact, and from the eastern, middle and southern portions of that country a yearly growing volume of travel flows in by way of St. John, Yarmouth, Halifax and Charlottetown. It is very gratifying also to note that each year sees a larger number of visitors from Quebec and Ontario, seeking and finding under their own flag more of health and pleasure than are to be found at the hotter and more hackneyed places farther south.

Regarding the province of New Brunswick, Prof. Shaler of Harvard, who is familiar with its topography and resources, has stated that it is superior as a farming region to any New England state ; that it is the best all-round sporting region of which he has knowledge ; and that of its type the scenery of the province is unsurpassed. This is a great and a just tribute. If there is a deal of agricultural wealth as yet undeveloped ; if there are stretches of wilderness to shelter big game or tempt the angler ; and if the natural beauty of the settled portions has not been obtrusively supplemented by the evidences of man's ambition, that, from the standpoint of the seeker after health and pleasure, is not to be deplored.

Three sides of New Brunswick are washed by the waters of ocean or bay. Large rivers flow through it, and their head waters form as remarkable a system of interlacing streams as ever



MORRISEY TUNNEL ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY, RESTIGOUCHE COUNTY, NEW BRUNSWICK.



THE CITY OF ST. JOHN FROM FORT HOWE.

floated a sportsman's canoe. These streams yield trout and salmon in abundance. The province is so intersected by railways and waterways that one may journey with speed and comfort in all directions.

The people of Ontario, who honour the memory of the United Empire Loyalists, should be especially interested in the city of St. John. Its founders were of that dauntless and self-sacrificing company who followed the sound of the king's bugles northward more than a century ago, setting an example in loyalty and devotion that their descendants, in these later days of trial, have been quick to emulate. Go down to the Market Slip where wharves and warehouses are crowded with merchandise, and the schooners come with their cargoes of fish and produce. You have but to invoke the



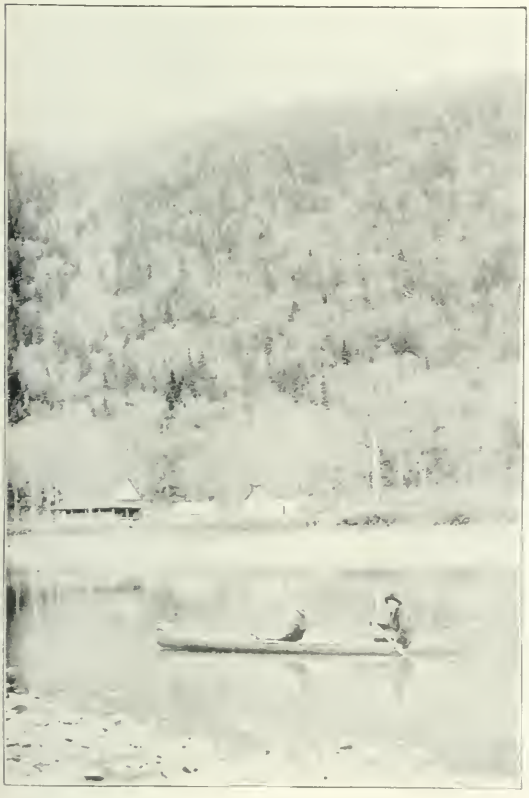
THE RAPIDS ON ST. JOHN RIVER ABOVE THE BRIDGES.

spirit of the past, and wharf and warehouse fade away, the busy city vanishes, and a bleak shore is offering scant welcome to a band of homeless men and women, brought hither in the king's ships, to battle with the wilderness and lay the foundations of a state.



THE RIVER ST. JOHN AT WESTFIELD.

To go farther back in history, Champlain saw the harbour and named the river before he saw the St. Lawrence; and here, during the French period, was enacted the tragedy that made the name La Tour forever memorable in the annals of Acadie. Historic associations, therefore, are not wanting to lend an additional charm to this region. But that is incidental. Neither monument, nor battlefield, nor fortress marks the scene of ancient strife. St. John must rest on other grounds its chief claim to present recognition.



ON THE UPPER WATERS OF THE RESTIGOUCHE.

Do you remember Longfellow's picture?

> the black wharves and the slips,
> And the sea-tides tossing free;
> And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
> And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the sea.

The sea-tides at St. John effect a wonderful change in the appearance of the wharves and slips. The rise and fall of Fundy's tides varies here from 20 to 27 feet. One result of this is that while at flood tide you climb a ladder from the wharf to a vessel's deck, at low ebb you have to go down a ladder to reach the same deck. The remarkable variation does not interfere with work on the vessels, or with their going or coming, but the change in the whole aspect of the harbour at low



A HALT FOR LUNCHEON.

tide, as compared with its appearance at flood, is very remarkable, and must be seen to be fully appreciated. It is this tidal variation which produces the unique phenomenon of the "reversible falls," at the head of the narrow and rock-walled gorge through which the great river St. John finds outlet to harbour and bay. At low tide there is a fall outward toward the harbour, at flood it is inward toward the river basin; while at half-tide vessels pass in safety, and in perfectly smooth water.

But to get back to the harbour. Longfellow's bearded sailors are there, not only Spanish but Italian, Norwegian, French and others, besides British and American, manning the steamships and large sailing craft taking deal cargoes for harbours beyond the Atlantic. These vessels, together with the schooners from American ports, and ports up and down the Bay of Fundy; the small coastwise steamers and harbour tugs; the fishing vessels from the bay; and the handsome passenger steamers that cross daily to the Land of Evangeline, or give a daily summer service to Boston, make the water front a place of lively interest. The black hulls of the steamships, which carry enormous quantities of lumber, are in striking contrast to the smaller and more graceful outlines of the sailing vessels, whose towering masts and rigging are reminiscent of old-time sailor yarns. Occasionally a ship with an unpronounceable foreign name comes into port, and somebody remembers that she was formerly the "—— ——, built at St. John away back in 18—," but sold some years ago to the Norwegians or Italians. For St. John no longer builds ships, and of her once magnificent sailing fleets (including some long-forgotten whalers), only a few remain on the registry of the port. Her people own steamships now, and have little use for sailing craft, except the schooners used in the coasting trade. It is worth while to visit one of the foreign ships in port. The sailors speak a foreign tongue, and everything is strange and interesting and redolent of the sea.



ASHBURNE FISHING CLUB.

But the harbour has yet another feature of interest. Its waters in summer yield salmon, shad and alewives, and in the height of the fishing season more than a hundred boats may be seen tending the nets. Very interesting, therefore, to persons who dwell inland is the ever-changing aspect and many-sided life of the harbour.

In Rockwood Park, which embraces the lovely Lily Lake and contains over 350 acres of land and water surface, St. John possesses one of the most picturesque natural parks in America. It is on high ground behind the city, and from the highest point a magnificent view of city, country and bay is obtained. There are pleasant drives through the park and boats on the lake. A pretty tea-house is another feature. Bears, moose, deer and some other animals form the nucleus of what will ultimately be a large zoological



SALMON FISHING ON THE MIRAMICHI (26 POUNDER JUST CAUGHT).

collection. Each year the work of park improvement is systematically carried on, and in time Rockwood will become one of the famous parks of Canada.

As this article is not intended to serve in any sense the purpose of a guide book, only a passing reference need be made to the Bay Shore, with its facilities for salt-water bathing ; the pleasant drives to lovely suburban resorts ; the good roads for wheelmen ; the near-by haunts of the angler ; the two-hour trip in a Clyde-built steamer across the bay; the magnificent views from neighbouring heights; the wealth of scenic beauty and picturesqueness that delights the amateur photographer ; and the excellent accommodation and easy means of transit so essential to the comfort of the visitor.

But, apart from all other considerations, its position at the mouth of the St. John River makes the city a place of far more than common interest. I am not a member of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club, but whenever I see the white sails of the river fleet moving out from the moorings at Milledgeville, or scudding along the Reach with a stiff breeze on the quarter, some lurking spirit of the viking days leaps up within me, for nowhere in America can be found finer stretches of water, in a fairer setting, than those on which the yachtsmen of St. John enjoy their summer outings. The more one sees



FALLS AT ST. GEORGE.



YACHTING ON THE KENNEBECCASIS.

of the St. John River and its tributary lakes and streams, the more one is impressed with a sense of the weakness of words to convey to others a knowledge of the rich and varied loveliness of river and landscape.

With a total length of 450 miles, the river forms with its tributaries a great waterway in the heart of New Brunswick. Salmon and trout frequent the upper waters, and annually attract a large number of wealthy sportsmen. Great quantities of logs are floated down to the mills at St. John. Passenger and freight steamers run between St. John and Fredericton, 84 miles up; and between St. John and points on the lakes which the river drains. There is also a steamer on the Kennebeccasis, which joins the main stream not far above the city. The river between St. John and Fredericton varies from less than one to fully three miles in width. At the mouth of the Kennebeccasis there is a stretch of water ten miles wide, and here the yacht club already mentioned have their annual series of races. At Milledgeville, hard by, is their club house. Near St. John the river scenery is boldly picturesque, with cliffs rising at one point to a height of about 200 feet. A few miles farther on the aspect changes. The rugged outlines soften into lines of graceful beauty. Rich farm lands stretch away to the hills, broad intervales and lovely islands delight the eye; and at every turn



A TYPICAL NEW BRUNSWICK CAMPING SCENE.



FISHERMAN'S "EXPRESS."

some new and charming picture is revealed. Well-cultivated farms and occasional villages appear on either hand. It is one of the charms of the St. John River that there is nothing hackneyed about it. There is a serene and restful beauty that is in delightful contrast to the nerve-distracting experiences of summer life in the cities. Life is very pleasant at Westfield, the Cedars, Hampstead, and other places along the river, where many St. John people themselves go to spend a portion of the summer. From the steamer's deck the stranger sees quaint objects of interest in the schooners laden with wood or coal, or merchandise, the great rafts of logs, the scows with cargoes of deals and the yachts and smaller craft that are part of the river life. The manner in which skilful boatmen at some points pull alongside the moving steamer in midstream, make fast and transfer passengers and baggage, and cast off again in perfect safety, is a never-failing source of wonder and admiration.

And the river has a history. The modern traveller is voyaging in the wake of French governors and adventurers, and New England fighting men and pioneers of the days of old. Here, beside the Nerepis, was a French fort; at the Jemseg another; yonder, at Mangerville, New England settlers



THE CATHEDRAL, FREDERICTON.

came before the revolution; on the Nashwaak, opposite Fredericton, a French governor once made his capital, and repelled the attacks of New England foes.

Interest in the river, its beauty and its history, is supplemented by another pleasure when the steamer has arrived at Fredericton, the cathedral city and capital of New Brunswick. Here was the old French village of St. Anne's. The city lies on the shore. Its streets are level and shaded by beautiful trees. Before it flows the river, more than half-a-mile wide, spanned by railway and traffic bridges; behind it rises a high range of hills, affording a magnificent view for miles up and down and beyond the river. In Fredericton are the provincial parliament buildings, the cathedral of the Church of England, the provincial normal school, the University of New Brunswick, the old Government House, and the barracks of the R.C.R.I. Three miles away is the town of Marysville, which owes its existence to the genius of one man, Alexander Gibson—the lumber king. Frederickton is a great sporting centre, from which moose and caribou and deer hunters go out in the autumn, and salmon and trout fishermen in the summer season.

How shall one speak of the charms of this river region? There comes to me a memory of student days at Fredericton. I am afloat at night in an Indian canoe in mid-stream, drifting idly down toward the city. Overhead, a sky without a cloud, the moon and stars mirrored in the unruffled surface of the majestic river. Shoreward, more than a quarter of a mile distant on either hand, are glooms and shadows, out of which comes softly the voices of the night. Away below me, the twinkling lights of the city, and floating over the waters in softened strains the music of a band. The burden lifts from the wearied brain, the heart thrills, and from the brooding depths of a perfect night, upon the troubled spirit falls the benediction of its hallowed peace.

And yet another picture. I am standing at night on the verge of the cliff at Pine Bluff Camp, but a few miles above Fredricton. The only sound, save the murmur of the pines, is the song of a group of lumbermen, on a raft of logs far down the river. Their forms are silhouetted against the light of the fire that burns on the farther end of the moving raft. The moon gleams redly through the summer haze. Countless fireflies flash on the meadows. Before me, and far below, is the gleaming river, divided by lovely islands, beyond which are other gleams of moonlit water, in which the trees glass themselves. Away beyond the stream are dimly seen the meadows, the hills, and the deep woods, with only here and there a solitary farmhouse light to tell of human habitation. An hour in this entrancing spot among the pines beside the river, and then back to the city. The road is smooth. The air is fragrant with the odour of sweet brier and wild roses, and the new mown hay. Only the sound of the carriage wheels breaks the silence of the night. Irresistibly there steals upon the heart a subtle influence, that put the cares of the work-day world to flight, and floods its chambers with the joy of perfect rest.

From the dust of sun-burned cities and the heat of their fevered walls, to the cool shores of the Bay of Fundy and the refreshing loveliness of the St. John River, is a change so full of promise and so delightful in fulfilment, that one does not wonder at the growing volume of summer travel east and northward.

Let me close with the words of the late Governor Russell, of Massachusetts:

"I know of nothing grander or more picturesque, or more beautiful, than the scenery and general appearance of the St. John valley. It is crowded with suggestion, and is full of inspiration. I speak with some enthusiasm. There are few, I fancy, who have made the trip for the first time who are not enthusiastic over it. As I said to my friends on the trip, it cannot be many years before the banks of the St. John are dotted with summer residences.



By Norman H. Smith

OTTAWA and the district about it must ever have attractions for the tourist. England's London draws travellers because it is the centre of the world's business and the capital of the world's greatest political unit. New York attracts the sight-seer because it is the commercial capital of the United States, though it lacks a Westminster Abbey and a set of Governmental buildings. Ottawa is the Washington of Canada. Its centre of attraction is the cluster of buildings that adorn Parliament Hill. Around this centre are the charms of a noble river, the picturesqueness of the Chaudiere Falls, and the proximity to fishing and hunting grounds which each year provide pleasures for a growing body of sportsmen.

Duncan Campbell Scott has described Ottawa, before dawn, in the following lines :

The stars are stars of morn; a keen wind wakes
The birches on the slope; the distant hills
Rise in the vacant North; the Chaudiere fills
The calm with its hushed roar; the river takes
An unquiet rest, and a bird stirs and shakes
The morn with music; a snatch of singing thrills
From the river; and the air clings and chills.
Fair, in the South, fair as a shrine that makes
The wonder of a dream, imperious towers



LIBRARY, HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The building is rotunda in form, possessing an imposing interior with a central height of 140 ft. This great height is attained by the use of flying buttresses as shown in the photograph. The nature and value of this form of building is well explained in sec. 1, chapter v. "European Architecture," by Russell Sturgis (Macmillan). The library contains nearly two hundred thousand volumes.



OTTAWA—SPARKS STREET—THE POST OFFICE—THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

Pierce and possess the sky, guarding the halls
Where our young strength is welded strenuously ;
While in the East, the star of morning covers
The land with a large tremulous light, that falls
A pledge and presage of our destiny.

Ottawa is the focus point of our national life, the centre of political movement and social activity, and the abiding place of the Vice-Regal Representatives who are to Canada what the Queen is to Great Britain and Ireland.

The Parliament Buildings stand on a hill close to the centre of the town and overlooking the Ottawa River. They have been highly praised for their "purity of air and manliness of conception." Anthony Trollope said of them, "I know no modern Gothic purer of its kind, or less sullied with fictitious ornamentation." Charles Dudley Warner wrote: "The Parliament House and the Departmental Buildings on three sides of a square are exceedingly effective in colour and the perfection of Gothic details, especially in the noble towers. There are few groups of buildings anywhere so pleasing to the eye or that appeal more strongly to one's sense of dignity and beauty."



SPARKS STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM THE RUSSELL.

The late Sir James Edgar, Speaker of the

House of Commons, wrote thus of the view from Parliament Hill: "Standing on the terrace behind the Parliament Buildings, and looking to the north across the river, the view is bounded only by the wooded Chelsea hills, a branch of the Great Laurentian range, which uplifts its shaggy heights for hundreds of miles away down to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A gap is distinctly visible among the hills, where the River Gatineau flings its wild torrent, in its southerly course, to join the Ottawa. Raging rapids and fierce falls roar and echo among those trees and rocks. Placid lakes lie embosomed in the hills and pour their overflow of crystal waters through wooded glens and down foaming cataracts to reach peace again in the valleys far below."

A mile east of the Hill are the curtain-like Rideau Falls, and a mile west are the more majestic Chaudiere Falls. The former are formed by the waters of the Rideau River as they drop into the Ottawa; the latter are the more voluminous waters of the Ottawa bursting through a narrow chasm, and falling over a sheer rocky cliff, to boil and rage and flow away again in their long journey to the St. Lawrence.



MAIN ENTRANCE, CENTRAL BLOCK.



THE RIDEAU FALLS.

Nature has clad the country about Ottawa with other wondrous beauties, and drives into the country may be pleasantly mingled with a visit to Rideau Hall, a canoe excursion down the River from Rockcliffe, a game of golf, cricket or lawn tennis, or even a steamer trip to Montreal,



ON THE RIDEAU LAKES.



ON THE OTTAWA.



A SUCCESSFUL WEEK IN THE NORTH.



FALLS AT GALETTA.

If one crosses the river into Quebec, the manufacturing city of Hull, with its saw-mills and paper factories, is reached. From here it is some nine miles by electric railway to Aylmer, a picturesque French-Canadian village on the shores of Lake Deschenes. The lake, which is thirty miles in length and nine in width, is really an enlargement of the Ottawa, and an ideal place for boating and yachting. A summer hotel, of considerable proportions, affords accommodation for visitors. A few miles away, in the Laurentian hills, there are numerous streams and lakes where bass and trout are plentiful. Club-houses and boats are numerous throughout this lake region.

Farther up the Ottawa, where there are only scattered settlements and the huts of the lumbermen, there is fishing and hunting in abundance. There is now railway connection as far north as Lake Temiskaming, which lies in the midst of that great unsettled portion of Ontario and Quebec.

To the south, Ottawa is connected with Kingston by the Rideau River and Canal, and along this water-route lie the famed Rideau Lakes. Here there is good fishing and plenty of beautiful scenery. A trip by steamer or canoe from Ottawa to Kingston is not nearly so popular a trip as it deserves to be.

To the west of Canada's capital is Ontario's forest and game preserve, known as Algonquin Park. This is reached by the Canada At-

lantic and Parry Sound Railway. Through these virgin forests there are rapid rivers and beautiful lakes, affording an ever-changing panorama of natural beauty. Just beyond the Park lies the Parry Sound district, famed for its lakes, its fishing and its summer cottages.

Ottawa itself, aside from its being the centre of a charming lake and river region, is decidedly interesting. This is especially true while the Canadian Parliament is in session, for at that time the city is full of visitors, and general festivities make the life more active. The sessions of the House and of the Senate are always attractive to those who wish to see political celebrities at work. From the visitor's gallery in the House of Commons one looks down upon the Speaker, gowned and rosetted, upholding the dignity of "The Greatest Commoner." In front of him is the Clerk, seated at the head of the table which bears the mace of authority. On the Speaker's right are the members of the Government, and on his left the Opposition. The debate may be listless or active, but in either case a study may be made of the men who control the destinies of Canada. In no other Canadian city may one behold such men and such scenes, and hence Ottawa is the Mecca of all who wish to see political life from the point of view of the student, the citizen or the philosopher.



SPOILS FROM THE GATINEAU.



HIGH FALLS ON THE LIEVRE.



HOTEL VICTORIA, AYLMER.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESTLAKE BROS., CHARLOTTETOWN.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS, QUEEN'S SQUARE GARDENS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

AMID CLIFFS AND SAND DUNES.

By Beatrice Rosamund.

THE smallest and the prettiest of the seven Canadian provinces is Prince Edward Island. It lies in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a few miles from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and separated from them by the Strait of Northumberland. It is crescent-shaped, and is 130 miles long and from two to thirty-four miles wide. Its earliest name was the Island of St. John. When Wolfe won his great battle on the plains of Abraham it passed from the French to the British, but it was again French from 1713 to 1758 when the earliest permanent settlements were made. The population is now over 100,000. In 1780 the name was changed to New Ireland, and a



P. E. I.—"FIELD AND MEADOW."

few years later to Prince Edward Island, out of compliment to the Duke of Kent, at that time commander of tne forces at Halifax.

Prince Edward Island has been termed "The Garden of British North America," its climate being perfect and never extreme. It is an ideal health resort, the surrounding ocean keeping the air pure and wholesome.

Its picturesqueness is not bold but is sufficiently varied to be attractive. Hunter Duvar, the Island poet, has thus described it:

"A long low line of beach, with crest of trees,
With openings of rich verdure, emerald-hued,
. . . . And this fair land is Epaygooyat called,
An isle of golden grain and healthful clime,
With vast fish-teeming waters, ocean-walled,
The smallest province of the Maritime."



P. E. I.—SANDSTONE CLIFFS.



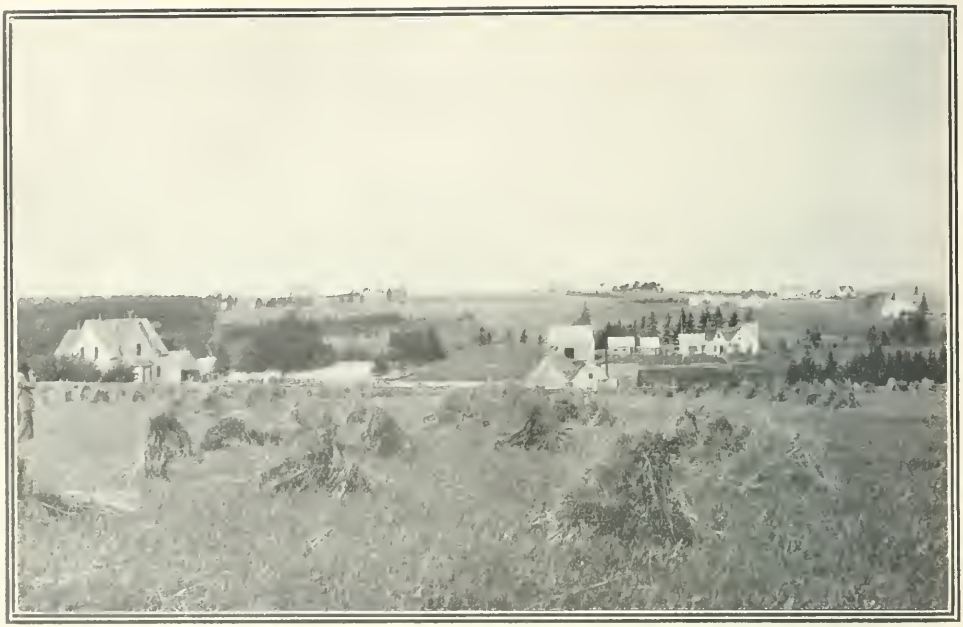
P. E. I.—A BEAUTIFUL BEACH.



P. E. I.—THE SAND DUNES.

The Island is much indented with bays and lovely arms of the sea, and its peculiar greeness of field and meadow rivals in beauty the Emerald Isle itself. Facing the Gulf are fifty miles of white sand dunes, washed by the sea and forming one of the finest bathing beaches in the world.

This "North Shore" may be reached either by driving straight across the Island from the city of Charlottetown; a delightful trip of less than fifteen miles, by train or by bicycle. Along this are various summer hotels and boarding houses where good accommodation is furnished at a low price. To lie down, stretched out luxuriously on the side of the sand bank and to gaze idly over the dancing waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is to be insensibly drifted into a state of contented rest. There are no brass



P. E. I.—FIELDS OF GOLDEN GRAIN.

bands, no side shows, no screaming steamboats, no foul odours, no gambling houses, none of the annoyances of a modern seaside resort. Here peace spreads her wings over the white beach which fringes a green undulating landscape.

Trout fishing may be had at no great trouble, while mackerel and cod-fishing may be enjoyed by any who desire to venture out with the hardy, jolly-faced fishermen who live along the shore. The principal North Shore resorts are located at Rustico, Tracadie, Stanhope and Brackley Point. In each of these places there are hotels whose carriages meet the trains for the accommodation of visitors.

On the south side of the Island are its two cities, Charlottetown and Summerside. Charlottetown, the seat of the Provincial Government, is situated on an almost land-locked harbour, the red sand-stone cliffs rising to guard a riding-place where may often be seen some of the vessels of the British North Atlantic Squadron. On a prominent point of land commanding the entrance to the harbour is Fort Edward, with a battery of three guns. The city occupies a pleasant site, being laid out upon a slope that gradually rises from the harbour's edge to a height of fifty feet. The buildings are substantial, the streets broad and well-paved, the park broad and inviting, the stores numerous and well-stocked. It is a lively little city, with plenty of good society and the usual sporting and entertaining institutions which are required by the modern standards of city life.

The harbours and the rivers running north, east and west, furnish splendid opportunities for boating. Sailing and rowing are popular forms of amusement, and during the summers evenings the "white wings" may be seen flitting to and fro across the waters. There are one or two boating clubs, and some interesting races take place each season, chiefly between the yachts of the city sportsmen and the less beautiful, but usually swifter, fishing boats from the hamlets along the shore. Sea-trout and mackerel are to be found within easy reach, so that the disciple of Walton will not go away disappointed. The fishing, however, is not so good here as along the north shore.

AN EASTERN HOLIDAY



By Jean Blewett.

WE are leaving Quebec. The man from Michigan and his pretty daughter do not go with us to St. Anne. They spend the afternoon rambling through the narrow streets, and losing themselves in the funny byways of Lower Town, where round-faced children play on the doorsteps and stare at the passer-by, where the housewife on one side the street leans out the window to gossip in whispers with her neighbour over the way. We are not sorry. The man from Michigan is a good-natured travelling companion, but he is also an incessant talker, and as the train leaves Quebec behind and bears us toward St. Anne it seems good to enjoy the beauty of the landscape in silence. On one side runs the blue-bosomed river, on the other one long straggling street, mile after mile of white-washed houses with morning glories covering the windows, and sunflowers nodding in the gardens.

For a long time we have heard the voice of Montmorenci calling, calling, making itself heard above the clamour of the train, and by and by we see it rushing, fleeing through the rocky gorge, flinging itself with might and madness over the great cliffs. The rocks look bleak and grim with that foamy cataract racing by them. How loud and passionate it is for so soft and fair a thing. Far up the hills the lonesome pines look and listen, leaning over as if they fain would hold it closer and hide it in their deep greenness.

The voice of the Montmorenci follows us all the way to St. Anne. After hearing and reading so much of this famous shrine of healing, a certain solemnity falls on us as we enter the quiet place. The faith of a man, be he Catholic or Protestant, is a holy thing. Here the sick have cried for health, down, down on their knees have cried for it, the maimed for healing, the blind for sight, the deaf for hearing, the sinning for pardon, the broken-hearted for comfort.

On each side of the aisle are piled the canes and crutches of pilgrims who have here come for healing—eight tall tiers to the right, eight to the left. The Breton fishermen builded better than they knew when, out of gratitude for deliverance from danger at sea, they erected the original St. Anne, more than three centuries ago.

All through the lower provinces are shrines and relics in abundance. We lose our zest for them as we go farther and farther east; but this is the beginning of things, and we examine with interest the piece of rock which they inform us is from the grotto in which the Virgin Mary was born, the case which holds a finger of St. Anne, and all the rest. The paintings and the statues came from France, many of them, and are the works of masters, but we turn from them to look at a living picture fuller of passion and pathos than even those of Lebrun's.

A fair-haired boy is kneeling at the altar, tears on his cheeks and pleading in his tones. Now he flings his arms out as if he fain would clasp the knees of the saint as a boy clasps those of his mother when he begs a boon—his slender frame trembles with eagerness and hope. We look at the crutches beside him, at the shrunken limbs, and the pity of it touches us.

Up the aisle comes a blind child led by a white-haired woman, the grandmere perhaps. The sunshine streams through the stained glass full upon them as they kneel. The touch of the angel of death is on the little face—sweet in its pallor. The grandmere is praying for sight for her darling. Pray away, dear woman, the day of

groping in the dark is almost over for the little one—she will soon see the King in His beauty and the Land that is very far off.

As we leave the shrine of St. Anne, a party of pilgrims are climbing the scala-sancta, or holy stair, on their knees, and chanting a hymn to the Saint as they climb. Their full tones follow us :

"Wouldst thou be free of the pain and the anguish?
Healed of thy sickness, cured of thy sorrow?
Kneel at the shrine of St. Anne the merciful,
She of the tender heart
St. Anne the merciful."

During the delicious journey through the country of the habitant the man from Michigan finds much of which to disapprove, but he is so in earnest, so frankly good-natured in his criticisms of things, that nobody minds him. The habitant's way of farming, his out-of-date plough and harrow, his manner of piling the stones in the middle of a field instead of in a corner, the queer mills with which he grinds his grain, all these things worry the man from Michigan. But one high noon of a glorious day nature has the man so in love with her that there is no more faultfinding for a space. We have come to the Metapedia valley, and anything fairer, anything fuller of dazzling surprises cannot be imagined.

The mountains on the right, with their blue veils on their heads, are frowning at the mountains on the left across the green and gold of the valley; a white mist goes slipping toward the sea from whence it came; the beeches are still green, but the maples are scarlet, and the slender elms are golden. Through it all the Metapedia river goes with its rapids and water-falls, its crooning and murmuring. "Water of Song" the Indians named it in the beginning. It has such a changing face this river—smiling one moment, tempestuous the next. We look; it is a fierce wild thing impatient of restraint; again, and it is a tender water-child playing by itself among the rocks and hills. A canoe flits past, another, and another, and up, up, as far as eye can see, the bald-headed mountains are roiting gloriously in the sunshine.

At St. John we are in danger of losing the man from Michigan altogether—he is so taken with the place that he suggests to his daughter that they spend the rest of their holiday here.

"Oh, papa, and miss the land of Evangeline!" she cries.

"Well, to tell the truth I'd like to see that place you've been talking so much about, but all this ship-building, and vessels coming, and vessels going, all this tide business, river full one time, and not much more than a mudhole another, just takes my eye. However, I'll go along and see the rest of it with you. Do you suppose," turning to us, "that I'll be sorry I spent so much time and money getting there when I look at that Acadian place?"

"You will not be sorry," we assured him, and afterwards wished we had said otherwise, for many times and oft he casts our words up to us during our sojourn in the land of Evangeline.

Acadia owes a mighty debt to Longfellow. If that song of the poet's, strong, sorrowful, tender, had not made the meadows of Grand Pré, the old willows planted by the Acadians in the days of peace and prosperity, Minas Basin, Blomidon, the pasture lands over which the mist and sea fog hover, familiar things, the place would not hold us so.

To-day the meadows are stretching out in the sunshine; what is left of the forest primeval has its autumn glory on; Minas Basin, full to the brim, is flashing back the light thrown on it from the sky; the ships go by with all their white sails spread; old Blomidon, frowning always in sun or shadow, is blue as blue can be. There are the apple trees which used to blossom in some peasant's garden, bent and lifeless now. Straightway our imagination is at work.

We see old Benedict Bellefontaine's

house with its thatched roof, its gables, and its dormer windows, and we see the big hale Benedict in the doorway. He has a pride in his harvest ripening for the sickle, in his flocks and his herds, but ah, so much more in the maiden beside him! How well you know her, the maiden of seventeen summers. You can see her at her wheel, singing to herself, and turning her dark eyes often toward the village, for may not Basil's son be coming for the long talk in soft grey twilight? You see her going from one thirsty harvester to another with her foaming pitcher. You see her in the early morning, the pails in her hands waiting for the cows to come up from the pasture land—such a pretty bustling housewife, this week-day Evangeline.

The Sabbath Evangeline is sweeter, though. There she goes, in her blue kirtle, as the church bells ring. Is she or is she not a trifle conscious that she is fair to look upon in her Norman cap, ear-rings in her ears, kerchief over her bosom, as she walks onward with God's benediction upon her?

Yonder is Basil's forge, and Basil at it with his leather apron on. You see the wives of the village spinning at the doorsteps, the children at play, the laborers coming home at sunset, and you hear the clack, clack of the gossiping looms. All this you see and hear because one of God's singers has sung to you of them. Before you knew the meaning of love and sorrow you were familiar with the story filled with both —the story of Evangeline and her lover Gabriel.

Every one does not see so much. The man from Michigan comes up with a perplexed air to ask "where is Grand Pré, any way?"

"This is Grand Pré," we assure him.

"Never! where is that Minas Basin I've heard so much about?" glancing suspiciously around as though under the belief that some one has hidden Minas under a bushel on purpose to defraud him of his rights as an American citizen."

An affable stranger points out Minas, and the man gives a snort of contempt. "Umph! you could drop it in one corner of lake Michigan and never know it was there. Where is your big beautiful Blomidon? Show him to me."

And he shades his eyes with his hand and stares at Blomidon so disparagingly that Blomidon must feel properly ashamed of itself.

"Look, papa," cries his daughter, "look at the low green meadows stretching out in the sun, just as they did centuries ago,

'Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.'"

"I've got meadows to home that can knock the spots of any I see here."

He grumbles and is not his good-natured self till we are in the famous apple orchards of the Annapolis valley. On the day we have the picnic with the apple pickers he looks happier than he has for a long time.

"I know a good thing when I see it," he says, "and I like this part of the country first rate."

"Better than the meadows of Grand Pré?" some one asks.

"I wouldn't care to farm in that part of the country," he returns. "When a man is busy at his haying it's bother enough to look out for the water that comes down without having to keep an eye on the water that comes up. I laugh every time I think of each haycock sitting up on a framework of its own to keep out of reach of the tide."

O the breath of the apple lands of Acadia; it goes sultry among the hills, down the river to the wooded isles, out and away through Digby Gut to that salt water thing of many moods, the Bay of Fundy, where the men busy with their nets draw in long breaths of it, and crossing themselves devoutly, give thanks for the sunshine of St. Eulalie, which

"Filled their orchards with apples."

AN HISTORICAL NAVAL BATTLE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

By Dr. G. Archie Stockwell, F.Z.S.

PROLOGUE.—Some years ago, while visiting Portsmouth, England, I hunted up an old acquaintance, an ancient pensioner by the name of Butler, who was minus an arm as a result of the last "misunderstanding" between Great Britain and France.

I found "old Geordie" sitting outside his well-known cottage at Mill Lane, Torton (Gosport), and he at once expressed himself as "downright glad" to see me.

A little tact soon made him reminiscent, and I availed myself of a convenient opportunity to turn his thoughts towards the last war between Great Britain and the United States.

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"Well, sir, thank God! I am hale and hearty, though I was born March 17th, 1797. I had nineteen years and twelve months' sea servitude,* and all that time I was bringing money home, fighting the Crapoos's and Americans, and looking after pirates.

"When I entered the *Macedonian* frigate, I was a little chap going on thirteen years old. This ship was one of the handsomest afloat, commanded by Lord Wm. Fitzroy; and when I joined she lay at Gravesend, but almost immediately was sent around to Spithead to convey a 'lobster box'† to Lisbon. We then run over to Corunna, only to be ordered back to Portsmouth, where Lord Fitzroy was court-martialed as the result of a quarrel with the ship's master, which caused them both to be broken (deprived of rank and dismissed the service). Captain Colden took command, but only for a few weeks, when he was promoted to the *Royal Sovereign*, a line-of-battle ship, making place for Captain Waldegrave; then, after a short cruise on the Spanish coast and back to Lisbon again, Captain John Carden superseded Captain Waldegrave." *

Captain Carden was known as a "smart officer"; his aim was to possess a crew only of picked, first-rate men, and hence he made it a point to get rid of all shiftless, slovenly sailors at the earliest possible moment. As he could not discharge these from the service, he exchanged where possible into other ships; and when this measure failed he would afford opportunities for the undesirable men to desert, when no efforts were ever made for their recapture—a procedure quite contrary to that when a really good man took it into his head to take "French leave."

About this time it was common talk that there would be war with the States, and we were ordered with despatches to Norfolk, Virginia. While at anchor in Hampton Roads the strictest care was taken to prevent all communication with the shore on the part of the crew, but our officers certainly never enjoyed better cheer. Captain Carden exchanged visits with Commodore Decatur of the frigate *United States*, and it was rumored these two officers indulged in banter as to the result of a conflict between their respective ships; some said there was a wager laid of a beaver hat.

*The naval year was formerly computed at thirteen instead of twelve months, the extra thirty days being technically known as the "King's month;" consequently Geordie had really served twenty-one years and seven months.

†*Anglice*-troopship.

*The exact verbiage of the old seaman is here abandoned and likewise the narrative condensed, yet the style is retained as far as possible.—AUTHOR.

A quick winter passage took us back to Lisbon, when soon we were ordered to England again. On arrival at Plymouth liberty was given the whole crew, while the old ship underwent certain necessary repairs.

After refitting we spent a couple of months in the Basque Roads, and here were fortunate enough to take a couple of French prizes—one a brandywine and castile-soap laden lugger was fairly cut out from Brest harbour. Then we ran back to Plymouth; and from here were sent to Torbay, to convoy ten East Indian merchantmen "two days' sail beyond Madeira."

Though without any positive information, we were now pretty certain war had been declared with the States. Our Captain appeared more serious than usual, and was constantly on deck. The lookout aloft also was more rigidly observed; and when we parted from the merchantmen this lookout became more active still. The cry of "Masthead there!" could be heard almost every half hour.

October 25th, 1812, came in with a stiff breeze, and all hands were ordered in to "clean blue mustering clothes." Scarce had the word passed, however, than the foretop lookout sang out. The Captain was on deck in a trice and hailed:

"Where away?"

"Four points on the leebeam, sir."

"What does she look like?"

"A square rigged vessel, sir."

A few minutes' later another hail secured the response: "A large ship standing toward us, sir;" and after another interval: "A large frigate bearing down, sir."

A whisper at once ran among the crew that the stranger was a Yankee frigate, and this was apparently confirmed by the order, "All hands clear ship," when drum and fife beat to quarters, bulkheads were knocked away, and gun tackles cast loose.

Our crew were in good spirits, though many expressed a wish the stranger might prove a Frenchman rather than a Yankee, for we had a suspicion the latter might prove a little heavy for us —the Yankee sailors we had met on different occasions assured us their ships, rated in the same class, were stouter and heavier built, likewise carried guns of greater metal than ours.

Presently we were able to distinguish the stars and stripes at the gaff of the stranger, which definitely settled the question of her nationality. And now our guns were shotted and run out and matches lighted, for though locks had been introduced, there was some question as to their efficiency, and the former were prepared in case of need.

I was stationed as "monkey" to No. 5 gun on the main deck, my duty being to bring powder from the magazine. A woollen screen hung before the entrance to the latter, and through a hole therein cartridges were passed out, which the boy in waiting received, covered with his jacket, and then hurried away to his gun.

At last we fired three guns from forward on the larboard main deck; then came the order, "Cease firing," quickly followed by "Prepare to wear ship," the purpose being to attack with the starboard batteries. A little later I heard firing which I supposed to be our quarter-deck guns until sounds overhead like the tearing of canvas showed it was the enemy paying her respects to us.

There was another lull of a few minutes, when firing recommenced, this time not by single guns but by batteries, and the roaring of cannon was heard from all parts of the trembling ship, and mingling as it did with that of our foes it made a terrible din. Then the shot began to strike, and the whole scene became indescribably confused and hideous.

I was busy supplying my gun with powder when suddenly blood flew from the arm of the man at the linstock—I saw nothing strike him—but in an instant the third lieutenant had tied up the wound with a handkerchief and then sent him below.

Soon the groans and cries of the injured rang through all parts of the

ship, and the unfortunates were carried to the cockpit as fast as possible, while those killed were immediately thrown overboard. I was stationed but a short distance from the main hatchway and could see those who were carried below, but a mere glance was all I had time for, since the boys serving the guns on either side of mine were wounded at the beginning of the action and I was obliged to supply their places and "spring" with all my might.

A master's mate, of my division, a noble-hearted fellow, by the name of Dan Kivell, fell almost in front of me, having been struck by a grape-shot over the heart. Mr. Hope, our first lieutenant, was also wounded by a grummet,* and went below to have his wound dressed, but was back again in a few moments shouting and encouraging the men at the top of his voice. Our crew were continually cheering, though for what I must confess I do not know, except it was to keep up their spirits.

After a while, not only was it discovered several boys and men had been killed and wounded, but that many of our guns were disabled. My gun had a piece of its muzzle knocked out, and with a sudden roll of the ship struck a beam of the upper deck with such force as to become jammed and fixed in that position. A twenty-four pound shot also passed through the screen of the magazine immediately over the orifice through which was passed the powder, and that too at a moment when I was receiving a cartridge from the hands of one of the gunner's mates. Our boatswain, who for some weeks had been ill and came from the sick bay to take his station, received his death wound while fastening a stopper on a back-stay which had been shot away; and it was a peculiar coincidence that the same warrant officer in the American frigate bore the same name, William Brown, and that both were killed under precisely the same circumstances, and almost at the same minute.

Our men fought like tigers; some pulled off their jackets, some their jackets and waistcoats, and others again even their shirts, tying neckkerchiefs around the waistband of trousers. A "powder monkey" named Cooper, stationed at a gun some distance from the magazine, attracted the attention of the officers by going to and fro at full run, apparently as "merry as a cricket." He earned the encomium from the third lieutenant, "Well done, my lad, you're worth your weight in gold."

Aside from the twenty-four pound shot, an iron hail of grape and canister poured through our port-holes, carrying death and destruction in their trail. The large shot passed through the ship's side, shaking her to the very keel, and scattered terrific splinters, which did even more appalling work. With splinters, cannon balls, grape and canister incessantly flying, death held carnival in a way to satisfy the king of terrors himself. After a time came a pause in the rattle of shot and iron, when we were ordered to "cease firing;" then a profound silence ensued, broken only by the stifled groans of the brave sufferers below. It was now ascertained that the enemy had shot ahead to repair damages, for she was not so disabled but she could sail without difficulty, while we were so cut up as to lie utterly helpless—our head braces were shot away, fore and main topmasts gone, the mizzen-mast over the stern; in fact, the *Macedonian* was little better than a wreck.

Our condition was perilous in the extreme, since victory or escape were alike hopeless. Not only was our ship disabled, but a large number of men had been killed outright, or badly wounded. The enemy moreover now had the great advantage of being able to select her position at will, and, of course, could thereby rake us fore and aft; consequently further resistance would be an act of folly. A council was held among the officers, and in spite of the fact our hot-brained first lieutenant, Mr. Hope, urged we should sink alongside, it was determined to

* A small iron ring, probably torn from a hammock in the nettings by a shot.

surrender, and our flag ordered struck. Then down came the royal naval ensign at the hands of a quarter-master named Watson, whose cheeks streamed with tears of mingled grief and rage, and His Britannic Majesty's frigate *Macedonian* lay a prize to the American frigate *United States*.

And now I went below to see how matters appeared; but the scene will not bear description. The like I had never witnessed before, and hope never to see again, and one would think if the civilized world could but behold the results of battle as they really are, nations would forego forever the barbarism of war. The dining table in the gun room had become the operating board for the surgeon and his assistants, who were busy as possible, and the deck and state rooms were filled with wounded. On arrival of boats from the *United States*, an American lieutenant, a Mr. Nicholson, descended the hatchway and saluted our surgeon with "How do you do, doctor?" "Enough to do," replied the latter, shaking his head thoughtfully. "You have made wretched work for us."—Remember these gentlemen were not strangers, for when the *Macedonian* was at Hampton Roads the commanders and officers of the two frigates had exchanged many visits.

Most of our officers and men were taken on board the American frigate, but a few, including myself, were left to assist in caring for the wounded, who kept our surgeons busily employed until late at night.

When the prize crew boarded us the utmost good will prevailed. We took hold and helped cleanse the ship, using hot vinegar to take the blood stains from the planks; also assisted in refitting; and the latter being finished, both ships sailed in company toward the American coast.

All thought of the fact we had so recently been flying at one another's throats, so to speak, was forgotten, and we became fast friends—we ate and drank together, joked, laughed, told yarns and argued over the fight from our respective national standpoints. Indeed, our officers and crew alike were treated as if they were honoured guests instead of prisoners of war.

Commodore Decatur proved himself a gentleman as well as hero in his treatment of the conquered; and when our Captain Carden sought to deliver up his sword, at the same time exclaiming he was an "undone man," and the first British naval officer to strike his flag to an American, the Commodore refused to receive, or immediately returned it, replying: "You are mistaken, sir; your *Guerriere* has been taken by us, and consequently the flag of that frigate struck before yours." This somewhat revived the spirit of our commander, though he was still greatly mortified at the loss of his ship.

While making our way toward port, the *Macedonian*, in spite of the fact she was now merely a patched-up wreck, proved far superior to her captor in point of sailing, and it was highly evident if we had been disposed to avoid the fight it could have been done with all imaginable ease; but then this would have justly entailed great disgrace while capture did not. Indeed, the American frigate had always been a dull sailer, so much so she was called by her crew the "Old Waggon." Whenever a boat came alongside our frigate and the boatswain's mate piped away, he always ended his *K-week, K-week-week-week* with: "Away, *Waggoners*, away!"—instead of "Away, *United States* men, away!" The officers sometimes rebuked him, but when they did it was in a way as to show they enjoyed the joke, and consequently it was repeated on every occasion.

There was every reason why the *United States* proved the winning ship. She was not only larger in size and more numerous in men, but stronger built than the *Macedonian*. Another fact in her favour was that our Captain at first mistook her for the *Essex*, which carried short carronades, hence engaged her first at long range, for as we had the weather-gage we could have taken whatever position we pleased. By this manœuvre, however,

he not only wasted shot, but gave the *United States* a great advantage, as she actually carried larger metal, and when in close action her shot went through and through the *Macedonian*, while most of ours only stuck in her sides and fell harmlessly into the water. Her superiority both in men and guns is evidenced by the fact she carried a crew of four hundred and fifty men and fifty-four guns—long twenty-four pounders on the spar deck, and forty-two-pound carronades on the forecastle and quarter-deck, while we carried but forty-nine guns—long eighteens, on the main deck, and thirty-two-pound carronades on the quarter-deck and forecastle—and our total number of hands, including officers, men and boys, was but three hundred.*

Our voyage was one of considerable excitement since the sea swarmed with our own cruisers, and it was extremely doubtful whether the *United States* could elude their grasp and reach port with her prize. Nevertheless we arrived in soundings off the Island of Nantucket, and soon were sailing up Long Island Sound toward New London. The *United States* succeeded in entering the latter port, but, owing to a sudden shift of wind, the *Macedonian* was obliged to lay off and on for several hours when, had an English frigate found her, recapture would have been a simple and easy matter, to which, moreover, we would not in the least have objected. But after several hours' backing and filling, the prize officer in charge decided to run for Newport, R.I., which harbour we entered, firing a salute as we came to anchor, that was promptly returned from the fort.

Here the wounded were all carried on shore; likewise such of our officers as remained on board were transferred to other quarters. A few days later we were again under way and ran down to New London, off which port a signal gun was fired and answered by the *United States*, which soon joined us; then both ships sailed in company to New York. Here after a few weeks we were placed aboard a cartel and forwarded to Halifax for exchange; and glad enough we were to find ourselves under our own flag once more.

* This statement is fully corroborated by certain American authors, notably Bancroft, and also Lossing.—AUTHOR.

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NOTE.—The *Macedonian* is still in possession of the Naval Authorities of the United States, and up to within a few months ago formed an active integral part of the Naval Academy Squadron, another notable ship of the same fleet being the frigate *Constitution*, better known, perhaps, as "Old Ironsides." At the close of the late American Civil War, when the Naval Academy was returned from Newport, Rhode Island, to its *ante bellum* station at Annapolis, Maryland, these two survivors of a previous conflict, surprised the naval world by logging, under their own sails, *thirteen knots*—a rate of sailing that would, at this time, have been deemed excellent for any steam propeller craft of any naval power in the world.

Latterly there has been a talk of breaking up the *Macedonian*, but this has been sedulously opposed, especially by naval officers who, as cadets, had quarters on this grand old ship.

The following is the official report of the conflict taken *verbatim* from the Admiralty Records :—

U. S. FRIGATE UNITED STATES,
At Sea, October 25th, 1812.

To John Wilson Croker, Esq.,
High Lord of Admiralty.

SIR,—It is with the deepest regret I have to acquaint you, for the information of my Lord's Commission of Admiralty, that His Majesty's late ship *Macedonian* was captured on the 25th instant by the United States ship *United States*, Commodore Decatur commander. The details are as follows :—

A short time after daylight, steering N.W. by W., with the wind from the southward, in latitude 29° N. and longitude 29°30 W., in the execution of their Lordships' orders, a sail was seen on the lee beam, which I immediately stood for, and made her out to be a large frigate under American colours. At nine o'clock I closed with her, and she commenced the action which we returned; but from the enemy keeping two points off the wind, I was not enabled to get as close to her as I would have wished. After an hour's action, the enemy backed and came to the wind, and I was thus enabled to bring her to close battle. In this situation I soon found the enemy's force too superior to expect success unless some very fortunate chance occurred in our favour, and with this hope I continued the battle to two hours and ten minutes, when, having the mizzen mast shot away by the board, top-masts shot away by the caps, main yard shot in

pieces, lower masts badly wounded, lower rigging all cut to pieces, a small proportion only of the fore-sail left to the fore-yard, all the guns on the quarter-deck and forecastle disabled but two, and filled with wreck, two also on the main deck disabled, and several shot between wind and water, a very great proportion of the crew killed and wounded, and the enemy comparatively in good order, who had now shot ahead, and was about to place himself in a raking position, without being enabled to return the fire, being a perfect wreck and unmanageable log, I deemed it prudent, though a painful extremity, to surrender His Majesty's ship; nor was this dreadful alternative resorted to till every hope of success was removed, even beyond the reach of chance; not till, I trust their Lordships will be aware, every effort had been made against the enemy by myself and my brave officers and men, nor should she have been surrendered whilst a man lived on board, had she been manageable. I am sorry to say our loss is very severe; I find by this day's muster thirty-six killed, three of whom lingered a short time after the battle; thirty-six severely wounded, many of whom cannot recover, and thirty-two slightly wounded, who may all do well; total, one hundred and four.

The true, noble, and animating conduct of my officers, the steady bravery of my crew to the last moments of the battle, must ever render them dear to their country.

My first lieutenant, David Hope, was severely wounded in the head, toward the close of the battle, and taken below, but was soon again on deck, displaying that greatness of mind and exertion which, though it may be equalled, can never be excelled. The third lieutenant, John Bulford, was also wounded, but not obliged to quit his quarters. Second Lieutenant Samuel Mottley and he deserved my highest acknowledgment. The cool and steady conduct of Mr. Walker, the master, was very great during the battle, as also that of Lieutenants Wilson and Magill, of the marines.

On being taken on board the enemy's ship, I ceased to wonder at the result of the battle. The *United States* is built with the scantling of a seventy-four gun ship, mounting thirty long twenty-four pounders (English ship guns) on her main deck, and twenty-two forty-two pounder carronades, with two long twenty-four pounders on her quarter-deck and forecastle, howitzer guns in her tops, a travelling carronade on her upper deck, with a complement of four hundred and seventy-eight picked men.

The enemy has suffered much in masts, rigging and hull above and below water. Her loss in killed and wounded I am not aware of, but I know a lieutenant and six men have been thrown overboard.

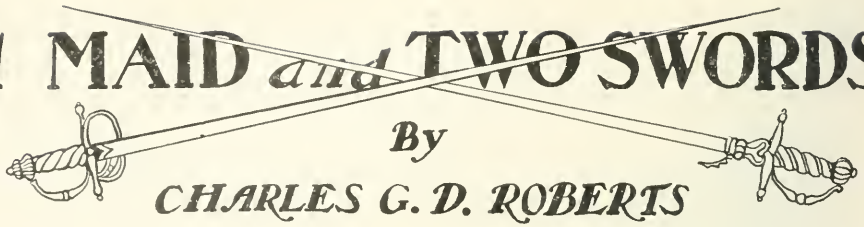
(Signed) JOHN S. CARDEN,
Post Captain R.N.

MONTREAL.

REIGN on, majestic Ville-Marie!
Spread wide thy ample robes of state;
The heralds cry that thou art great,
And proud are thy young sons of thee.
Mistress of half a continent,
Thou risest from thy girlhood's rest;
We see thee conscious heave thy breast
And feel thy rank and thy descent.
Sprung of the Saint and the Chevalier,
And with the Scarlet Tunic wed!
Mount Royal's crown upon thy head;
And past thy footstool, broad and clear,
St. Lawrence sweeping to the sea:
Reign on, majestic Ville-Marie!

—*William Douw Lighthall.*

A MAID and TWO SWORDS



By

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

MADEMOISELLE DE LALANNE was in a gay mood that night. She was very happy, and might therefore have been expected to be kind. On the contrary, with a woman's title to the unexpected, she was filled for the moment with a kind of radiant malice; an impulse to be delicately cruel lurked behind the tender scarlet curve of her lips, and the wide innocence of her bewildering eyes hid very successfully a merciless desire to wound the two men who hung upon her words. From time to time, after a coquetry more audacious than usual, she would glance half-repentantly at the closed door, as if looking for yet another visitor. Her mother, Madame de Lalanne, an elderly gentlewoman of Quebec, who had declined into a rustic dulness after years of life among the good country-folk of Acadia, dozed over her knitting beside the ample hearth.

Mademoiselle was dressed in a shortish skirt of the pattern worn by the country girls. The material, however, was not of the coarse wool of the district, but a heavy homespun linen bleached to the tint of cream; the bodice was of the same stuff, with sleeves turned back at the elbows to show arms that were slim almost to thinness, but milk-white and bewitchingly moulded. Over her shoulders was thrown carelessly a shawl of fine silk, black, but no blacker than the silken hair above it. On her small, slim feet, one of which kept restlessly tapping the floor, she wore shoes of fine scarlet leather. These little shoes every girl in Acadia had heard of and discussed with jealous admiration; but few indeed, even of the Grand Pré maids, had seen them, for the De Lalannes, mindful of their past seigneurial pride, maintained much of their aloofness amid their changed fortunes.

Beautiful as was her face, broad-browed, finely chiselled, white with the warm whiteness of ivory, it was above all her eyes that made Marie de Lalanne the wonder of all Acadia. When she turned their dark radiance from time to time full upon her two cavaliers, both felt their hearts jump painfully, and each burned with a fierce impulse to pitch the other from the nearest window.

This tempting window, low and broad, looked out across a snowy slope that sparkled under the full moon. At the foot of the slope, visible from mademoiselle's chair, a close hedge of young fir-trees hid the channel of the Gaspereau River. A sullen grinding roar from the flood-tide achafe among the ice-cakes was heard in the quiet room whenever the light talk flagged. It flagged often, as moments of absent-mindedness crossed mademoiselle's whimsical mood; but it never flagged for long, seeing that it was her pleasure to be gay that night. The white moonlight, too, came in through the window and mixed curiously with the leaping red firelight and the pale yellow of the two candles that stood on the brick chimneypiece, and added inextricable complications to the enigmatic lights that flamed softly from mademoiselle's eyes.

The two young men upon whose passions she was playing so recklessly

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had come to Grand Pré village that same evening from opposite directions. Both had made all haste out over the hill to the old farmhouse by the Gaspereau. Captain Barras, journeying on snow-shoes from the French post at Chignecto, had arrived first, flushed with elation at finding mademoiselle alone—for Madame de Lalanne was ever too sunk in old dreams to count as a personality. Scarcely had he bowed his devoirs over the little restless white hand which mademoiselle was wont to use as mercilessly as her eyes, when there came from the hunting-fields behind La Hêve the spare, sombre-suited, silent figure of Jean Michel Landry de Latour, the proud and impoverished descendant of the De Latours of Port Royal and St. John.

Now, on the coming of Captain Barras, mademoiselle had not been over-gracious. She had been merely *ennuyée*. It was when De Latour arrived that the caprice of gaiety had seized upon her. What were these unencouraged suitors for, indeed, if not to furnish amusement through the hour of waiting before her? On the instant she was all gracious.

"I trust your absence from Grand Pré has not seemed so long to you as it has to us, monsieur!" she murmured, as De Latour kissed her finger-tips and shot a glance of dark disdain at Barras.

The captain's mouth grew dry suddenly, as he perceived in this changed demeanour of his hostess an explanation of the chill civility which had greeted his own arrival. But in the next moment those resistless eyes flashed upon him something that thrilled like a caress; and straightway remembering all that he was and his rival was not—rich, handsome, and in high favour with the Governor at Quebec—he returned the new-comer's glance with interest.

When mademoiselle presented the two, De Latour's curt formality was a veiled declaration of war, while the elaborate courtesy of Barras was an exquisite insolence. And mademoiselle was sinfully delighted.

The demeanour of the two men contrasted sharply. Barras, not long from the revels and lightness of Quebec, hung boldly on mademoiselle's glances, and his vanity was facile game to her. He could not take his eyes from her face, except to dart an occasional look of supercilious impatience at the intruder who, as he now felt convinced, alone stood in the way of his conquest. De Latour, on the other hand, while ever seeking the glances which enthralled him, seemed ever unable to endure their light. Whenever he encountered them he would drop his own eyes—and quietly fearless eyes they were in the customary matters of battle and peril—from the too dazzling brilliancy of her face to the daintiness of her scarlet shoes. He seldom troubled to look at his rival; but his reserve managed somehow to express quite unmeasured depths of contempt. He spoke little, even to mademoiselle, but that little always had point. The burden of the conversation was borne by Barras, who had a flow of glittering compliment at command. Mademoiselle de Lalanne had but to direct the game, now with deft turn of phrase, now with a smile, now with a swift look; and with such wicked nicety of skill did she direct it that within the half-hour the air of that peaceful chamber seemed full of swords. At this point, however, she kept things under curb, so that neither man dared in the least degree ruffle the shining surface of civility which she had spread between them. Madame de Lalanne sank so deep into her dreams that her knitting fell unheeded to the floor, and was seized upon by a gratified black kitten. One of the candles on the chimneypiece guttered spitefully and went out. The ghostly patch of moonlight moved across the floor till it touched and paled the scarlet of mademoiselle's shoes. Then, on a sudden, just as she opened her lips for some sally more sweetly envenomed than any that had gone before, the faint sound of a footstep in another part of the house caught her ear. No one else heard it; but it was what she was

waiting for. Her face softened, and she sprang up.

"Excuse me, messieurs," she said hastily; "I have forgotten something." And in a breath she was gone, closing the door behind her, and leaving the two men to stand with blank faces staring after her.

So they stood for a moment, then turned to each other. De Latour spoke first.

"Your society is distasteful to me, Captain Barras!" said he coldly.

"I can quite imagine it, monsieur!" murmured Barras, with the most courteous intonation. "Different, I suppose, from that to which you are accustomed!"

De Latour smiled grimly. Mere verbal repartee seemed to him little worth while when the retort of the sword was in question.

"Nevertheless," said he, "I could tolerate it for a short time under other conditions. Behind yonder fir-trees there is a level space by the side of the water, where the moon shines clearly. I could meet you there with pleasure, so it be at once, monsieur!"

Barras's bold eyes flashed. This was just what he wanted. Yet, for the mere insolence of it, he affected to hesitate.

"Your appearance is against you, monsieur," he drawled; "but—yes, you are received by Mademoiselle de Lalanne, and therefore I may without dishonour cross swords with you. His Excellency would understand, I am sure." Suddenly dropping his fine manners, he went out brusquely, leaving De Latour to follow. But the iron face of the wood-ranger (for such he was) was untroubled by the insult. He felt only compassion for the ignorance of a Canadian who knew not the precedence of the De Latours.

The two strode in silence, side by side, down the crispy glittering slope, their distorted black shadows dancing grotesquely behind them. When they were within about a hundred paces of the fir-grove Mademoiselle de Lalanne returned to the room they had so hastily forsaken. Her face was now more softly radiant, and the laughing malice had died out of her eyes. Close at her skirts came a tall, fair-haired, ruddy-featured man, with "English" written large all over him. His eyes rested for a moment on madame's slumbering form in her big chair, then swept the empty spaces quizzically.

"Your fine birds have flown, sweetheart!" he exclaimed, with a boyish laugh.

Mademoiselle was at the window in time to note the direction of their flight. At a glance she understood the imminent results of her coquetry. Pale with sudden fear, she turned and clutched her companion's arm.

"Oh Jack!" she cried, "they have gone away to fight. Quick! quick! stop them!"

The Englishman laughed again—but very softly, so as not to waken madame—and looked down into her face. He was thinking of her eyes, of her lips; and he only half-heard her words.

"Stop what?" he asked, stooping with a swift movement to kiss her. But she sprang back, angry and frightened.

"Stop them, I say, Jack. They are going to fight, and perhaps they'll kill each other; and it's all my fault. I've been very wicked. Oh! I'll go myself;" and she darted out of the room.

At this he awoke. He caught her before she was out of the house, and clutched her firmly.

"It's an awkward thing, sweet," said he, "to interfere between two indignant gentlemen who have a right to disagree in their own way. But if you say so, I'll do it. What shall I say to them? How is it your fault?"

"Oh, stupid! can't you see how wicked I've been? I've made them both think I cared for them; I've made them furiously jealous! I was so tired waiting for you to come! And now if they're killed I'll never speak to you again."

Jack Moleby's face broke into a grin of delighted comprehension.

"Wretch," he retorted, "I go!" and made off down the snow with long

strides. Throwing a hooded cloak about her and thrusting her feet, red shoes and all, into a pair of white fur-lined moccasins, mademoiselle sped after him.

The winter air was crisp and clear, and with a fine frosty sting in it. There was no wind whatever. There was no sound but the grinding of the tide among the ice-cakes. The light was almost like full day in the little white glade where the two Frenchmen faced each other with swords at the salute. The next moment the sibilant whisper of the steel began, deadly in its soft reserve; and the easy superciliousness of the smile on Barras's lips changed to a look as stern as his adversary's as he felt the dangerous competence of the wrist opposed to him.

The two fought in their vests, their coats lying upon the snow near by. In skill they appeared to be well matched; and De Latour, who had never before met any one at all his equal in fence, began to conceive an unwilling respect for the coxcomb captain. In fact, he had just, by the merest hair-breadth, escaped a scratch; when, from the edge of the grove, a voice of sharp authority rang out "Halt!" and Captain Jack's tall figure appeared suddenly beside them.

With instant and instinctive obedience both men sprang back and dropped their points; then, in the next second, both turned indignantly upon the intruder.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded De Latour curtly.

"And by what right, if I may ask, do you interfere in our pastime?" inquired Barras.

Captain Jack who was more embarrassed than he would have cared to show, chose to answer the latter question.

"By no right, gentlemen," he replied heartily; "and I beg to apologise in the fullest manner I know, too. I owe you satisfaction for my abruptness, and of course I am quite ready to afford it to you both if you demand it. But I beg you rather to accept my apology."

"We can discuss that later on," said De Latour in tones of ice; "and meanwhile, Captain Barras, with your consent, we will resume."

But before the blades could cross again the Englishman steped forward sharply, his own sword half-drawn.

"Really, gentlemen," he began, in a voice of mastery, "I must insist that you stop fighting. No more of it, I say!" and his blood began to get hot. Then he remembered that he would certainly not be fulfilling Marie's wishes if he should himself kill one, or perhaps both, of these impetuous and infatuated Frenchmen; and the thought gave him pause. He considered the situation very awkward altogether.

Both men faced him. "This is astonishing, truly," exclaimed Barras, with a biting sneer. "I think we had better have an explanation before we go on with our own affair."

But now Jack Moleby had an inspiration. He would try diplomacy. Replacing his sword, and relapsing into his customary large good-humour, he smiled genially upon the scowling faces.

"You see, gentlemen, I hated to disturb you, but I had to do as I was commanded. Mademoiselle de Lalanne sent me with positive orders to stop the fight at any cost. In my stupidity I thought I might have to fight you both, in order to obey her. But I should have known, as soon as I saw the courtly gentlemen you were, that my effective weapon would be the expression of her wishes. She simply implores you, if her happiness is of any concern to you, that you will do each other no injury. She beseeches you to promise that you will put your quarrel, whatever it may be, for ever by; without which promise she declares that she will live in ceaseless anxiety. I think, gentlemen, from my observation of her solicitude in this matter, that one or the other of you must be honoured by a very distinguished place in her regard."

Each, on hearing these sagacious words, conceived himself to be the one so honoured. Into De Latour's cold eyes came a gleam of elation.

"Mademoiselle de Lalanne's wishes are a command, monsieur," said he, sheathing his sword. "I need no apology from you for having obeyed them. Rather should I wish to hold you to account had you failed to fulfill them to the letter."

"I thank you, monsieur, with all my heart," replied Captain Jack, bowing, and biting back a smile. "And you, monsieur," he went on, turning to Barras, "have I grace from you also for my somewhat blundering zeal?"

Barras's face, no longer that of the fearless and inexorable swordsman, wore now a simper of pleased vanity. The coxcomb was back.

"Mademoiselle's wishes are my law," said he, bowing elaborately; "and he who carries them out is my ensample."

With another ceremony to De Latour he slipped his sword back into its place, as if to say, "Let there be peace between us."

At this moment mademoiselle came tripping from the grove, the hood of her cloak half-fallen back from her hair. She came up to the Englishman's side, and laid her hand lightly on his arm. Upon the two swordsmen she turned a smile of subjugating sweetness.

"With all my heart I thank you, gentlemen," she said, "for your gracious courtesy in yielding to my wishes. Let us go back to the house, and I will ask you to take a glass of wine with with me to the long continuance of friendship between two such gallant gentlemen as I well know you to be."

Both men stood bowing, each with his hand on his heart, and each boiling inwardly at sight of those small fingers on the Englishman's sleeve. There was a brief pause, during which mademoiselle flushed faintly and her eyelids fluttered down. Then she went on steadily:

"And let me present to you, Captain Barras, and to you, Monsieur De Latour, my dear friend Captain Moleby, of the English garrison at Halifax. It is my prayer, gentlemen, that when your flag and his are again at war, as is like to be soon, he may not find such swords as yours opposed him, for he is my betrothed. I commend him to your kind goodwill."

The two Frenchmen met each other's eyes with a glance of mutual comprehension, murmured some inarticulate compliments, and hid their discomfiture in the final bitterness of permitting Captain Jack to help them on with their coats.

It was one of the triumphs of Captain Jack Moleby's career that he did not smile.

CHUCKIE.

THE STORY OF A WAIF.

By B. Kelly.

I PICKED him up one dismal November night, when I was taking one of my usual aimless tramps through the poorer districts of the great city. A poor little morsel of a chap, he looked up appealingly into my face as I stepped into the miserable alleyway where he sat trembling with cold and uncertainty. As I looked down upon the wretched, ill-clad figure, the vision of another wee lad rose before me—a tattered, barefoot boy, tramping sturdily over miles of dusty, country road, with the lights of the city gleaming like a beacon in the darkness of the falling night.

Perhaps it was because this tiny lad reminded me of myself, years ago, that my heart warmed towards him. I do not know. Suffice it to say that I took his hand in mine and led him out of the darkness of the noisome place into the bright street—into the glow of the lamps—into the swiftly moving car, and finally, home. And a wee, pattering dog that had shrunk, whimpering, at his feet, followed us.

My landlady shrank back in horror

at the sight of my charge, but a few words from me sent her, grumbling slightly, but readily withal, to the preparation of a meal; and as the tired outcast despatched it I sat and watched him, musingly.

A bath was next in order, and a change of raiment, the latter being unearthed from some old belongings of my landlady's sons. He went into the bath a dirty street arab. He came out of it a sweet, pale-faced boy—somebody's son. His eyes were blue as the sky, and his curling hair swept a forehead marvellously white.

He did not know his own name, but the boys called him "Chuckie." He was most nine, he said, and he had always lived in the streets and alleyways. He sold papers sometimes, but the boys often stole them from him because he was a weak little fellow and could not defend himself. When I spied him out he had crept into his dark corner to spend the night, supperless. He remembered someone singing to him, long, long ago, someone dressed in white, he said, like the lay figures in the big stores.

All this he told me, and then his head began to droop, and my landlady, softened now, picked him up in her arms, good soul that she was, and carried him upstairs to bed.

Long after, I sat by the fire, pondering deeply, so that my pipe went out several times. Across the street there were lights in the basement of a church, and I heard the roll of the organ, and the softer notes of women's voices. It was a missionary meeting, and they were sending men and women to far-away lands, to feed, clothe and educate the benighted heathen. And here in their midst were children of their own race, unheeded, unfed and unclothed, scouring the streets for bread and sleeping nightly in foul and noxious dens. But the organ pealed still, and the soft voices of the singers rolled out upon the night:

"God be with you till we meet again."

For many days Chickie, as I now called him, was ill, but gradually he picked up, though a hacking cough still clung to him. It was difficult to break up his old habits. The vocabulary of the streets still clung to him, and often he would startle my landlady with an outburst of slang phrases. Finally, however, I weaned him from this, and slowly and carefully I moulded his untutored mind. I taught him to read, so that he could enjoy simple books, and he would pore over them for hours. But his great delight was to listen to my story-telling, and he would sit by my side entranced while I related to him stories I had read in my younger days. I also read stories to him out of the Holy Book, and he was particularly interested in David and Goliath. When I had exhausted all my stock of memorized tales he would say, "Now read to me about Coliar."

And then, as the months rolled by, what rambles we had in the country, where I took him for a long visit! Hour after hour he would follow me about the fields, always plodding steadily by my side, listening to my stories about the birds, and watching with eager interest, as I whipped the brook for speckled trout. And then as the shadows began to fall, he would take my hand and walk home silently, sitting by my side afterwards to watch the yellow moon rise over the hills.

But ah! that hacking cough that never left him. As the weeks rolled along he grew gradually weaker and could no longer follow me; so I remained in the house with him, reading to him, and amusing him in various ways.

One night towards the close of summer I sat beside his bed in his own little room. The window was open, so that the moonlight flooded the room and lit up his pale countenance. He slipped his hand into mine, and lay for a long time silent.

"You have been very good to me," he exclaimed suddenly, "no one was ever good to me before." Then the grasp of the boy's hand tightened and relaxed. But I sat far into the night, still holding the little hand.

ON HEMLOCK FEATHERS.

By N. Percy Chambers.

THERE is a time, a Paradisiacal time, when yearly, in spite of sin actual and original, some favoured ones are allowed a fore-gleam of the splendour, and a fore-taste of the happiness of the beatified. When the sombre, straight-laced old world puts on a special livery of scarlet and gold, the King's livery, relieved here and there by a bit of melting blue, and, cackling in sunny glee, stands ready to serve health and joy to well-conditioned and properly constituted men. When the plaintive call of the plover and the snipe plead with the happily-favoured mortal, begging him to remember that out of the blue of heaven or of the water, doth come fowl fair to the eye and to the taste, while the gallant buck pivots his inquisitive ear to catch the grumbling chatter of the ruffled grouse, who is sure that some naughty creature is going to make personal observation of her housekeeping arrangements. Then does the sensible mortal heed nature's "carpe diem," and accepting her invitation, bring his things and stay a week or a month in her hospitable quarters. And it is then he becomes seized of the wisdom of the city men of Ephesus, whose tutelary deity, Diana, the huntress, was also "the personification of the fructifying and all nourishing powers of nature."

Where is the poet of robust daring who "*recubans sub tegmine fagi*," if he will, shall preserve in sounding verse the glory of the revelation the sylvan muse the Autumn Northland proffers of a beauty-loving Father of Joyfulness? Or, who having felt the charm will not lend a hand to induce some office-ground, city slave to stop that everlasting courting of pelf, and get that woodland apocalypse into his own soul. And, oh! the blessed comfort of having a private gallery of perfect pictures, originals every one, there, whither the jaded or anxious mind can turn during the dark days, and draw reminiscent draughts of splendid happiness from the contemplation.

It does not really matter much what excuse you take, so long as you do get out into nature's gaudily-decorated resting-place. Some make deer their objectives, others put their trust in partridges and number eight cartridges, others take heavier ammunition and shaggy dogs, and lie in wait for ducks, or Canada brant. I prefer change, variety, and believe in the tent pitched on the bright green, betokening a nearby spring, and close beside a clear, blue lake, fringed with russet and gold and scarlet. There while my chef prepares the buillon for dinner, from the spoils of the journey hitherward, will I launch my bark canoe and wile away the waiting hours in seducing the spotted beauties of the deep to get themselves ready for breakfast, a Greener at hand in case some blundering black duck should *more suo* prematurely disturb the afternoon calm. And then when done is your watch beside the promising run-way, or the race after your partridge-setter; or your respects paid to the incoming ducks—then the blazing fire, the pipe of peace, the teaspoonful of something to keep out the cold, and the crowning luxury of rest in your only perfect bed, with feathers a foot or two deep, plucked from an attendant hemlock tree. Just such a bed, believe me, the laughing wood nymphs prepared for the ruddy Pomona in the olden time, when stout old Sylvanus did his company-keeping. Talk about sinking into the arms of Morpheus, the man never tried a bed of hemlock boughs after a good day's sport, who invented the phrase. *Atra cura* may perch along-

side if she will, the Father of Lies himself croak at your ears all night, the necromancy of the hemlock will transmute them into lullaby sprites, and you will rise early in the morning, free from haunting anxiety, with clear brain, and good appetite.

Take your map and hunt for such lake names as Pemichongon, De-Rat, Danford, Thirty-one Mile, etc., in the north land beyond Ottawa, and you find the district I mean. What memories the names awaken! What horrors two of us "greenies" suffered on our first expedition, when we waited in the thick darkness for the nearer approach of a deep-breathing creature, evidently smelling us out, until the damp nose of a cow protruded itself into the tent. And we found next day that we had, after six hours' tramp, made our bed within ten acres of our temporary boarding-house. I sometimes chuckle now over the funk in which I awoke one fine night to find the wrinkled old face of an Indian hag who had searched my belongings, and was now searching my person for some more of the Pain-killer, indiscreetly administered to her the previous day, when we met thirty miles away from that resting-place. And I remember being misled by the beauty of a moonlight July night in September, into sleeping on my blanket in the open, and being awakened by a sniffling, to find a pleasant-looking young black bear watching by my side. How gaily he sailed away after our mutual surveys. I am thankful to this day that I did not hurt him, and glad, too, that he didn't hurt me.

Does little Ben, I wonder, amid the excitement of his gold hunting, remember that glorious morning when Mac's bark awoke us announcing that he had treed half a dozen partridges right above our tent ridge? Or, that early morning when Beaudouin drew aside the curtained door to announce that he had lost the flour at some portage, and that salt and sugar had "got hisself run all to water?" We were three days from a house then I remember. There is quite a tribe of tent-dwellers in this very house. Curious folk with quaint recollections of woodland and lake, gravely produced at the dining room, bedtime, and occasionally at the lesson hour. Envious I find are these people of the old patriarchs, whose lives were continuous rounds of holidays spent in camping out, but withal somewhat pitiful too of the lot who had to be content with but one tree to camp beside, and no hemlock for their beds. Between us we managed to inveigle the deputy head of the household into an expedition with us, one season. That high and mighty person, I regret to say, deliberately sniffed at our bed-making, and announced as she wrapped the blankets around her "this is the first time I ever tried to sleep on tree bristles, and it will be the last." And just as we expected she remained on with us, with constantly increasing content for thirty nights, and has become one of the hemlock-loving fraternity herself now. But I cannot forget that not a single deer fell to my gun last season, that I did not always fire in time at the swirling ducks, and that the Doctor hints that still fishing is very fair sport, and wonders I don't take to it. And Mac is dead, and Ben has become a grown man and is athirst for gold, and Joe Beaudouin has a dozen half-breed children to cater for, and as I think of the land where the streets are avenues of trees, I notice with gladness that so far as I can see that land of the setting sun is a place of perpetual scarlet and gold.

Current Events Abroad

by W. Sanford Evans

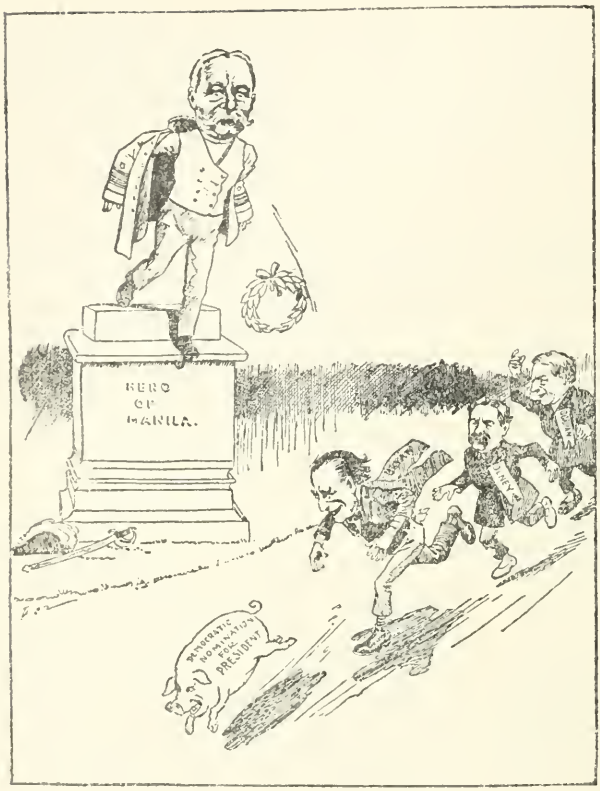
LORD ROBERTS is as fearless in his dealings with his supporters as in his dealings with his foes. For a man of his natural kindliness it required more courage to write his comments on the despatches of Generals Buller, Warren, and Gatacre, and to condemn by silence the despatch of Lord Methuen, than to rescue a standard and win the Victoria Cross. It is positively bracing to see that a man can be thus uncompromising when a duty is recognized. With the official despatches before us and Lord Robert's judgment upon them there is ample justification for even stronger language than has been used before in these columns with regard to the conduct of the early part of the war. The action of the War Office in publishing this official correspondence at a critical stage of the war has been criticized, but it was, I am convinced, dictated by sound policy. If it had been held back until the conclusion of the war the effect would have been almost wholly lost. As it is, the British people have been shocked by it into the proper temper of mind to insist on reforms ; the British generals have been thoroughly awakened to the fact that no army red-tapeism can save them if they display incompetence ; and the foreign world, which had already formed its opinion of the average British general, instead of being adversely impressed, will be inspired with a fresh respect for the exceptional British general and for the people that can, without fear of consequences, thus lay its shortcomings open to all eyes. If the War Office and the Government at the same time partially relieve themselves of responsibility, this is only a fortunate incident for them and should not weigh against the substantial public grounds for their action.

One interesting effect of Lord Roberts' unsparing, though dispassionate, censures will be to break down whatever hesitation there was on the part of the public to criticize and condemn. If three or four prominent generals can blunder, so can others. Perhaps Lord Roberts himself can blunder. Perhaps he has already blundered, or why a month's inaction just when there was the opportunity, by a few swift, hard blows, to end all formidable resistance ? Lord Roberts performed a great service to his country by judging others, but he must expect now to be himself judged. Is there good reason to question his capacity on the ground of his unpreparedness to take advantage of the disorganized and disheartened condition of the Boers ? He was certainly unready to push forward from Bloemfontein, and the delay gave the Boers a chance to regain their spirit, make new dispositions of their forces, obtain one or two minor successes and win back to their ranks many who had laid down their arms. Is it a valid excuse to say that he could not obtain horses or supplies ? Should not a commander provide beforehand for every probable requirement ? In view of all we now know about the situation, adverse criticism of Lord Roberts is unwarranted. It must be remembered that he did not have charge of the campaign from its inception, nor did he direct the War Office. When he took charge there were certain things urgently in need of doing. Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking required to be relieved, and the Boers had to be driven out of Cape Colony

to prevent further disaffection among the Dutch colonists. With the exception of the relief of Mafeking he accomplished these objects in a masterly style with the materials he had at hand, and he then took the time he could well afford to take in order to fully equip himself for future operations. During the past month he has attempted nothing but preparation and we can judge how well he has done this only when he moves forward again. To the impatient British public the delay has been long and wearing, and the heedlessness of subordinate officers, which caused the minor disasters at Mealispruit and Reddersburg, has been most irritating. To Lord Roberts, we may be sure, all this has been no less trying, and the confident self-restraint he has manifested is, perhaps, a better evidence of his capacity than anything he has yet done.

In these circumstances only a few isolated events bearing on the situation need be noticed. Mafeking has neither been relieved nor captured. Colonel Plumer has been checked on the north, and nothing is known, this side of the press censor, of the force that it is hoped is approaching from the south. As no report has come from Pretoria of the defeat of such a force, it is only too probable that it has not yet been despatched. A British advance detachment, under Colonel Broadwood, finding Thaba Nchu untenable, fell back towards Bloemfontein and walked into an ambush in a most melodramatic fashion. If it had been planned as a part of field-day exercises it could hardly have been a more complete success. At Reddersburg a small British force was surrounded and captured after it had expended all its ammunition. General Gatacre was apparently held responsible for leaving it unsupported, for he has been sent back to England. These, however, are mere incidents, and are important only as further testimony that British officers are not all either so competent as they ought to be, or so careful as their experience in this war should have taught them to be. They are evidences, too, of the reviving spirit of the Boers and are sources of fresh encouragement. General Joubert's death is certainly a loss to the Boer cause. It would seem that he was not so popular among his countrymen as some of the other generals, but this may be a tribute to his wisdom, for he probably restrained their rashness. He was undoubtedly an able leader, and won the respect of his enemies as no other Boer has ever done. The comments of the British press at the time of his death were thoroughly appreciative, and were notable, inasmuch as they showed that the British people is big enough to grant due merit to a foeman.

Of more general concern than these events were the announcements of the finding of the arbitrators in the Delagoa Bay Railway dispute and of the arrangement between Britain and Portugal by which British troops could be transported from Beira across Portuguese territory into Rhodesia. The history of the Delagoa Bay Railway case was given in this department in February. The award to the claimants of only a little over $3,000,000 was far below expectations. To a certain extent this is a private matter, but it had international bearings. If the award had been greater Portugal would have had difficulty in raising it, and would probably have been persuaded to sell Delagoa Bay to Britain. This was the outcome hoped for by the British people and feared by the Transvaal, and by the unfriendly foreign powers. Britain was waiting for the award before definitely securing a route to the Transvaal from the east. The promptness with which the Beira arrangement was concluded and announced shows that alternatives had been considered and all preliminaries arranged. When the whole truth is known, perhaps it will be found that Beira is to remain British. Portugal cannot well refuse Britain anything, because she can continue to exist only through Britain's support. Just what



COMING DOWN FROM HIS PEDESTAL.

How the cartoonist of the Chicago *Tribune* regards Admiral Dewey's decision to seek the nomination as Democratic candidate for presidential honours.

part the troops being sent in by this route are intended to play in the war remains to be seen. As soon as they reach Bulawayo the railway will be open to them down to the point now held by Colonel Plumer, and they may be entrusted with the relief of Mafeking, as a first object, and may then co-operate in the attack on Pretoria; or it may be that a portion of the force will be left along the northern border of the Transvaal to prevent another trek of the Boers. It is not too much to believe that the Boers have entertained, as a last resort, the idea of a trek northward to the regions beyond effective British occupation, where they might come into touch with the German or Belgian spheres of influence and in the years to come prove an even more dangerous menace to peace than they have in the past. The Transvaal is much exercised over this new arrangement and France and Russia are far from pleased; but the strong British fleet in African waters was not despatched there solely as a hint that it would be unsafe to attempt to interfere with the transports.

Are Russia and Japan on the eve of war? Relations between these countries are more strained, but war is hardly probable just now, chiefly because neither power feels ready to fight the other. The latest cause of friction is Russia's recent demands upon Corea. The most important of these demands is that Corea shall not alienate to any other power, in any form, the island of Kojedo or any portion thereof. This is diplomatic language for a demand that Corea shall alienate this island to Russia as soon as Russia thinks the way is clear to take possession. But this island commands the Corean Straits, and across the straits lies the kingdom of Japan. If Japan controls the Corean Straits Russia will have no free ocean route between Vladivostock and Port Arthur; and if Russia controls them Japan will always be open to attack. A less serious conflict of interests has often produced war. In other respects, too, Russia is extending her influence in Corea. This, in itself, must always be resented by Japan, which has strong sentimental as well as practical relations with that country. Japan fought China over Corea, and was then de-

prived of the fruits of victory by the intervention of Russia; and in the distant past the intellectual and social bonds between the two countries were close. The Balkan states are always more or less disturbed, and trouble will arise in that quarter at some time. Servia and Bulgaria have both been making preparations, but for what no one seems to know. Of other foreign happenings perhaps the most pleasing was the debate in the French Senate, during the course of which M. Delcasse, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, made a speech on the relations between Britain and France which was both sane and friendly. The apprehension with regard to Britain's designs, which seized upon France a few weeks ago, is rapidly disappearing.

Admiral Dewey is willing to become a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. He is taking himself seriously in the matter, but that is not a sufficient reason for considering him a serious factor. It is hard to see, after all that has occurred, how his chances of election can be good. However, the game played for the Presidency this year promises to be very interesting.

Within the Empire nothing has attracted wider interest than the Queen's visit to Ireland. It was a happy inspiration that prompted this visit and the special favours to Irish soldiers; but the results can by no means be predicted with certainty. What was done was what a woman can do better than a man. The Queen's death will be a greater loss to the Empire than is now realized.

NATURAL VS. ARTIFICIAL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL did not sympathize very strongly with Thoreau's constant cry of "Back to Nature," and stated that he looked upon modern sentimentalism about nature as a mark of liver complaint; yet he thought enough of the hermit of Walden Pond to say of him:

"His whole life was a rebuke of the waste and aimlessness of our American luxury which is an abject enslavement to tawdry upholstery."

The manager of a summer resort on the Hudson River, N. Y., dedicates his descriptive pamphlet in the following words:

DEDICATED

To those Sensible American
People who seek Comfort
Without Waste and Elegance
Without Ostentation.

A modern protest against tawdriness has been made by Elbert Hubbard, the Roycrofter. His work in the Roycroft shops has been intended to show people that they should have fewer things and have them better. Thoreau advised people to go and live in the woods where communion might be held with the mink and the woodchuck. Mr. Hubbard accepts the people's books and houses, but says: Let us have better books, more simple furniture and a life which is devoid of sham and false glitter.

I have heard Canadian citizens remark upon the lack of display in the equipages in which the wives of rich Canadians are wont to go calling and shopping. One brougham lacked a footman; another had a footman, but his top boots were not up-to-date; another lacked a monogram upon the door panel. These critics desired to see more display. I have heard Canadians complain, that our hotels are too plain and too modest and do not charge enough for their service. The air is full of protest against our simplicity and love of genuine comfort. Most Canadians are unconscious dis-

ciples of Ruskin, Thoreau, Tolstoi and Hubbard; yet their more ambitious brethren find them worthy only of condemnation, having little appreciation for simplicity of taste and natural refinement.

Many actors and actresses gather praise from people who possess false ideas of beauty and artistic effect. So, much of so-called society rests on the elevated plane created by those who think glitter is elegance and audacity is breeding.

I recently spent an evening at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the greatest hotel in a great city. The street about it was domed by an iron structure dotted with hundreds of incandescent lights, making the approaches a gilded pathway. The liveried menial swung the huge door, and we were ushered into high-ceilinged and well-paved corridors which led to the various rooms which occupy the ground floor. The outer corridors were dotted with groups of well-groomed men discussing business and politics; while the inner were more daintily decorated and furnished, and boasted a fair sprinkling of well-gowned women of fashion and society. In the smoking-room men and women sat together at tables or played billiards at the magnificent tables. The dining rooms and supper rooms were radiant with electric lights, artificial palms, gilded candelabra, polished woods and cut glass. The furnishings were the most costly, the decorations the most brilliant, the service the most complete. The rooms were generous in size and appointment. But over it all was the atmosphere of artificiality. The ladies' eyebrows, complexions, movements and garments alike exhibited a lack of natural grace. The air was full of hollowness, mockery and sensuousness. Indulged human nature that cried for stimulant, more stimulant, found here its last meal. When tired of this, there was an end of satisfaction.

Do not mistake me. I would not banish the artificial from life. What I would counsel is, that the artificial shall be a means, not an end. If we must make sacrifices let us remember that they are sacrifices, never forgetting that Nature is the balm for all wounds. Let us wear our artificiality as a cloak to be thrown off whenever the opportunity offers. If the development of the artificial takes precedence over the development of the natural, then we run a race which can end only in the crushing of body and mind.

To prevent this artificialty developing from the servant into the master, the individual must seek after the nobility that is in the world—nobility of thought, nobility of action, nobility of living. The noblest of thoughts will be found in the records of all great men from the days of the Christ to those in which we are now living. Nobility of action must be cultivated by doing noble deeds—deeds which are unheralded and unadvertised. Nobility of living must be maintained by getting away a portion of each year from the artificial to the natural, from the region of cosmetics, candelabra and footlights to the sweet bowers of nature's creating.

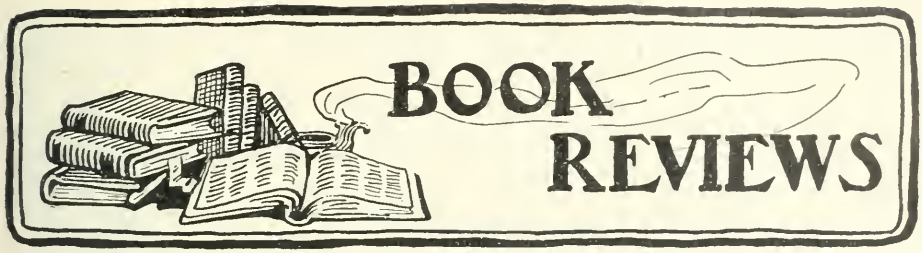
The late Archibald Lampman wrote a poem entitled "Life and Nature." He passes through the gates of the city and hears the murmur of prayer in the churches, and the solemn singing.

> A sound of some great burden
> That lay on the world's dark breast,
> Of the old, and the sick, and the lonely,
> And the weary that cried for rest.

Oppressed by the sadness of life in the city he passed out again to the meadows.

> Blue, blue was the heaven above me,
> And the earth green at my feet;
> "Oh, Life! Oh, Life!" I kept saying,
> And the very word seemed sweet.

John A. Cooper.



CURRENT FICTION.

FOR the success of Miss Mary Johnston's romance,* which has taken so many readers by storm, we need look no farther than the deep-seated fancy that exists in prosaic days for the brave deeds, the marvellous adventures, and the courtly men and women ascribed by imagination to the world of 300 years ago. The unexpected marriage of two persons who are at first strangers, but who at last love one another appeals to the sense of romance in both sexes. Virginia in 1621 is the scene. A ward of King James, who flies to escape a hateful union, who is driven by fate into the arms of a gentleman adventurer in the colony, and who finds in him a chivalrous protector, is the heroine. A series of thrilling escapes and much carnage of pirates and savage Indians enchain the attention. That the hair of every reader rises on end (for bald-headed cynics without romance do not read these books) shows how perfectly the authoress has caught the spirit that produced the early tales of Weyman. One would wish to be young enough to begin life over again with Ralph Percy or the Lady Jocelyn Leigh for a model. But this being impossible, we must take the best substitute, and Miss Johnston provides it.

What one admires in the prose work of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is that the charm of poetic finish seems to breathe in all his stories. The latest volume,† containing twelve short tales, has quickly passed to a second edition, and one bears willing testimony to the simplicity and vividness which characterize the style. Mr. Roberts has made the expulsion of the Acadians his own ground in fiction, as Longfellow did in verse. The short episodes here related are all of the place and the period, but several stand out by themselves as excellent examples of Mr. Roberts' skilful art in telling a brief tale of romance and adventure. We have seen none of the stories before, and they form a volume of very considerable attraction and merit.

It is not strange that the short story has become a great favourite among readers of fiction. In the hands of an artist it can be turned to many uses, and Mr. Fairchild, whose writings are not unknown to readers of this Magazinh, has done well in gathering together for republication* ten of those sketches of French Canadian life and character, which show him to be possessed of a quiet humour and a real knowledge of the people among whom he lives. Mr. Fairchild has a special relish for the vicissitudes of country courtship, and the good-humoured way in which he can rally, and at length make happy a pair of lovers, is not the least of his qualities.

Mr. Crockett is at it again, by which we mean with no disrespect, that his astonishing industry and versatility have produced another new novel, a fat volume,‡ in which the author's native humour and a desire to write a

*To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. Toronto: Morang & Co.

†By the Marshes of Minas. By Chas. G. D. Roberts. Toronto: William Briggs.

*A Ridiculous Courting, and other Stories of French Canada. By G. M. Fairchild, Jr. Chicago: R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co.

‡Joan of the Sword Hand. By S. R. Crockett. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

mediæval romance struggle for the mastery. In "Joan of the Sword Hand" we have enough tragedy and war, enough comedy and love-making to please the most exacting. The medley is agreeable enough, and the book is not one to weary of or to leave unfinished. But despite its stirring action, its gorgeous revival of knightly achievements, of ancient casties, and imperious princesses, we feel that it is a burlesque upon history, that the author knows it to be one, and is determined to show how clever and entertainining he can make a burlesque. The view of Pope Sixtus, quite in keeping with the rest of the history, is a severe satire, with this mitigation, that in absolving a priest's vows to enable him to marry his brother's widow, Pope Sixtus has the full consent and approval of the author, a Scotch minister!

The author of "The Realist"* has shown with great skill how perfectly the modern novel reader is taken in and done for by the new school of sensational writers. The hero is a French author who is writing an English novel, and being a realist wants to draw his characters and scenes from real life. In order to gratify his tastes he nearly drives a worthy young journalist and his lady love, who acts as the author's amanuensis, frantic with horror and alarm. It is all worked out so well that the reader—like the hero and heroine—thrills, trembles, despairs and goes through all the various displays required of the automota in the tale.

*

SHAKESPEARE.

A number of worthy and industrious persons, with the critical instinct, have set themselves to destroy the belief that William Shakespeare wrote the plays attributed to him. This alarming campaign grows more virulent with time. It is alarming because so few of us who shine in literature can hope to leave much behind us but our immortal works. Deprive us of the hoped-for favour of posterity, and what becomes of the zest of present existence? The latest critic to join the Shakespeare hunt* leaves the bard without a rag of reputation—histrionic, literary, moral or other. We are told that it is doubtful if he could write. This test alone, one feels, raises doubts. Accepting the supposed signatures as genuine, how could a man who appears to have penned his name with the blunt end of a match have composed those magnificent plays? Every printer knows the faultless chirography of literary men. The hand-writing of the present writer has often (at a glance) been distinguished from the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Shakespearian scholars should meet this objection. Before it the fondest admirer quails. Mr. Edwards raises other points, with tireless vigilance and amazing spirit. He pictures "Shaksper," a butcher's boy, illiterate, licentious, an indifferent actor, a hoarder of gain, and claims that whoever wrote the Shakespeare plays this "Shaksper" did not. The theory may excite curiosity, but it is, to our mind, simply preposterous. Commonplace people will turn, without remorse, to Mr. Lee's admirable book as a sane and scholarly production presenting in a coherent manner the salient points in Shakespeare's career, and reviewing for us all the evidence we are apparently ever to have respecting the poet and his works. In a note at the conclusion of the volume Mr. Lee deals with the theory that Bacon was the author of the plays, and while one can readily admit that those who propound this view lack for neither brains nor ingenuity, their quest is in vain. Few, if any, trained and well-balanced critics can doubt that the plays of Shakespeare were the product of just such a man as we have reason to believe Shakespeare was—a man of infinite fancy, of capacious intellect, of remarkable energy, with

* The Realist. By Herbert Flowerden. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

*Shaksper not Shakespeare. By Wm. H. Edwards. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co.; The Life of Shakespeare. By Sydney Lee. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

the limitations of a defective education, but inspired by the most wonderful age in English development, and illuminating for all time the literature of the world by the splendour of his genius. The idea is now broached that Sir Walter Scott was not the author of all the Waverley novels because the manuscript of several of them is in the handwriting of Ballantyne. It is surely not arrogant obtuseness to treat these theories as the amusements of an age which is at once thorough and capricious, practical yet credulous.

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AMERICAN MINISTER TO LONDON.

That Mr. Adams, who represented the United States in England during the Civil War, had an exceptionally difficult position to fill is no secret. The memoir* now published by his son confirms this belief and amplifies the proofs already in existence that the diplomacy of that troublous period was rendered doubly ineffective by the fact that neither the Palmerston nor the Lincoln administration had any real confidence in the other. Mr. Adams was a distinguished man of the highest character, yet the relations between the two countries were so embittered that both his social and official duties were often discharged under circumstances exceptionally trying. The present volume is merely preparatory to a longer work in which the talented son of an illustrious father will exhibit, by means of diaries and letters, a career of much interest to Englishmen from 1861 to 1868, the period during which Mr. Adams was in London. One infers, perhaps unfairly, that the Minister in discharging his functions showed a less gracious demeanour than that exhibited by Lord Lyons, whose tact, kindliness and delicacy figured so impressively in the negotiations at Washington, drawing from Seward, the Secretary of State, a formal acknowledgment, couched in warm terms, that Lord Lyons had done much in the Mason and Slidell affair to avert a war. Not that Mr. Adams failed in dignity and candour, but if we are to take these pages as a correct interpretation of his mental position throughout a prolonged controversy he was unable to comprehend the British attitude of hostility toward his country —an attitude influenced by at least a generation of unfair diplomatic treatment. After the lapse of forty years one can see clearly enough that England never could have intervened in behalf of a slave-holding confederacy. The popular instinct was against it. Lord Palmerston's ill-starred alliance with Louis Napoleon, fraught with humiliation to himself and his country, doubtless contributed to the delay in reaching a real understanding of the position. But Seward's own course, outlined here we must confess with very great leniency, would justify almost any Government in distrusting him and being ready for war rather than peace. This was most unfortunate, since it enccuraged the South to hold out in expectation of help. That there were faults on both sides, an impartial observer would admit, but we do not find much confession to that effect in this memoir. It is painful to discover in the temper of the present biographer such deeply rooted hostility to English policy, and it augurs ill for the future relations of the two nations when the best type of Americans find it hard to construe history dispassionately. Apart from this, the book reveals to us a singularly pure and lofty character of whom any son, indeed any country, might well cherish the most affectionate respect.

⁂

THE TOURIST IN CANADA.

To go about with a small red book —over which you pore intently in railway trains or on top of omnibuses—is in Europe to proclaim yourself a tourist. The red book is Baedeker's handbook for travellers, and it is significant that the year 1900 sees the issue of a new

* Charles Francis Adams. By his son, Charles Francis Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

edition of "Baedeker's Canada,"* an indication that the stream of visitors to the Dominion is now large enough to call for a revised volume. The book is on identical lines with the European handbooks. The system of exact, compressed, detailed information is original, and probably the best devised. The visitor is taken in hand like a child, and moved about, even the street he shall walk on and the view he should take being prescribed. The present writer once followed Baedeker's directions to the letter in visiting an English town—for curiosity's sake—and to this day retains a more perfect recollection of it than of any other place visited. For the utter stranger the system is admirable. This volume contains 17 maps and plans, the best we have ever seen. There are short introductory articles on the Constitution by Sir John Bourinot, on Geography and Geology, by G. M. Dawson, F.R.S.; on Sports and Pastimes, by Messrs. Fuller & Chambers.

⁂

SCIENCE DOWN TO DATE.

Mr. Iles has the faculty of doing a number of things well. In literature, as in science, he is intensely practical, and therefore his new book† will be appreciated by those who dabble in science for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of what it does and can do in modern life. In the opening sentence the author succinctly sets forth his aim as "an attempt briefly to recite the chief uses of fire, electricity and photography, bringing the narrative of discovery and invention to the close of 1899." The attempt is successful. What could be more useful than a careful examination, exact without tiresome details, of the development, the appliances and the utility of telegraphy, the telephone, photography and all the other purposes to which flame and electricity have been turned with wondrous results, down to the present year? Mr. Iles writes well and when he touches upon the economic as well as the actual effects of applied science he can be both entertaining and profound. His book will take its place among the works which we call popular for want of a better term, but which is at once serious and interesting. The author, a Canadian now resident in New York, is well known in Montreal and Toronto for his keen intellectual powers, and a real interest in scientific work.

⁂

A PIONEER IN THE CANADIAN WEST.

Mr. Baillie-Grohman, in writing a book about sport and life on the Pacific Coast,* has embodied some amusing experiences in British Columbia. He was a pioneer in the Kootenay region, and how he got a steam launch from England to one of the lakes in the region, carrying it on human shoulders through the Selkirks, is a tale in itself. It was entered, after a tussle with the Montreal Customs, as a part of a "settler's effects." There was only one other white resident in the Kootenay district in the early Eighties. Among the Flatbow Indians, he says, the small steamer

> "created the most profound surprise, the whole tribe dashing down to the river bank when they heard her infantile puffs. The biggest thing about the "Midge" was her whistle, and to get permission to pull the string and send forth a shrill blast was the most prized privilege I could bestow on any buck I desired to distinguish."

The Indians were glad to supply wood for the steamer in return for the honour of pulling the whistle. These were early days indeed! The author is severely humorous at the expense of the slow-going pioneers. He had despatches for one of the Provincial Ministers, which he tried to deliver on the 29th June in a certain year. The Minister spent but a few minutes in his office, and successfully dodged visitors.

*"Baedeker's Canada," second revised edition. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons.

† Flame, Electricity and the Camera. By George Iles. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate.

* Sport and Life in the Hunting Grounds of Western America and British Columbia. By W. A. Baillie-Grohman. London: Horace Cox.

Next day there was a cricket match, and the Minister was, of course, present. July 1st and 4th were both kept as public holidays, and the Minister put in four days' fishing at Cowichan. The fuming Englishman had to wait, but he takes his revenge now. There is much about big game, the difficulties of grumbling pioneers, and other phases of a new country, and those who wish to see British Columbia through the spectacles of a cynical outsider will be amused with Mr. Baillie-Grohman.

LITERARY NOTES.

NOT being a popular novelist Ernest Seton-Thompson's reputation grows slowly, but it is growing. The foundations have been laid broad and deep, and the structure may be as lasting as a Rhine castle or the Appian Way. His latest book "The Biography of a Grizzly" (Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.) with its seventy-five drawings, is a work of art, of art in its two-fold sense. It is an artistic story, this biography of Wahb, the huge grizzly bear that was once a little yellow ball rolling over and over on the grass with three other little yellow balls, and a great mother grizzly looking on contentedly. What Wahb learned about traps, smells, roots, ants, and the pleasure and pain of life is admirably set down by this sage interpreter of the animal kingdom. The book is artistic in another sense, for the drawings by Mr. Thompson and his accomplished wife have been reproduced so as to reveal and interpret what the story tells. The volume is most dainty, a pearl among the many gems now being produced to satisfy the rising taste of an appreciative public. And Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are Canadians.

Oh, the stream of paper-covered novels! The inventor thereof should have been throttled in his infancy, but perhaps he could not foresee that some day the name of paper-covered novels would be legion. If people did not buy the trash, of course it would not be printed.

Within paper covers however some good literary work may occasionally be found. "A Man's Woman" by Frank Norris and "The Waters of Edera" by Ouida are passable (Toronto: The Musson Book Co.) The former deals with an artic explorer and the woman who influenced him; the latter describes the lives of some miserable peasants in northern Italy—those who are bent and broken and have many years of unanswered prayers.

The war will be productive of many books. Arthur H. Scaife, an Englishman who came to Canada some years ago and assisted in the foundation of the Vancouver *Province* and who has recently returned to London, has written a volume entitled "The War to Date," (London: T. Fisher Unwin). He has done his work well, making free use of everything that has been printed in the London papers. The work is magnificently illustrated.

Dennis Edwards & Co., of Capetown, publishers of the valuable volume "Picturesque South Africa," are issuing in twelve parts, at one and six, "The Anglo-Boer War Album." Each part contains sixteen large illustrations which are just as valuable as large photographs and much less costly.

"Boers and British" is a two-penny pamphlet, by Frank R. Cana, issued by *The St. James Gazette*, Whitefriars, London. It deals with the historical events from 1881 up to the beginning of the war.

"Nature's Garden" is the title of a large volume for the botancial beginner, by Neltje Blanchan, author of two books on bird life. It contains intimate life-histories of over five hundred species of wild flowers, written in untechnical, vivid language. One of the features

is the information given concerning the special insect to which each flower is adapted. Another feature is the collection of fifty-six coloured plates and sixty-three black and white reproductions. (Toronto : Wm. Briggs.)

Attention has already been called to excellent series of chief scientific books being published by Schleicher Frères, 13 Rue des Saints Pères, Paris. Number 19 is to hand and is entitled "L'Electricité et ses Applications," by Dr. Fouveau de Courmelles.

The fourth of the yearly volumes of Historical Reviews, now being issued by the University of Toronto Library, mentions a very large number of books, pamphlets and articles that have been issued during 1899. It is a question whether the method of the volume is such as to confuse or enlighten the reader. When a dozen books dealing with closely related subjects are reviewed separately, no matter how well the reviewing may be done, there is no connected array of arguments laid before the reader. For example : In the first division of the book, "Canada's Relation to the Empire," there are reviews of eight volumes, one article and one pamphlet. Several of these might have been ignored or merely mentioned. The more important books should have been considered together and the net result of fresh research and new opinions definitely stated in one article. The *Quarterly Review* sometimes reviews eight or ten books on related subjects in one article, summing up the net result so as to give a comprehensive and connected survey of the trend of thought of all the writers. This method of treatment is much to be preferred to that adopted by the editors of the volume under considerations. This would, of course, entail wider reading and deeper thought, but it would not be less scholarly work than might be expected from persons assuming so much authority. Such a method would enable the reader to get a comprehensive grasp of each subject which cannot be gained from a number of scrappy reviews and would enable the reviewer to give much broader information in a much smaller space. In reading the various reviews, one is sometimes forced to stop and wonder what the reviewer has been aiming at in his work. Some of the reviews indicate the errors and weaknesses in a volume without mentioning or referring to the special information which the book may contain. Therefore after the review is read, the reader does not know whether or not he should add the volume to his library.

To illustrate by a Canadian example, reference may be made to the method pursued by Dr. Brymner in his yearly report on Canadian archives. To each volume of reprinted documents he prefixes a review showing the relation to each other of the various documents, and pointing out their significance and their salient features. Such an introduction to each of the six sections in the volume edited by Professor Wrong and Mr. Langton would have been very valuable and would have been welcomed by the person who desires to know what each year's publications add to our knowledge of Canadian history.

In the division of the book entitled "Archæology, Ethnology and Folk-Lore," some twenty-six books and articles are reviewed by Prof. A. F. Chamberlain in four groups. This method is much more satisfactory than that adopted in the other sections for the reasons that have already been stated.

David Boyle, the Ontario Archæologist, has issued his report for 1899 (Education Department, Toronto) and has added much valuable data to our archæological knowledge. The notes on some recently-added specimens are very valuable. Wm. E. Connelley writes of "The Wyandots," Benjamin Sulte of "The Wars of the Iroquois," Alex. T. Cringan of "Dance Songs of the Iroquois" and several writers give much new information concerning the sites of ancient Indian villages.

IDLE MOMENTS

A CANOE TRICK.

WHEN the District of Parry Sound was first settled, there came a gentleman from England by the name of Henley, who located on the shores of a beautiful lake called Mannatuwaba. He was of good birth and education, had plenty of money, and was noted far and near for his hospitality and deeds of kindness. Though he was drowned in the lake one dark and stormy night many years ago, his memory is still fresh in the hearts of all the old settlers who knew him. At a supper given in his honour, shortly before his death, Mr. Henley related the following incident, which he declared had happened only a few days previous: "One dark night," said he, "I was sitting alone in my house reading when I was startled by a knock and the words 'Dinna be afeered, Mister Henley.' I hastened to open the door, but could see nobody. A voice from round the corner of the house inquired, 'Cud ye pass me oot some claes, Mister Henley?' 'Who are you, and what's the matter?' I asked. 'Dinna ye ken who I be? I'm old Tommy Nichol an' I've lost ma claes.' 'Come in, man,' I cried in astonishment, 'you'll perish of cold out there.' The night was very chilly indeed. 'You dinna hae company, hae ye?' cautiously inquired the old man, coming out from his refuge, his teeth chattering, and he was in a regular shiver. I soon had him clothed and while he was sipping a hot Scotch with great gusto, I asked him how he came to be in such a wretched plight. 'Weel,' said he, 'ye ken I'm abuildin' a barn, an' as I was cummin' oop the lake I tho't I'd lan' on the point for some sand to mix with the lime, ye ken. I run my canoe up to the bar, an' jumped oot, but that beastie of a dog jumped oot after me and kicked the canoe off fra the bank. When I turned roun' she was ten yards awa'. So I off wid ma claes an' in after her. It was amast dark an' I cudna swim fast, an' the dog kept tryin' to pull me back, so when I foun' I cudna catch her I got ashore as best I cud. Ye ken it was dark an' I didna lan' on the same place. Then oop an' doon I went but na claes cud I fin', so I says, auld Tom, ye mon get to Mister Henley's quick, or you'll die of cald. Ay, man alive, but I had a sair time, I tried to walk fas' to keep warm, but I trod on a knot and made a howl in ma foot, then I barked ma shin agin a rock and fell over a tree. Then I just sat me down to greet. Marcy alive, man, I did shake wi' the cald. I tho't I'd creep, but I cudna mak' ony headway. Ay but it was a sair journey on a puir auld man lak' me. At last I seed yer light, Mister Henley, an' I thanket God earnest-like. Now, how am I to get in? I tho't. What if Mister Henley has company, and if I knock it's a spook he'll say it is when he sees me. So I just tho't I'd tell ye before I came in sight. Weel, I'm ou'er glad I got in sa safe, but hoo'll I get awa' noo wi'oot ma claes? Cud ye let me wear these, Mister Henley?' I informed him that he was welcome to them as long as he wished. He stayed with me all night, and next morning saw the old fellow away on a search for his lost garments."

J. Harmon Patterson.

THE DÉBUTANTE.

The first of the season she made her début—
(O! my heart, O! my heart, how you thumped when we met!)
And the touch of her soft little hand thrilled me through,
With an ecstatic bliss that I ne'er shall forget.
Sweet débutante.

The loveliest bud of the gay year is she—
(O! my heart, she has taken you captive, I know!)

Blue eyes that peep shyly through fringes at me,
Cheeks all a-dimple and forehead of snow.
Fair débutante.

Happiness reigns o'er the sun-smothered days
(O! my heart, the glad secret you know, ah, you know!)
And life sings her sweetest and merriest lays,
For I'm sure my love loves me, her eyes tell me so.
Dear débutante.

Without her, a dark, cheerless world this would be—
(O! my heart, how I love her—my jewel, my pearl!)
For I am her slave and her daddy, you see,
And she is my baby—my wee baby girl.
My débutante.

Lizzie English Dyas.

TWO KITTENS.

A Boarding-House Episode.

The old bachelor occupied that room in the boarding house which was known as the "Klondike." The boarding house stood at the intersection of two streets, and the "Klondike" was situated at the north-east angle of the building, so that its occupant received the full benefit of winds that came howling down from the north, or, by way of diversion, whirled up from east or west. The boarding house furnace was not overworked, and the scanty allowance of hot air which it doled out seldom troubled itself to wander as far as the bachelor's room; but, should it feel inclined to do so, provision was made for its entrance by means of a small register in the wall. This register was exactly opposite to the one in the wall of the adjoining room, and the occupant of either room was able, with the assistance of a piece of wire and the exercise of a little ingenuity, to close his neighbour's register, and thus monopolize any faint suspicion of heat that might drift that way.

The old bachelor was not aware of this fact; but it struck him as rather curious that if he left his register open when he went out, he always found it closed on his return. He accused the chambermaid of interfering with it, but she denied having done so, and the denial was accompanied with a knowing twinkle in her eye which was completely lost upon the simple, unsuspecting gentleman.

The room which adjoined the "Klondike" was occupied by two maiden ladies, sisters. They were not, by any means, old maids of the Aunt Acidula type, who offer up a special thanksgiving if some unfortunate druggist is fined for selling a child a cent's worth of peppermint drops on the Sabbath day; or rejoice with pious joy when a bar-tender gets into trouble through supplying a minor with a glass of ginger ale. On the contrary, they enjoyed their game of whist, were not averse to a glass of wine, and were very tolerant of tobacco; in short, they were healthy, cheerful, good-hearted women of the world. But they were too clever for their bachelor neighbour; until one day, having left his room he suddenly and unexpectedly returned, and saw, to his astonishment, that his register was slowly but surely closing, and, apparently, of its own accord. This set him thinking; and he determined to keep a careful watch, which resulted in his making a discovery that placed him in rather an awkward position. Act he must, and at once. But how?

Next morning, he left his room as usual, but immediately returned, treading gingerly on tip-toe, and sat down to await developments.

His patience was not taxed long. A faint, tinkling sound, as of metal upon metal, directed his attention to the register. There he saw a wire, which even his inexperience allowed him to recognize as that useful adjunct of a lady's toilet, a hairpin, carefully inserted, and the register was gently but firmly closed.

Later on in the day, and with much trepidation, he knocked at the ladies' door, and begged the loan of a hairpin with which to clean his pipe.

His request was promptly and cheerfully granted, and he retired to his own quarters with his prize. How he used

it the following verses, which in some mysterious manner went the round of the boarding house next day, will show :

"TWO KITTENS."

Two little kittens, so frisky and gay,
Kept maiden's hall, next to bachelor's hall.
The poor old bachelor heard one say :

"Dear sister pussy, it is not meet
That a bachelor's room should have any heat.
Horrid old bachelor, wicked and bold,
And two little pussy cats out in the cold !
I think, don't you ? 'twould be quite fair
To shut the old bachelor's register.
I've thought of a plan that cannot fail,
Fasten a hairpin onto my tail,
I'll sit with my back to the bachelor's wall,
And do nothing at all. Oh, nothing at all."

But the wicked old bachelor, sly old man,
Caught on to the pussy cats' neat little plan.
One morning he knocked at the kittens' door,
And borrowed a hairpin. Then, on the floor
He knelt by his register, chuckling with glee,
"*I'll fasten my register open*," quoth he.
"*Bachelors like to be warm when they're old ;*
The place for young kittens is out in the cold."
The pussy cats looked at each other askew,
And, together, they uttered a plaintive "meew."
"Horrid old bachelor, wicked and bold,
And two little pussy cats out in the cold!"

And now, enveloped in a heavy ulster, with a railway rug over his knees, the old bachelor sits and smokes his pipe by his open register, and fondly imagines he is warm.

Sparham Sheldrake.

THE SUGAR AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP.

When Johnny was a little boy,
'Bout four years old or more,
He always had his bread and milk
At sunset, as he sat beside the door.

And Johnny used to holler out
When he had ceased to sup,
"Say mother dear, please may I lick
The sugar at the bottom of the cup ?"

His mother thought it wasn't right
Such manners bold to have,
And would reprove him with a frown
And bid him mind his manners and behave.

Then Johnny'd slily tip the cup
And stick a finger in,
And when his ma would turn away
With trembling joy and fear he would begin

To taste the sweets of stolen fruit,
As *we* have often done,
Then run and tell his playmates all :
"At supper time I had the mostest fun."

Now Johnny is a grown man,
And many joys has he ;
For all the things he wants are his,
And yet, withal, it is most strange to see ;

Than all things else that Johnny has
Since he has grown up,
He dearly loves to slily lick
The sugar at the bottom of the cup.

Jean Lyall.

LAID BARE.

Aye, Bobby Burns, your o'er smart words
Poppit i' my head ae day—
I'd like to see my ain true sel'
As plain as a' the warld may.

I wish't lang; a wee bit speerit
Cam to my beddie i' the nicht,
Fu' gracious wi' my wishes wild,
An' O I got an awfu' fricht.

For as I look't my heart grew sair;
A grewsome sicht for a' my pride
'Twas but a wee bit thing I saw—
The warld kent nocht o' me, McBride.

Kaslo, B. C. *David W. King.*

THE LITTLE ONES.

Kind Lady to Weeping Child—"Well, little girl, are you lost?"

Weeping Child, with sudden burst of passion—"Me lost! You silly old thing what are you talking about?—Look at me, don't you see I'm right *here*?—It's our house I can't find."

The Canadian Pacific express was wending its wonderful way through some of the most impressive defiles of the Rocky Mountains—creeping slowly around sharp curves, clinging to the face of perpendicular cliffs like a caterpillar on the wall, stretching its length over deep gorges and tumultuous rivers, laboriously making its way upward. It was a long train, and from the Pullman windows the engine and forward cars could often be seen as it doubled on its tortuous way. Presently the small girl who had been looking

out, turned with a shrill cry, "Oh mother, mother! Look what a fearful place the engine's going over this time! My, I hope the cars wont follow it! Don't you?"

Visions of the dire possibilities of such a parting of company, under the circumstances, delayed for a moment the amused smiles of the other passengers.

Alice Ashworth.

ANECDOTES.

Uncertainty that was Unpleasant. —Sir William MacCormac, the president of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, is at times quite absent-minded. He is an indefatigable worker, and often to save time when studying in his laboratory, has a light luncheon served there. Once his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and looking up saw the doctor glaring at two glass receptacles on his table. "What is the matter, doctor?" asked one of the youngsters. "Nothing in particular," was the reply, "only I am uncertain whether I drank the beef tea or that compound I am working on."

Begging a Privilege. — An old farmer who was in the habit of eating what was set before him, asking no questions, dropped into a café for dinner. The waiter gave him the dinner card and explained that it was the list of dishes served for dinner that day. The old gentleman began at the top of the bill of fare and ordered each thing in turn until he had covered about one-third of it. The prospect of what was still before him was overpowering, yet there were some things at the end that he wanted to try. Finally he called the waiter, and, confidentially marking off the spaces on the card with his index finger, said: "Look here, I've et from thar to thar, can I skip from thar to thar and eat on to the bottom?"

A Change of Colour.—Sir Algernon West's "Recollections" contains this amusing anecdote. A man at election time tried to sell some kittens with blue Tory ribbons on, and failed. The next day he tried to sell them with yellow Liberal ribbons on. "Why," said some one, "they were Tories yesterday!" "Yes," he said, "but their eyes are opened since then, and they have become Liberals."

A Quiet Retort.—To a young man who stood on the street corner in Chicago, peaceably smoking a cigar, approached the elderly and impertinent reformer of immemorial legend. "How many cigars a day do you smoke?" inquired the meddler in other people's affairs. "Three," patiently replied the youth. "How much do you pay for them?" continued the inquisitor. "Ten cents each," confessed the youthful sinner. "Don't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would stop smoking and save up that money, by the time you are as old as I am you might own that big building on the corner?" "Do you own it?" answered the smoker. "No, I don't," replied the old man. "Well, I do," said the young man.

Bishop Creighton's Discovery About Hens.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, in youth, had some experience as a farmer. Evidently the Bishop of London's education in that respect was neglected. In the account of one of his speeches at the Church Congress he is reported as saying: "There is a certain class of people who are like hens when they have laid an egg. They form their opinion with such difficulty, apparently, and so seldom that when they have formed one they go and crow to all the world to show that they have done it." We would respectfully advise Dr. Creighton not to draw an illustration from crowing hens if he should ever be addressing a rural audience.—*Exchanges.*



PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHERS.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

TREATY COMMISSION LEAVING EDMONTON.

ON MAY 29TH, 1899, THE TREATY COMMISSION FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF INDIAN CLAIMS LEFT FOR THE NORTH UNDER A MOUNTED POLICE ESCORT.

THE

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THE CITY ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

By Bleasdell Cameron.

PIONEER FREIGHTING.

ON a hot day in July, 1881, I dropped into a wooden restaurant in the wooden town of Winnipeg and sat down at a very wooden table with a magenta cover. A small wiry man opposite at once attracted my attention. He had short, bristling, red hair and moustache, aggressively blue eyes and a flaming visage. He ordered steak; so did I. When it came I thought the pepper-box had been emptied; but the eyes of the little red man and my own met over the uninviting grills, his brows narrowed in a comical frown, and at length in his smooth southern drawl he said:

"Do you allow there's likely anything underneath 'em?"

"If there is, I allow a coyote wouldn't eat it," I returned; and we each pushed aside his dish, for the stuff was black with flies.

That was my introduction to Ad. McPherson and to a class of seasoned frontiers-men whose calling brought wealth of gold and lands to many of them in the pioneer days of the Canadian Northwest. McPherson had arrived a week or two before with his outfit of oxen and ponies from the North Saskatchewan River, and would shortly return. I was bound west myself.

"You can travel with us, and welcome," he said to me. "I'm leaving next week with sixty loaded carts—freight for the Hudson's Bay Company at 'Edmington.' But bring a rifle. Don't forget a rifle. It'll be a mighty useful thing to have along if old Sittin' Bull's people swoop down on us some mornin' about the Touchwood Hills."

And there was a suspicious twinkle in his blue eyes as he said this, for I was very young, and wore a leather belt with a nice new knife and untarnished six-shooter looking ostentatiously out of it; and he saw that I knew all that there was to know about Indians.



WHAT REMAINS OF OLD FORT EDMONTON.

If you look up a picture of a Red River cart, you will see the sort of vehicle used by the old-time freighter to transport merchandise from Winnipeg over the thousand-mile cart trail to Edmonton. Every pound cost the Saskatchewan merchant ten cents in freight for the distance—a cent for each hundred miles. Fancy a barrel of salt, worth perhaps fifty cents at the works, the freight on which from Winnipeg increased its value by thirty dollars.

Freighters left Edmonton as soon in spring as the grass was green, and journeyed leisurely with their loose animals, and a cart or two for the camp outfit, to Winnipeg. It was a ten weeks' trip. They purchased their carts and harness from the Red River half-breeds. No iron entered into the composition of these carts, but only oak. The wheels, even, were tireless. If a cart broke down it was easily repaired; a splint or two wound and bound with rawhide did the trick. An extra axle, lashed beneath each cart, was ready to replace a worn one. An ox would keep fat in front of a thousand pounds walking fifteen miles a day; a pony was good for from seven to nine hundredweight. Snow sometimes lay on the ground and the streams ran thick with ice before Edmonton was reached on the return. May, June, July, August, September and frequently October were consumed in the round trip.

Edmonton merchants are not paying ten cents a pound any more for freight on their goods from Winnipeg. For eight years the terminus of the Calgary & Edmonton branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway has not been in Edmonton at all, but in Strathcona, which is on the opposite (south) side of the North Saskatchewan River. A bridge is now being built across the river so that trains may run into that growing town. The bridge is a traffic as well as a railway bridge, and its importance to the town may be gathered from the fact that Edmonton gave $25,000 to the Government towards its construction. Daily trains are expected in Edmonton during 1900.



EDMONTON—THE CITY ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

OLD FORT EDMONTON.

Just what the age of Edmonton—Fort Edmonton—is, I have been unable to ascertain. At least a century has elapsed

since the Hudson's Bay Company established itself on the Upper Saskatchewan, for there was a fort there in 1799. It was named, I understand, from a chief factor of the Company. The present fort was built about fifty years ago. It has a commanding position on the north bank of the river. When I first saw it, the buildings were enclosed by a high stockade with a bastion at each of the four corners, but as will be seen from the accompanying photograph, all of these defensive structures have been cleared away, as useless encumbrances. Yet the time has not long passed since they were considered highly necessary. During the troubles of 1885 the settlers of the district flocked for safety to the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, and no later than 1869 the Blackfeet, under Old Sun, attacked the place in force from the opposite side of the river, the water being high and crossing difficult. They failed to draw any response to their fire from the besieged, and the nearest approach they achieved to hurting anybody consisted in shooting Mr. David McDougall through the coat. However, it might easily have been very different had not the garrison had warning or had the place not been a fort in fact as well as in name. I have talked with a number of the Company's officers who were present at this "siege" and have seen the two little brass cannons which were ready loaded and would have been emptied into the Blackfeet had not the sage judgment of the chief factor in charge prevented.



A NATURAL AVENUE NEAR EDMONTON.

THE NEW EDMONTON.

In 1882 there were on the present town site of Edmonton, exclusive of the fort, exactly one dozen buildings, principally of logs. To-day Edmonton has a population of 3,000, electric light, telephone, ten miles of sidewalk, dye works, pork-packing corporation, four hotels, four newspapers, two chartered banks, two wholesale warehouses, five churches, public school, Roman Catholic school, general hospital, soda-water factory, two breweries, fire hall, four implement warehouses, sixty stores and shops, and members of all the professions.

Edmonton has a flour mill with a capacity of 200 barrels daily, and two large saw mills. On the south side of the river there are two more flour mills, with a joint capacity of 300 barrels; two elevators and an oatmeal mill. At Fort Saskatchewan, 20 miles down the river, there are also two grist mills, with a joint capacity of 250 barrels; and scattered through the surrounding country a number of other saw mills.

In 1898 Edmonton exported 1,000,000 bushels of grain. The crop for 1899 is estimated at over 2,000,000 bushels. The mines of British Columbia and the northern fur-trade furnish a reliable market for all surplus produce.

Edmonton has a fine public school, brick, built three years ago. The attendance has increased so rapidly, however, that already it has become altogether too small, and next summer an addition, with eight rooms, will be built. At present eight teachers are employed. The Roman Catholic school employs three additional teachers.



FUR-TRADERS LEAVING "THE LANDING" ON THE ATHABASCA FOR THE NORTH.

THE FUR TRADE.

To the fur trade, of course, Edmonton originally owes its existence, as this industry is, even to the present, one of the town's chief sources of revenue and prosperity. In early days immense quantities of buffalo robes were here gathered by the Hudson's Bay Company from the Crees, Blackfeet, and other tribes of Indians, who warred and hunted on the Great Plains to the south; while from the Wood Indians of the Mackenzie, Peace, Yukon and Athabasca River districts packs of beaver, bear, fisher, fox, lynx, marten, mink, otter, skunk, wolf, wolverine and muskrat pelts, in great number and of princely worth, found their way over the mighty water-routes of the North to Fort Edmonton. From hence these packs and robes went down the Saskatchewan in York boats, to be loaded upon the "Company's Ship" in Hudson's Bay, and ultimately sorted and sold in the fur market of the world, London.

To-day Edmonton is the largest raw fur depot in Canada. It is still—indeed more than ever—the gateway of the North. Ninety miles of good waggon-road connect it with "The Landing" of the Athabasca, whence steamers ply almost without interruption to the estuary of the Mackenzie, far within the Arctic Circle.

It would be unsafe to speculate on the value of furs now annually marketed at Edmonton, but there is no doubt that a-quarter of a million dollars would not pay for them. Several of the more enterprising of the "free"



EDMONTON—THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

traders in the North—that is, those not in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company—alone secure as much as $20,000 to $30,000 worth of peltries in a single season. The big Company's furs are all marketed in London, and those gathered at their northern posts do not, therefore, enter into this consideration. Most of the leading fur dealers of London, Europe and the United States are represented at Edmonton by established buyers.

Of local purchasers, perhaps, the firm of McDougall & Secord, heads the list. The gentlemen composing the firm are both old "Northwesters," Mr. McDougall having come to Edmonton in 1876 as the agent of Winnipeg merchants, and Mr. Secord in the early 80's, as teacher of an Indian school.

Messrs. McDougall & Secord enjoy the distinction of having received the highest price ever paid in the London fur market for a silver fox pelt —£340. It was a pure black, and one of the most beautiful skins seen in recent years. The purchasers secured it to be mounted for the Paris Exposition.

One of the illustrations shows a company of free-traders embarking at "The Landing" of the Athabasca with their outfits for the North; also the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Athabasca*.

"GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

The discovery of gold in the sand-



CUTTING WHEAT NEAR EDMONTON.



THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER AT EDMONTON, LOOKING NORTH. IN THE RIVER MAY BE SEEN A GOLD DREDGE AT WORK. IT IS ESTIMATED THAT SINCE 1863 AT LEAST $3,000,000 HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM THE GOLDEN BED OF THE SASKATCHEWAN NEAR EDMONTON.

bars of the North Saskatchewan about 1862 gave a fresh impetus of growth to the embryo settlement, which had already begun to gather round the isolated fur-post. The discovery is credited to a knight of the school named Clover, whose fragrantly suggestive appellation and meritorious achievement are embalmed in the title "Clover Bar," which still designates a strip of sand in the river bed twelve miles below Edmonton, where it is presumed the esteemed Mr. Clover first washed out his "colours." News of the find spread fast, and men flocked into the country from all the "busted" mining-camps of the West—from Idaho, Montano, Nevada, California, Oregon, and British Columbia. One of the first to arrive was James Gibbons, who travelled with three companions from the present site of Fort Steele, in the Kootenay, through the Kicking-Horse Pass to the head-waters of the Bow River. This stream they mistook for the North Saskatchewan.



A MINER WASHING GOLD WITH A "GRIZZLY" ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

They found and buried four white men, who had been killed by Indians, and lived for a time on horse-flesh. Where Calgary

now is they found an Indian trail, which they followed. Near the Red Deer River they were set afoot by the Blackfeet, and when they later stumbled upon the "Rocky Mountain Fort" of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Upper Saskatchewan they had been for two days without food. They reached Edmonton finally late in the fall of 1864.

For several seasons Mr. Gibbons mined on the river, making as high as $20 and more in a day's panning. Then he settled down to farming in the Saskatchewan valley. Of recent years he has been engaged in business in Edmonton, and is at present Government Indian Agent for the district. Notwithstanding his years and the vicissitudes of his early life Mr. Gibbons is still an active and vigorous man.



A MOOSE IN HARNESS—AN INDIAN SCENE NEAR EDMONTON.

Gold mining on the Saskatchewan has been followed with profit each summer since 1863, and while the cream of the precious deposits has, of course, long since been gathered, miners seem well content to wash along on skimmings of five dollars per day — which, indeed, considering the infinitely reduced cost of living, is probably quite equal in purchasing power to the twenty dollars of thirty years ago, when sugar cost fifty cents a pound and flour six pounds sterling a hundredweight. A picture on another page page shows a miner at work last summer with a "Grizzly." A second illustration affords a view of the river, of a gold dredge at work, the piers of the new bridge, and a distant glimpse of the town. Mining with dredges has not so far proved much of a success on account of the great difficulty of saving all the gold, which is "flake" and very light. This difficulty it is believed will in time be surmounted. At present there are three dredges on the river, one of which is said to have cost some $50,000.

It is estimated that at least $3,000,000 has been taken from the golden bed of the Saskatchewan near Edmonton since 1863.

COAL, WOOD, FISH AND OIL.

The statement that the whole Edmonton region is underlain with coal, may seem difficult of belief, yet it is practically true. Within a radius of fifty miles I have myself knowledge of the existence of twenty seams. Five of these are located in the face of the river-bank beneath the town. Coal is delivered anywhere in Edmonton at an average price of two dollars per ton. It is a lignite of first quality, and admirably suited to all domestic as well as to manufacturing uses. The supply is simply inexhaustible.

In the matter of natural resources, the Edmonton district has indeed been generously endowed.

Tracts of spruce, sufficient in extent

to furnish all the lumber likely to be required by the settlers for years, are found in various parts of the country. Poplar and tamarac are also plentiful.

Whitefish abound in the larger lakes tributary to the Saskatchewan, and are sold in Edmonton at a moderate price. Salmon-trout are also found in some of the lakes.

For some years boring for petroleum has been carried on along the Saskatchewan and Athabasca Rivers under the direction of Mr. W. A. Fraser, the Government engineer and well-known Canadian writer; and while the result of these experiments does not seem to be fully known here, it is the opinion of some of the old residents who have given attention to the subject that oil will be struck, and in places quite near to town, which have not yet been tested for it. Natural gas has been found both on the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca.

GAME.

Of game there is no stint. A glance at the "Moose in harness" affords incontrovertible evidence that the monarch of the Canadian woods is not yet merely a legend along the Saskatchewan. In addition to moose, there are elk, blacktail deer, bear, musk-ox and cariboo in the North, antelope in the South, and prairie chicken, partridge, hare, duck, geese, snipe and plover in season everywhere. The country may truly be called the sportsman's paradise.

THE BOUNTY OF NATURE.

But if Nature has dealt prodigally by the Saskatchewan on the lines already enumerated, what shall one say of the soil, the climate and the park-like beauty of its landscapes! These, surely, are her crowning gifts. Statistics concerning the yields of wheat, oats and barley in favorable seasons are such as would pass the belief of the sceptical, so I shall refer them respectfully to the Edmonton Board of Trade. Small fruits in infinite variety—including strawberries—are successfully cultivated. Many of these flourish in a wild state. In summer the prairies are a bed of roses—and this is no idle figure of speech. Almost all vegetables grow to perfection. I have been told by old settlers that Edmonton has never known a complete failure of crops; that though frost or hail may occasionally work some damage, the farmers have always reaped what would be considered a fair harvest in the thickly-settled parts of the East. This land is a virgin land, and the fruits it bears are the perfect flower of its strong new blood.

Bees do well; and while this industry is yet in its infancy, a large quantity of honey is now annually marketed at Edmonton.

Stock-raising is extensively engaged in about Edmonton as in most other sections of the Northwest. Wild hay, the product of the native grasses, is anywhere to be had in abundance for the cutting. The manufacture of butter is an unfailing source of income to the farmer. Country-bred horses not in use paw their own living throughout the winter and keep fat, the dry, light snow seldom covering the nutritious sun-cured grasses more than a few inches.

THE CLIMATE AND THE SEASONS.

A word as to climate. It is true that the winters are often cold, sometimes long. But they are very dry, the sun is rarely hidden, the warm west wind—the Chinook—frequently blows; and that they are extremely healthful is established beyond dispute. Infectious diseases are almost unknown, the pure air is a balm to weak lungs, and this is essentially a country of vigorous old age. The winters may be said, roundly, to last from the 1st of December to the 1st of April, though there are occasionally earlier storms, and Winter sometimes lingers in the lap of Spring. Summer comes on rapidly, and the land glows with blossoms. The days are long; the sun is strong and bright, and vegetation seems almost tropical in the rankness and the rapidity of its growth. Probably there are no more splendid summers anywhere in the

world than upon the Saskatchewan. September changes all. The berries on the rose-bushes hang like drops of blood—all else is gold and deepest blue. The grass, the stubble, the leaves upon the aspens—all are a golden yellow; and out of the cloudless sky the autumn sun floods all the land with yellow brilliance. Only the majestic Saskatchewan reflects the sky as it rolls between its high and wooded banks, and here and there a little lake whispers and dances in the mellow light. The land is then a land of enchantment.

SETTLEMENT AND POPULATION.

Some idea of the rapidity with which territory is being occupied in this region of the Northwest may be gained from the following list of settlements tributory to Edmonton, most of them established within the past ten years:—St. Albert, Sturgeon River, Morinville, Glengarry, Fort Saskatchewan, Clover Bar, Edna, Belmont, Horse Hill, Beaver Lake, Beaver Hills, Black Mud, Rabbit Hills, Victoria, Egg Lake and Stony Plains. The latter, it may be explained, does not derive its name from any obduracy of the soil, but from a band of Assiniboine or Stony Indians, upon whose reservation the lands of the settlers border.

It is estimated that the agricultural population of the Edmonton district now numbers at least 15,000 souls.

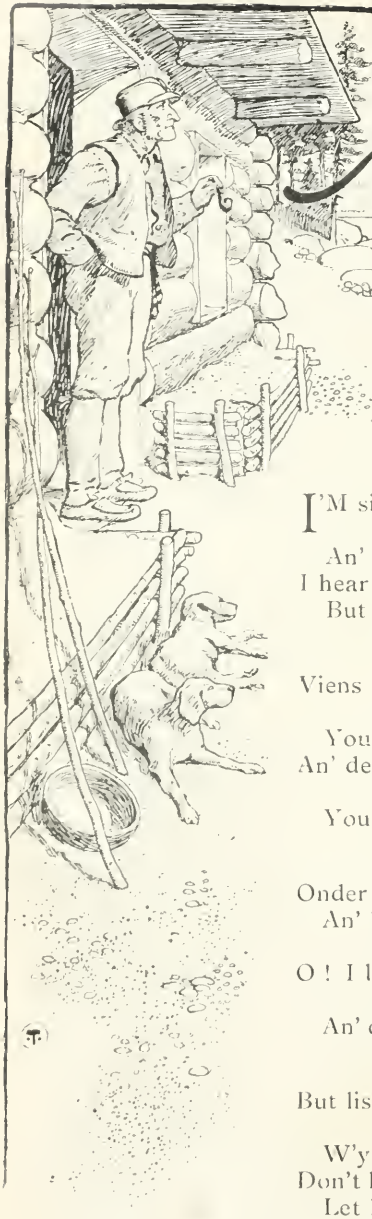
The principal towns along the line of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway are Wetaskiwin, Leduc, Lacombe, Red Deer, Olds and Innisfail. All are centres of flourishing settlements.

In the winter of 1883-4, when I first passed over the trail now traversed by this road, there were just four isolated shacks along its two hundred miles where one could get a meal or spread his blankets. Most of the nights we camped in the snow.

The Northwest is well supplied with hospitals, and Edmonton is not behind other Western cities in this respect. The building is of brick—made in Edmonton—and was instituted and is managed by the Grey Sisters of the Roman Catholic Church. It is steam-heated, lighted by electricity, and will accommodate two hundred patients of both sexes. The sick of all denominations are admitted, those not able to pay free of charge; and there are several handsomely-furnished private wards. A convent, costing $50,000, for the education of young children, adjoins the hospital, and a fine brick church, in the Romanesque style, will be completed this summer. A second general hospital is projected.

One of Edmonton's most revered institutions is the Old Timers' Association, composed exclusively of men who reached the Territories prior to 1884 and are now residents of Edmonton. The annual ball of the association is the great social feature of the year. A miner's log cabin is erected on the stage at the end of the hall; shovels, gold pans and benches are scattered artistically before it, and the walls of the hall are draped with silver foxes, musk ox and other rare furs to the value of thousands of dollars. Mr. James Gibbons, to whom reference has already been made, was the first president of the Association.

Commercial men say that Edmonton is the best town for business between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, and comparing its present with its past—the isolated fur-post of the 60's, a name on a map, surrounded by savages, with the fine modern town of today, its vast natural resources and unfailing home market—one is tempted to faith in the creed of its citizens which affirms that in ten years Edmonton will be one of the greatest and most prosperous of Canadian cities.



Ma Leetle Cabane

By William Henry Drummond.

I'M sittin' to-night on ma leetle cabane, more happier dan de king,
An' ev'ry corner's ringin' out wit' musique de ole stove sing.
I hear de cry of de winter win', for de storm gate's open wide,
But I don't care not'ing for win' or storm so long I was safe inside.

Viens 'ci mon chien, put your head on dere, let your nose res' on ma knee.
You 'member de tam we chase de moose back on de Lac Souris,
An' de snow come down an' we los' ourse'f till morning is bring de light,
You t'ink we got place to sleep, mon chien, lak de place we got here to-night.

Onder de roof of de leetle cabane, w'ere fire she's blazin' high
An' bed I mak' of de spruce tree branch, is lie on de floor close by,
O ! I lak de smell of dat nice fresh bed, an' I dream of de summer tam
An' de spot w'ere de beeg trout jomp so moche down by de lumber dam !

But lissen dat win', how she scream outside ! mak' me t'ink of de loup garou,
W'y to-night, mon chien, I be feelin' glad if even de Carcajou
Don't ketch hese'f on de trap I set to-day on de Lac Souris
Let heem wait till to-morrow, an' den if he lak, I geev' heem good chance, sapree !

I see beeg cloud w'en I'm out to-day, off on de Nor' Eas' sky
An' she block de road, so de cloud behin' don't get a chance passin' by,
An' I t'ink of boom on de grande riviere, w'en log's fillin' up de bay,
Wall ! sam' as de boom on de spring-tam flood, dat cloud she was sweep away !

Dem log's very nice an' quiet, so long as de boom's all right,
But soon as de boom geev' way, l'enfant ! it's den is begin de fight !
Dey ronne de rapide, an' jomp de rock, dey leap on de air an' dive,
Can hear dem roar from de reever shore, jus' lak dey was all alive !

An' dat was de way wit' de cloud to-day, de res' of dem push aside,
For dey're comin' fas' from de cole Nor' Eas' an' away t'roo de sky dey ride,
Shakin' de snow as along dey go, lak grain from de farmer's han',
Till to-murrow you can't see not'ing at all, but smoke of de leetle cabane.

I'm glad we don't got no chimney, only hole on de roof up dere,
An' spark fly off on w'ole of de worl', so dere's no use gettin' scare,
Mus' get more log, an' it's locky too, de wood pile is stannin' near
So blow away storm! for harder you go, de warmer she's comin' here.

I wonder how dey get on, mon chien, off on de great beeg town,
W'ere house is so high, near touch de sky, mus' be danger of fallin' down!
An' worser too on de night lak dis, ketchin' dat terrible win',
O! leetle small place lak de ole Cabane was de right place for stayin' in!

I s'pose dey got plaintee bodder too, dem feller dat's be riche man,
For dey're never knowin' w'en t'ief may come an' steal all de t'ing he can;
An' de monee was kip dem busy too, watchin' it night an' day,
Dunno but w'ere better off here, mon chien, wit' beeg city far away.

For I look on de corner over dere, an' see it ma birch canoe,
I look on de wall w'ere ma rifle hang along wit' de good snowshoe,
An' everyt'ing else on de worl' I got, safe on dis place near me
An' here you are too, ma brave ole dog, wit' your nose up agen my knee.

An' here we be stay t roo de summer day w'en ev'ry t ing's warm an' bright,
On de winter too w'en de stormy win' blow lak she blow to-night;
Let dem stay on de city on great beeg house dem feller dat's be riche
For w'ere happy an' satisfy here, mon chien, on our own leetle small cabane.

DRAWINGS BY D. F. THOMSON.





MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 25—CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES IN SOUTH AFRICA.



MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 26—COMMISSIONER HERCHMER'S WESTERNERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.



MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 27—CANADIAN ARTILLERY AND MOUNTED RIFLES AT VICTORIA WEST.



MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 28—CANADIAN ARTILLERY LEAVING VICTORIA WEST TO MARCH ACROSS A DISAFFECTED DISTRICT TO CARNARVON.



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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 29—E. BATTERY, ROYAL CANADIAN FIELD ARTILLERY, ON GREEN POINT COMMON, CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

THE CHINAMAN IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

By Walter C. Nichol, Editor Vancouver "Province."

MY wife said in her haste that never under any circumstances would she employ a Chinese domestic; but British Columbia women, like the women of the east, sometimes change their minds. His name was Chow. He was short, loose-jointed, garrulous when with his fellows and jabbering in his native tongue; quiet and uncommunicative about the house. He was "heap good cook," he said, and he understood enough English to undertake to sweep, dust, keep the floors polished, light fires, and do the cooking and plain washing for $25 a month. We subsequently discovered that if we asked him to do anything outside of the duties he had undertaken at the start, his knowledge of the vernacular deserted him. "Me no sabe"—pronounced sabee with the a long—he would say in that low, plaintive voice of his, and it was quite impossible to make him "sabe" unless he was promised another dollar a month. The moment that was conceded he was no longer a missing word contest.

Chow came in the early fall. There was one in the house who had not been there very long before Chow arrived, and the two became fast friends at once. The baby would toddle to Chow in all confidence and Chow would smile back and permit the wee one to pull his pigtail, an indignity which if attempted by a white man, would have provoked a fight. There was something human in Chow after all. My wife had doubted it of all Chinamen before, but when she saw the cordial terms existing between Chow and His Royal Highness, she admitted that Chow must have some good in him somewhere. Perhaps that was why we never dared to grumble openly when Chow insisted on sweetening the coffee with syrup before placing it on the breakfast table, and provided so well for those of his friends who were out of work and wanted food that our housekeeping bills ran up fifty per cent. a month. Privately my wife said it was a shame and I felt compelled to admit that it was, but we could never muster sufficient courage to take the almond-eyed humbug by the throat and force him to have a little more consideration for his employers and a little less for his friends. We knew that all our neighbours who employed Chinese servants were being robbed in the same way, and we felt that we were there to be robbed and that the proper thing for us to do was to submit to the inevitable with the best grace possible.

When Saturday night came Chow would rush through his dish-washing and present himself with a petition for leave to go down town.

"Me get shabed, all same bossee man," he would say, "and see flen I come back bi meby."

"You come back get breakfast?"

"What time bleakfas'?"

"Nine o'clock. You be back here about half-past seven to light the fires and get your sweeping and dusting done before breakfast."

"Me no sabe. Me come back bi meby, mebbe 'leven, mebbe twelve o'clock tomollow—no?"

"No, you come back half-past seven."

"Me no sabe half-past seven."

"Oh, yes you do. Half-past seven, all same half hour later than you lit fires this morning."

"Too early. No stleet call so ealy tomollow molning."

"Well, you come back or I'll get another boy. You heap bad boy. Bossee man not like you any more."

"Ugh?"

It was the stolid grunt of the Indian with an interrogation thrown in, but the threat did its work. Promptly at half-past seven Chow was back in the

kitchen. It was quite evident that he had had both his shave and a night of it, for there are Chinese dens in Vancouver where opium is smoked and unspeakable infamies are practised, and no matter how meek and mild your Chinaman may look, no matter how gentle his voice and confiding his manner, Saturday night is almost certain to find him "doped" in his bunk, weaving dreams under the poppy's subtle spell. From this debauchery he arises haggard and worn in the pale dawn and returns to his work with a million memories in his heavy eyes and about him the painful odour of unutterable things. Somehow—how no one knows, for he has no confidantes among Anglo-Saxons—he gets through his morning's tasks, but the afternoon usually finds him sleeping on his cot, soothed to more peaceful slumbers, perhaps, by the knowledge that he has helped himself abundantly from your favourite decanter and taken about half the contents of your tobacco jar.

Much as we liked Chow for his willingness to let the baby play with his pigtail, we were pained to observe as time went on that there was always something wrong. He not only stole everything that was not barred and bolted and guarded with barbed wire, but he was forever breaking the dishes or setting the table the wrong end to, or doing something that he shouldn't do. If we had people in to dinner he was just as apt to begin in the middle and wind up with the soup. He knew better, and he knew we knew he knew better, but if anything was said to him a pathetic look of reproach would creep into his mild eyes and he would say in that gentle voice of his, "Me no sabe," and it was impossible to do anything with him. With malice aforethought he would give the joint to my wife and place the sweets before me. On Christmas Day he poured pudding sauce over the boiled salmon and had raisins scattered through the potatoes; but the situation reached the climax when he ruined the family stomach by providing us with mutton chops nestling in pure tobacco sauce. I have had some warm experiences in my life, but never anything like this. I wondered as I turned the dose down my throat what it was that I had done to have my future punishment now.

I came back into the house again, gasping, perspiring but determined. I was not angry, I was not even agitated, but I was firm. I had an axe in one hand and a hatchet in the other. "Chow," I said, "get out. Get out quickly. I have only so much patience left, and when that is exhausted, I don't know what may happen. Skip. Vamoose. Go!"

And Chow gathered up his belongings in a wicker luncheon basket, took three sticks of kindling wood with him as a souvenir of our home, and went.

There are good Chinese servants, I believe. Some people here swear by them. There is no servant like a Chinese servant they say, when you get a good one; and that is possibly true. My own experience leads me to believe that the good Chinese are something like the good Indians—dead. Put a Chinaman in a position where he can do all the housekeeping himself and rob you without restraint and without reproach and he may serve you admirably, doing as much work as a couple of women, and doing it well. Throw about him the same safeguards that the ordinary housekeeper throws about her domestics, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will make your life a burden. But such as he is, he solves the great servant-girl problem in British Columbia, for there are no servant girls here, and without him housekeeping would be an impossibility.

Vancouver, B.C.

THE WEST INDIAN NEGRO OF TO-DAY.

By H G. DeLesser, Institute of Jamaica.

THERE are some subjects on which there has always been a diversity of opinion. The so-called negro problem is one of them. It bewilders one to read the scores of books and articles that have been written on this eternal question. Men of unimpeachable veracity have given answers so entirely opposite that the enquirer who is not in a position to study the matter at first hand may well despair ot ever arriving at the truth. Yet one thing ought never to be forgotten, namely that people who have passed some time in the West Indies have generally spoken favourably of the negro ; while those persons who have only paid a flying visit to these islands, and who have not taken the trouble to study their subject thoroughly, generally go to form that class of writers who represent the negro as steeped to the lips in the mire of a meaningless superstition, and hopelessly incapable of any progress whatsoever.

But as a matter of fact you can know little of the negro after but a few weeks acquaintance with him. He is a human being, not a machine with which you can experiment. His character is not so very simple as may be supposed. It is not safe to judge of him merely by his hilarious laugh any more than that it was wise in truthful James to judge of Ah Sin's character by his bland and childlike smile. This has been fully grasped by Colonel Ellis and Miss Mary Kingsley (two recent writers on West Africa), and it is an important fact to be remembered by those who would approach the study of negro character in anything like a scientific spirit.

I do not pretend, however, to handle this question here one-half as thoroughly as it might be handled. That is impossible within the compass of a short "sketch." What I shall say, therefore, may be taken as the outlines of a portrait, not as the portrait itself. Nevertheless, the outlines are true.

The negro in the West Indies has a past to remember, but he does not remember it. For your West Indian peasant is forgetful of past injuries, especially if he has not suffered them himself. His grandfather endured slavery, but he is free. Sixty years ago he was chattel property, to-day he is a landowner and a free-born British subject. The ruined cane-mill, the disbanded sugar estate, the massive aqueduct on which mosses and lichens luxuriate—all these conjure up no bitter memories in his mind ; no subtle association of ideas touches into life any slumbering passion. With him the dead past has indeed buried its dead.

Not that it must be thought that the negro existence in the West Indies was one of unutterable misery ; for it certainly was not. Yet he was a slave, and in that lay his chief grievance. Still having long since forgotten all about it, his outlook to-day is singularly undimmed by any reminiscence of a sorrowful past.

I think it may be said without fear of contradiction that the negro bids fair to become a great factor in the industrial future of the West Indian colonies. In one respect at least he has been misrepresented in the past. The so-called "ruin" of the West Indies has sometimes been attributed to him ; but, anyone who is not content to accept a mere assertion will be considerably puzzled as to why this allegation was made. It is all very well to say that the negro deserted the sugar estates after emancipation, but enquire into the matter, and you will find that there are two sides to this question. However, there is no ne-

cessity to handle it here, as I have dealt with it elsewhere.* At the present time, too, it can not be said that the planters attribute the "ruin" of the West Indies to the negro; for such a charge could not be sustained.

The most abundant proof exists that the negro works well when he is paid well. I do not say that he works as well as he might work. I do not say either that he will work for the mere love of work. But I think that in this respect he is very much like other persons. *Tout le monde fait l'éloge du travail, personne n'en veut plus*, writes M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, with his usual deep sagacity. He is right.

And I am glad to find, also, that so well-known an American journalist as Mr. C. A. Stoddard agrees with me in this respect. Says he,† "I had heard a great deal of the indolence of the negroes in the West Indies. I saw little. Taking into consideration the low price for labour—from four cents a day, in Barbados, to a shilling or thirty cents a day in the best labour markets of the islands—and considering also climate and the possibility of easy existence without labouring, it seemed to me that the negroes were an industrious class of people."

The negro in the West Indies is largely a peasant proprietor, and to his small patrimony he devotes most of his time. Of course, it might be pointed out that at its best his land is but poorly cultivated. This is true; but who is to blame? Not the negro, certainly, for he cultivates according to his lights, and those lights are very dim. He has not improved much upon his old-fashioned system of cultivating the soil; he will not improve upon it until he is taught how.

Taking the initiative is not a strong point with the negro. As an imitator, however, he is very successful. If you would have him be a good workman you must not leave him to hatch out new methods for himself; you must teach him. His past history proves this. During thousands of years in Africa he developed under circumstances which fettered the growth of his intelligence. Every natural agency made against his progress. Yet his very survival shows that he developed in harmony with the conditions of his existence. But habits and peculiarities were then formed, the results of which are apparent to-day.

Take, for instance, the most distressing social problem in the West Indies at the present time. I speak of the relationship subsisting between the lower classes of both sexes. In a word, marriage is not a favourite institution with them. And what is peculiar is, that the institution *per se* is highly respected by them. That is, those of them that are married are more highly respected by their fellows. They even speak of those who live together without being married as persons "living in sin." This, of course, is due to the influence of Christian teaching; but this respect has at present no great effect on morals.

But no one who has studied the question thoroughly will say that gross sensuality is the sole cause of the negroes' present attitude towards the institution of marriage. As a matter of fact the causes are many. Those who are acquainted with the origin and history of the institution of marriage will readily understand that amongst a primitive people the position of the woman is peculiar. She is sometimes the absolute property of her lord. She has few rights. She is a beast of burden. She is won either by capture or purchase, so that love has little to do with her position as a wife. And with this system polygamy generally goes hand in hand.

These remarks apply, broadly speaking, to the people of West Africa, and they are the stock from which the West Indian negro has sprung. But the transplanting the negroes to the West Indies has wrought changes in the position of the woman which is

* "New Century Review" for January, 1900.

† "Cruising Among the Caribbees"; page 38, 1895.

tantamount to a social revolution so far as that sex is concerned.

In bygone times polygamy was rampant among the slaves of the West Indies. But the man was a slave as well as the woman, and had no absolute right over her. Their marriage customs were simple. Divorce was therefore a thing of course. The man was not called upon to support his children after he and the woman had separated. The man, then, felt not the burden of responsibility ; and it profited the woman to bear children, as she was more kindly treated by her owner in consequence of it. Hence, though she might grieve that her "husband" should leave her for another, she was accustomed to regard it as a natural occurrence. Besides, she herself was at perfect liberty to leave him for some one else. This custom obtains to-day.

Another reason that makes against marriage amongst the negro population of the West Indies is their dislike of a contract. The peasant may live with his helpmate for life ; at his death he may leave to her, and to their children, all his possessions ; but it will sometimes happen that he will refuse to be joined in wedlock with her. He knows the marriage tie is binding ; he knows too that while, amongst his own class, it is no particular disgrace to leave the woman he has been living with, yet to leave his wife is considered a contemptible action by the same people. So he hesitates before giving anyone so great a claim on him. On her part, the woman has no such great objection to marrying. Indeed, I think that in most cases she would prefer it. The man's excuse is, that as long as the woman knows he can leave her at will, she will be submissive and obedient ; but if he becomes bound to her by legal ties she will be difficult to manage.

There is also another aspect of this question, not to be overlooked. Voltaire says truly, "*Les femmes . . . n'ont . . . que très rarement l'instinct d'embrasser leurs maris* . . . and this is evidently a wise provision of nature. The thoughtful reader will at once see that were the passions of women equal in strength to those of men, their social *status* would be infinitely lower than it is, even in the most uncivilized countries. Joined to this comparative feebleness of passion there is the inferior physical strength of women. Where they cannot rival man in the struggle for daily bread, they must be provided for ; and they must therefore have some definite claim on those upon whom they are dependent. But this physical inferiority is scarcely found in the West Indies. The women work, and work well. There is therefore no danger of their being left behind in the struggle for existence. Then they take very little thought of the future. With them, "sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." They have, also, no social position to lose by having illegitimate children ; and so the most powerful aids to chastity are very much lacking in the West Indies.

The uneducated negro is deeply superstitious. It is his nature to be so. Writing of the "Irish peasant" in his "History of Our Own Times," Mr. Justin McCarthy says of him, "Half his thoughts, half his life, belong to a world other than the material world around him. The supernatural becomes almost the natural for him. The streams, the valleys, the hills of his native land are peopled by mystic forms and melancholy legends, which are all living forms for him." The same may be said of the negro peasant. His mind is cast in a mysterious mould. The supernatural becomes the natural for him : they are one and indivisible. But instead of sneering at the superstitions of the negro, it would be better to enquire into their meaning. Perhaps, as Mr. Herbert Spencer trenchantly remarks, you may find in them something useful and instructive.* The

*Instead of passing over as of no account or else regarding as purely mischievous, the superstitions of primitive man, we must enquire what part they play in social evolution ; and must be prepared, if need be, to recognize their usefulness."—Herbert Spencer, "Principles of Sociology," Vol. II, page 230 ; 1893.

negro in Africa may sacrifice hundreds of human beings at the death of a king; but he does so because he believes in an after life, and if his king has attendants on earth, he thinks he must necessarily want them in the land of the dead. His belief in "obeah," or witchcraft, also illustrates a dominant conception of his mind. The gods are powerful, therefore they can do great harm to you, or prevent it being done. Therefore they must be propitiated, or charms must be got from them through their high priests. All this is clear to the negro. He no more "bows down to wood and stone" "in his blindness" than you do. Every action of his has some definite meaning for him.

But the religious ideas of the negro have undergone strange modifications since his introduction into the West Indies. He has come in contact with Christianity. He has been cut off wonderfully from his native land. The religious practices of his own country have been slowly repressed by the law. He has been taught about a God who punishes sin hereafter, of a Christ who died for him, of a heaven the bliss of which soars beyond the loftiest conception of man. But does he fully grasp all this? Will the mere teaching of a new religion revolutionize completely and at once all his old beliefs? Has this ever yet been the case with other peoples? As Miss Mary Kingsley points out, the negro has spent all his life in propitiating deities who either do not care for him, or are directly opposed to him; God, he is taught, does care for him, and naturally he looks for immediate benefits. He thinks he gets them when the rain falls, and his fields return abundant produce; but when lightning strikes a man dead, he also attributes this to the direct action of God. It is God who has struck that man. To appeal to him, vengeance or reward must be present and striking. Both hell and heaven are shadowy indistinct things of the future. His imagination is not keen, and therefore what would be terrible realities to other persons are not so to him.

Then he argues inwardly, why should he who is a Christian suffer? He does not speak out his thoughts as a rule, for religious conformity compels him to say "God's will be done." But he *thinks* for all that. Said a peasant, whose fields had been repeatedly robbed, to me one day: "It is true that God will punish the guilty, but then the innocent is punished at the same time. If a man robs my yams, he *may* go to prison, but I lose my yams all the same. I don't understand it." That's just it! He doesn't understand! Yet he knows that if he hung up an "obeah" charm in his field, few thieves would come near it. He will scarcely do that because he has been told, and believes that it is wrong. But his mind is in a whirl, and when he thinks at all, he is perpetually asking the question, "Why?"

The West Indian negro believes in God, but, as said above, his conception of Him is somewhat narrow. I do not believe that he thinks much about God as a God of love. No; God is rather something terrible to him. But Christ is different. He was a man on earth; he suffered and died. That means a great deal to the negro. He can understand the Man with all the best attributes of a man. Then again, his conception of Christ must be distinctly anthropomorphic, for he knows that Christ was in every respect physically like himself. He is taught, however, that God is not; but his conception of Him is distinctly material, and he pictures heaven as a land of gold and precious stones, and actually flowing with milk and honey! That is, he accepts the description in Revelations quite literally.

But do the lower orders of any European country think much differently? I should say not.

The negro was accustomed to rites and ceremonies in West Africa, and in the West Indies he regards Christian rites with almost as much zeal as he once did pagan customs in Africa. External ceremony always appeals to him. He likes much singing, and an elaborate display of religious zeal.

Thus, there is a great deal of religion in the West Indies, but little Christianity. For instance, Sunday is most religiously observed in the West Indies. The majority of the lower classes do not care to do anything in the shape of labour on that day. Large numbers attend places of worship, but their chief delight is to sit in the open air and sing hymns, and the more solemn and dolorous those hymns are, the better. To break the Sabbath day in the West Indies is a greater crime with the peasant than to tell a lie.

But it must not be gathered from the above remarks that the West Indian negro is incapable of becoming a real Christian. Not at all; for there are thousands of exceptions to the general rule, but I am dealing with the majority now; and also with the present time, not the future.

Now, whatever one chooses to think of the origin of our moral sentiments, it must be universally admitted that different systems of religion will have various effects on them. Immorality, for instance, is little thought of as a breach of a moral law in West Africa, and the chief reason of this is because it has never been condemned by the native religion. Where adultery is punished in that country it is because an injustice against a man's personal rights has been committed, not because of the heinousness of the deed *per se*. Similarly, stealing may be condemned from a utilitarian point of view, for it is certainly very annoying to have your things stolen; but West African religion has nothing to say against it. But reverence for the priesthood, for superiors, for elders, and for parents is almost an article of faith with the West African negro, and in nearly all these respects the force of heredity tells in his pure-blooded offspring.

It has ever been said that the negro is not honest, and the consensus of opinion in the West Indies is that the lower class negro is very much inclined to petty theft. He is not a burglar; he will not attack you on the highway for the purpose of robbing you; he rarely thinks of taking your life for your money, yet he will rob his honest neighbour's "provision ground" without the slightest compunction. This prædial thieving is the chief crime of the lowest classes of the West Indian peasantry. No one suffers by it so much as the hard-working black planter, who may awake any morning to find the results of weeks of labour robbed from him in a single night.

It has sometimes been alleged that the West Indian negro cannot co-operate for any useful purpose; but this assertion is emphatically negatived by the numerous Friendly Societies and Unions that have been flourishing for the last thirty or forty years. This spirit of co-operation is yet in its infancy, so to speak; but, of course, a fully developed system of voluntary co-operation is the product of a corresponding state of civilization. The very fact that it exists here in an incipient stage is something hopeful, and I cannot concur either in the assertion that the negro is absolutely thriftless. It is scarcely fair to expect thrift from people who, in the majority of cases, have little to live upon. But even in this respect there is positive evidence in favour of the negro. Where did he get the money to buy the land he now owns in the West Indies? There is enough evidence to prove that he worked for it. Mr. Stewart in his "Account of Jamaica," first published in 1808, gave it as his opinion that a great part of the gold and silver coin then in the island was in the hands of the negroes, who had obtained it in exchange for the products of the small pieces of land they were allowed to cultivate for themselves during slavery. And if anyone chooses to take the trouble of looking through the official returns of the savings banks of the West Indies he will be able to judge for himself whether the negro is, on the whole, thrifty or not. Perhaps I can do no better than quote here a few sentences from a lecture on Jamaica delivered in April, 1880, before the Royal Colonial Institute, by Sir Anthony Musgrave, one of the best of

West Indian Governors. Said he: "There are indications, everywhere regarded as evidence of prosperity and thrift on the part of the working classes, to which we may point as testimony that the people in Jamaica, like their fellows elsewhere, are becoming mindful of the value of industry and the advantage of providence. In 1868 the number of depositors in the savings bank was 2,524, and the amount of their deposits £58,913. In 1879, after deducting some deposits on public accounts, there were 6,222 depositors, with a total amounting to £207,000."

The above remarks, although made with special reference to Jamaica, are far from being inapplicable to the other West Indian islands, and I could give statistics to show that, despite the terrible depressions and crises through which the West Indies have recently passed, there are many hopeful signs of increased thriftiness on the part of the common people.

The West Indian negro is intensely emotional, impulsive, polite, given to begging, very liberal, has no strict regard for the truth, is affectionate, is generally grateful for past kindnesses, and is cheerful. When enraged he does not reason, and is ungovernable. This, of course, is the trait of an undisciplined mind; yet his fury rarely ever lasts. He is not revengeful—impulsive people are not so as a rule. And though the women are given to begging, both sexes are liberal. (West Indian liberality has always been much lauded, but it must by no means be supposed that this hospitable feeling is only confined to one class.)

I have said that the negro has no strict regard for the truth. In this respect I must be understood to be speaking broadly of the majority. And, too, there is a sort of honour attached to a certain form of lying. Suppose, for instance, one man has seen another commit some petty misdemeanour, and tells of it, he is invariably regarded as a liar, although he has told but the strictest truth.*

That as a rule the negro is affectionate is unquestionable. Negro mothers are most attentive to their children. Infanticide is not common in the West Indies; and though Sir Spencer St. John in his book on Hayti gives it as his opinion that the dreadful infant mortality of that country is due to the sacrificing of children, most persons who are at all acquainted with West Indian diseases will at once concede that tetanus has more to do with it than any such inhuman cruelty.

That the negro is generally grateful is well substantiated by facts. There are numerous instances recorded of the fidelity of household slaves to their owners during many trying periods in the history of slavery. Slaves have given their lives for kind masters. They have protected their property, have fought their battles, have supported them in time of distress. Negro peasant women have been known to carry regularly a portion of the produce of their "fields" for their old slave mistresses after emancipation. They have sympathised with them in their distress, for above everything else the negro is sympathetic.

Carlyle has laid it down that the world is built upon a foundation of clothes; and if this *dictum* has application anywhere, it is in the West Indies. The negro is extremely fond of dress. He may go in rags during the week, but on Sunday he will dress like a prince if he can afford it. There is nothing on which he will more readily spend money than on fine wearing apparel. This trait has been long since recognized, and economists have dwelt upon it as an inducement to the negro to labour.

The negro is not a politician. In the towns where there is always a somewhat lively play of public opinion, he does take some interest in political matters. Not so in the country where he is far removed from the scene of

* Speaking of people in a lower state of civilization than the West Indian peasantry, J. S. Mill ("Three Essays on Religion,") makes one or two remarks which apply here. "They have," says he, "a notion of not betraying to their hurt, as of hurting in any other way, persons to whom they are bound by some special tie of obligation."

such activity. And this is only natural. Political institutions are a thing of growth, and the institutions to which the engro has been accustomed in the past were generally supreme autocracies. In saying this, I am stating only a simple fact. It is not an argument for or against any particular form of government in the West Indies, for that subject does not concern me here.

I venture to think that I have given above the chief faults and virtues of the negro. To my thinking the virtues outnumber the faults. It is hard to expect anything better from the negro as he is at present circumstanced. Wise men do not look to gather grapes from thistles, and in the same way it is unwise to expect to reap much where, up to now, so little has been sown.

IN WAR TIME.

SOUTHWARD are faces set—
The stirring music of the marching feet,
That woke the nations with its rhythmic beat,
Rings on the pavement yet.

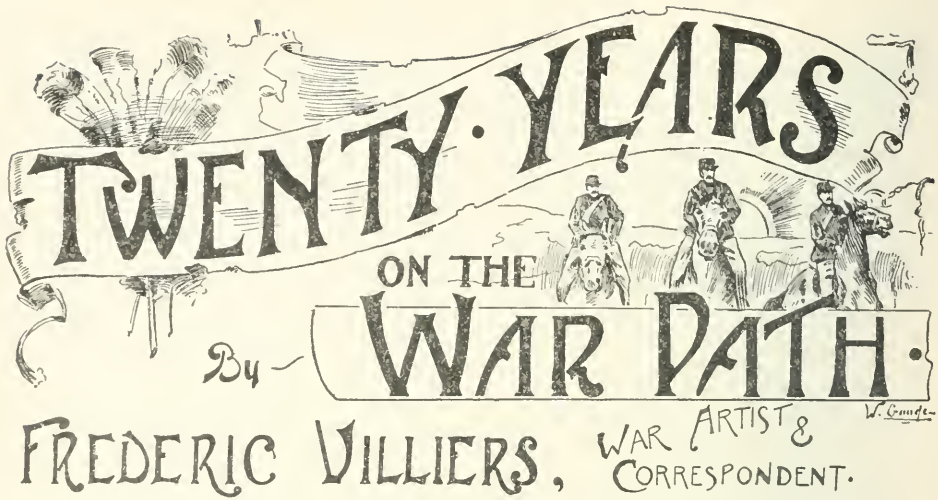
Across the earth and sea
A long line stretches—men and men and men ;
We may not look upon the like again,
Nor braver sight could be !

Yonder among the guns,
The wine of life—and Britain knows its price—
Is poured out in a lavish sacrifice,
Where fall her precious ones.

This page of history—
Written in warriors' blood and women's tears ;
Ending the mighty volume of the years,
That make our century—

Will be a tale sublime,
When the great empire-heart grows calm again ;
Britannia's eyes, through all this stress and pain,
Look to that after-time.

Effie I. Forster.



VIII.—THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

THE first fight I was present at during the Russo-Turkish War was the passage of the Danube. When the crossing was effected between Simnitza and Sistova, Archibald Forbes and I joined General Arnoldi's cavalry brigade on the invasion of Turkey. The advance squadrons were dragoon, carrying rifles, bayonets and swords, in fact, mounted infantry or cavalry at will. There is no service during war that appeals to me more than that of the Uhlan, or scout, and Arnoldi's men acted as such for the invading force. To be in the very fire-front of an advance, always on the alert, to keep touch with the enemy, interrogating the peasantry, or cutting telegraph wires; in fact, to be here, there, and everywhere, is to me the best part of campaigning.

Arnoldi, though a staunch Russian, had, as his name suggested, Italian blood in his veins, and all the artistic feeling both in music and painting of that highly-gifted race. He was a keen aquarellist, and nothing did he like better than, after he had seen his men encamped for the day, to devote the remaining hours of daylight to a jaunt with me through the adjacent Bulgarian villages, and place our camp-stools in the front of some picturesque hut, and try to reproduce, with our limited pigments, the marvellous hues of the paprika pods enshrouding the portals with crimson, yellow, and delicate greens, while the wondering inhabitants stood in motley groups round the crazy General, as they dubbed him.

Certainly the quaintest and most picturesque figure of the odd scene was Arnoldi himself, doubled up on his stool, arrayed in pink silk shirt, white kapi, and dark green trousers, with the broad stripe of red down their sides denoting his high rank.

When the sun was down we would light our pipes, shoulder our camp-stools, and trudge back to camp, just as if we were on a sketching picnic instead of the serious business of war. Sometimes Arnoldi and I would be so keen on sketching that we would not hesitate to pull out our sketch-books and colours on the line of march, and ride as far as we dared ahead of the squadrons and begin our work. Occasionally the General and I would be many hours in advance of our baggage, and once or twice so hard pressed were we for food that Arnoldi would request a passing Cossack to dismount and order him to empty his pockets of the dry pieces of black bread, which those hardy warriors always stored, in case of a long march, in their capacious trouser-pockets. It

was a quaint and amusing sight to see the trooper, at word from Arnoldi, come to the attention, then salute, and dive his hands into his nether garment, and produce, apparently, black cinders, which he would place in the hollow of his cap, and, with trembling hand, offer the ration to his General, when Arnoldi and I would consume the stale food with great relish. I suggested to the General that it was rather rough on the trooper to requisition his rations at a moment's notice, but he laughed with great glee and replied: "My dear Villiers, did you not notice that the soldier was trembling as he handed me his bread? Why, he was shaking with pleasure, and he will be the proudest man of his troop to-day for the honour we have done him in eating his crusts. You don't know the Russian soldier yet, my Villiers," continued the General. "If that man gets out of this campaign alive the one thing he will ever remember and talk to the children about—above heroic deeds and the glamour of the fighting—will be this litttle incident of his General munching those musty crusts out of his greasy trouser-pockets."

It was almost a perpetual picnic this, the beginning of the Russo-Turkish campaign. The weather was simply perfection for campaigning. The breath of summer was in the air. The days were bright and sunny, and at night one required no better bed than a patch of grass to stretch on and a blanket for a covering.

We met with no serious opposition on the march till we arrived outside the town of Bjela. The few Turks occupying the place were so astonished at seeing, as they thought, a force of Russian infantry so near at hand, that they immediately beat a retreat, for our men dismounted some little distance from the town, and in infantry formation crept up, with fixed bayonets, and completely surprised the enemy.

Bjela nestled in a gorge dividing a belt of hills, standing rather abruptly out of the rolling plain across which we had advanced. As our men were skirmishing over the heights, driving the rear-guard of the Turkish force out of the town, the principal Bulgarian residents of the place and the chief dignitaries of the Orthodox Church were advancing towards the General and his staff, proffering them bread and salt, while an aged priest held up a large metal crucifix which the General and his officers in deep reverence kissed. Shortly afterwards our troops took up a position on the heights to the left of the town.

Towards evening a number of the enemy's Circassian cavalry stood out against the blood-red after-glow of the sun like huge carrion crows on the purple horizon, hovering along the ridge in our immediate front till their figures began to be merged in the gathering gloom. And when night set in, flickering lights on our front and left and right betokened that the enemy had not retreated far, but were keeping a keen watch on our movements. The General had expected the infantry to follow close on our heels, for we were not strong enough to court attack; therefore, when the morning broke, and finding that the enemy had been closing round us during the night, so formidable did they look, Arnoldi immediately ordered our guns and baggage to retire behind the River Yantra, which ran below the town, and over which we had passed the previous night.

We stood by our horses all day long, our videttes occasionally taking pot-shots at the enemy as they gradually drew closer towards our flanks. We were anxiously waiting and watching till the sun was on the wane, when, to our intense delight, we descried afar over the plain a column of dust beginning to rise, gradually rolling nearer and nearer. Through this dust specks of fire sparkled as the yellow glow of the sun glinted on the lips of bayonets. Steadily the grey cloud approached, and soon white uniforms were distinctly visible, and the sound of the steady tramp, tramp of infantry came up from the plain. The dragoons sprinkling the heights of Bjela gave lusty cheers

as the long-looked-for relief at last passed under us into the town. The enemy, on seeing this strong reinforcement quietly melted away, and Bjela, practically without a shot, fell into the hands of the Russians.

The house in which Forbes and I had taken up our quarters, was at one end of the straggling township. My colleague had just started back to the Danube with my sketches and a budget of war news, and Arnoldi, knowing I was alone, was good enough to invite me to dine with him. I had to go the whole length of the town to Arnoldi's quarters, he having encamped on the other side of the Yantra. The infantry were rapidly taking up their position on the heights round Bjela. All through the evening the troops continued marching through the main street, and far into the night stragglers and malingerers were dragging their weary limbs over the hard, dusty plain to the various encampments.

When I returned from dining at the cavalry camp towards midnight, the road was apparently quite silent. Presently a light flashed up from one of the cellars of a store. On looking down its steps I discovered four soldiers staggering stupidly drunk, up to their ankles in liquor, which was still running from several casks they had broken open. On catching sight of me one of the men stumbled up to the level of the street and brought his rifle to the guard at the same time challenging me.

I answered in my best Russian, the purity of which immediately betrayed my ignorance of the tongue, whereon the sentry cried to his companion:

"Here's a Turk!" seized me and pushed me into the cellar, where his drunken companions at once surrounded and searched me.

I immediately held out my revolver, butt-end forward, to show non-bellicose intentions. They snatched it out of my grasp, and also relieved me of my sketch- and pocket-books and purse. Then they rudely hustled me up out of the cellar on to the road. They were all more or less intoxicated, two somewhat good-humouredly, but the others were sullen and ill-tempered. They held a querulous consultation as to their future dealings with me, and appeared to arrive at the conclusion to take me in the direction from whence I had come. At this I was much relieved, for I knew I should be nearing friends.

My captors placed me between them and we started. To my dismay, on arriving at the mill-dam in the centre of the town, the deep shadow of the old mill wheel seemed to suggest to the two sullen guards who were behind me that this was a fit and proper place to rid themselves of so irritating a burden as myself. Why not stab me in the back and slip me into the mill-race, for was I not keeping them from a further orgy? One ruffian suddenly clutched me by the shoulder and growled out "Halt!" while the other levelled his bayonet. I quickly caught the cold steel at the charge, forcing it aside with my hands, when, luckily, the good-humoured advance-guard turned round at the noise and, seeing the dastardly deed about to be perpetrated, rushed forward.

One struck the fellow who still clutched my shoulder a blow in the mouth. Then a quarrel ensued between my captors, the rear-guard explaining the advantage of a quietus for me, while the advance-guard objected strongly to this questionable proceeding (in which I fully concurred) to thus early in life sending me over to the great majority.

At last there seemed to be a compromise between them, and, thanks to my preservers, they further relieved my mind regarding my safety by remaining in the rear while my would-be assassins were compelled to trudge on in front. We eventually arrived at a bivouac of infantry, and I was dragged toward the blazing camp-fire.

As I warmed my hands at the flaming logs, the men crowded round and stared at this supposed Turk in disguise. In a short time an officer appeared on the scene. He did not seem much convinced of my innocence, in

spite of my story which was related to him in my best French and all the Russian I was acquainted with. Luckily a cavalry-man, one of Arnoldi's troopers, pushed his way to the front, and, recognizing me, told the crowd (which immediately made me a hero in their eyes) how, on the day of their arrival in Bjela, I went down into the town, and marshalled up to their thirsty bivouac a contingent of Bulgarians, carring buckets of wine. This exploit of mine elicited a murmur of admiration, and I at once knew that I was with friends.

A cloak was spread for me by the fire, and a mug of tea handed me, in which I drank "to all honest soldiers." Presently, over the heads of those immediately around me was passed my revolver, then came my sketch book in the same manner, for the men who had arrested me were now out of favour and had quietly slunk away. Last, but not least, my purse arrived. I instinctively opened it and commenced counting the notes and coin. A howl of indignation went up from the honest fellows round me. I almost felt ashamed at my stupidity. The officer assured me that no Russian would steal. I arrested the question which readily came to my lips: "Then why take my purse?" Nevertheless, the coin had not been touched, though I believe that well-filled purse, by exciting the cupidity of the two sullen guards, nearly caused the death of me. The officer kindly gave me an escort to prevent further molestation, and I arrived at my house never more utterly fagged out in my life.

Throwing myself on to the ottoman I soon fell asleep. Presently I was disturbed by a soft, velvet touch on my face, then came a gentle pressure of my hands. Thinking I was in the throes of a pleasant nightmare, I sighed, and still sweetly slept. Now came a pinch on my right toe, quickly followed by rather a rough tweak of my nose. I sat up, rubbing my eyes till I was wide awake, when I discovered in a ray of soft moonlight, two lovely damsels in picturesque *robes-de-nuit*, wringing their hands and sadly moaning.

On seeing that I was fully awake they rushed at me and shook me, fearing that I might fall asleep again. The fair creatures both pointed to the window, and in a tongue utterly unintelligible to me, rapidly began talking. Their faces were full of fear, and they seemed to be in great distress, so in spite—to say the least of it—of my compromising situation, I jumped out of bed, and was soon by their side, looking through the window. I soon became aware of a dull roar like the distant surging of the sea, and bright flashes of light threw sharp shadows into the room. On looking through the casement into the street, a weird scene was presented. From our house, which formed the *cul-de-sac* of the alley opening on to the main street, grim-looking beings staggered hither and thither. Their rough features were lit up by flaring torches, splinters of broken shutters or window-frames steeped in pitch, which many carried. By the light of fitful beacons the ruffians were looting the stores, and quite a number—the majority the worse for liquor—were making for our house.

I at once aroused Forbes' servant, Andreas, and asked him to stand by. The husband of one of the women who had followed them into the room, was crouching by the doorway, almost in a comatose condition with fear. By this time a considerable number of looters were collected in front of the house, many beating vigorously at the door with an iron bar.

"Andreas," I whispered, "throw open the window as if in surprise, and in a loud voice ask what the deuce they mean by attacking a Bulgarian house, and that a Russian Colonel is quartered here who must not be disturbed. I will put on my military cap and shake my fist at them."

This little ruse of mine succeeded for a time, the men apparently clearing off and leaving us in peace. Almost dead with sleep I fell back again on to the ottoman. The women clinging to each other, squatted on the floor,

while the man kept crossing himself and calling upon the saints.

I was soon awakened once more by a loud knocking at the gate below. The women were crying and clinging to me with all the fervour of the distressed ladies in the romantic drama; wherever I went they hung on to me for dear life. Dragging myself to the window I must say that an alarming sight presented itself. Six men, fierce with rage, their coarse features distorted with passion, were striving to force the gate. One ruffian had fallen, and was gasping in agonizing throes on the step. His companions on seeing us at the windows, shook their fists, yelling out that "I was a cursed Turk! The house was a Mohammedan house, and that we kept poisonous liquor to kill the Russians with."

One snatched a bottle from the grasp of the fallen man and hurled it in my direction. The frightened women with piteous cries of fear clung closer and closer to me. With the assistance of Andreas I shook them off, then stirred up the cowardly, whimpering husband with my foot, and told him to blockade the door with the furniture. Giving my revolver to the women, and bidding them shoot if once the door was forced, I left them, and hurried down the stairs into the yard. I requested Andreas to leave his revolver behind, for, being found unarmed, the soldiers might not take extreme measures with us. Andreas and I stood for a moment quietly behind the door, and then suddenly let it fly open. The angry crowd was taken aback by this sudden movement, and for a second or two my servant and I stood alone in the portal.

It was a curious sight we beheld. Two of the ruffians carried torches, the lurid glare falling on the faces of the men, showed me that most of them were sottish with drink. There was a confused babble of oaths as they recovered from their surprise, and then one with a black wine bottle in his hand staggered forward, and seizing Andreas by the arm, tried to force him to drink of its contents. Andreas, who was not thirsty, declined to obey him. At this the others closed around him, and shouted, "The accursed Moslem shall drink his own vile poison, drink! Force it down his ugly throat!"

At this they seized his head. I then came to my servant's rescue, and in another moment the bottle was dashed to the ground and smashed, splashing its contents over my boots, and Andreas and I were dragged by the angry mob up the valley and on to the main street.

I cried to Andreas not to resist. but to work his way, if possible, to pilot the surging, frenzied soldiers, hanging on to us towards a sentry standing guard in the middle of the road. With our clothes almost torn from our backs, and bleeding with rough usage, we gradually worked the struggling mob towards the sentry. Then Andreas called to him, explaining who we were, and asked for succour.

The sentry came forward, and shouting "Halt!" demanded our release. The drunken crew around us, a little sobered by the sharp struggle, at last began to understand that they had made a mistake, especially when a few of the more sober saw the insignia of my profession attached to my arm, bearing the Imperial Russian Eagle, which in their fury they had not noticed. They stole sullenly away. Balked of their revenge on us, I could see that they intended to re-attack the house.

I hurried up to the camp above the town, told my story to the Colonel in command, and just as day was breaking I returned to the scene of my late adventure with a half-company of men and two officers, arriving in the nick of time to prevent the drunken ruffians from forcing the door of the room.

On the threshold of the gateway we found the corpse of the man who had fallen with the bottle. His face was livid, and his lips black and swollen. Curled up into a ball dead, a few yards further up the valley lay another of our assailants, also black at the mouth, and his hands fearfully blistered. How

did these wretched creatures come by their death? What was it they had been drinking? I looked at my splashed boots; dark spots stood out distinctly on the leather. On touching these my fingers broke through the material as if it were paper.

Andreas now came up and said: "What have these men been drinking? Look at my hands, sir!"

They were blistered in many places. We hurried upstairs and inquired of the landlord, who was now thoroughly aroused from his state of absolute terror.

"What in the name of Bacchus was the wine he kept stored in his cellar?"

"Honoured stranger," said he, "my business is that of a leather-dresser, and in one of my cellars I keep vitriol in bottles for use in my trade, in another the wine of the country."

It was evidently not the wine of the country our irritated and violent friends had been drinking.

To be Continued.

INNOCENCE.

HAVE you ever guessed
How this world is blest
And redeemed from its sins, forsooth,
By the happy dreams
That shed their beams
From the smiling face of youth,
Ere the wise old world
Has its wisdom hurled
O'er the simple path of Truth?

A mild surprise,
In the laughing eyes
Of a smile so pure and free,
Showed never a thought
Of the dream it brought
To the selfish soul of me;
And my spirit shrank
From the nectar drank
In that cup of purity.

Subdued I felt
As I meekly knelt
At that holiest altar throne;
And in that hour
I prayed for power,
To my sordid soul unknown,
To worship Truth
In the heart of youth
Ere it has to wisdom grown.

Frank Lawson.

A TRIP TO MEXICO.

By Laura M. Boulton.

IT is difficult, soon after crossing the Texas border into Mexico, to realize that one is still on the work-a-day North American Continent. Here there are quaint and mediæval, old-world cities, and very interesting mining towns founded early in the Spanish dominion. One is all the more appreciative of the charm of the land after crossing hundreds of miles of arid, treeless desert, where nothing flourishes except a little sage-grass and the ubiquitous lobster-can.

Once in sight of the Sierra Madres, there is much to interest, though it is only when south of the Capital, amongst the high mountains, that the finest scenery in the country is traversed. Here the luxuriant tropical vegetation appeals strongly to northern eyes.

Some eight hundred miles from the frontier town of El Paso is Zacatecas, one of the oldest mining centres in the country. Its charter as a city was granted by Philip of Spain. There the first Bonanza silver mines of the New World were discovered, and a thriving town established, despite the drawbacks of a scarcity of water, and despite what even the optimistic guide-books describe as an "inclement climate."

It is a very steep climb for the train up the Zacatecas hills, and it is by no means an uncommon occurrence to get "stalled" in the mountains for lack of power to draw the heavy coaches up the grade. In fact, a certain amount of philosophy is useful in travelling in this country, as time is no object, and trains arrive and depart in the most erratic fashion, with small regard for such mundane affairs as time-tables or connections.

The streets of Zacatecas are narrow and winding, paved with cobble-stones and crowded with water-carriers and donkeys. The latter are laden with silver ore from the mines, or with picturesque-looking men, who wear huge sombreros, and are swathed to the eyes in gay serapes. This fashion gives these cavaliers a tragic and mysterious air, and makes them look like Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, or near relations of Joseph and his brethren. The houses are flat-roofed, and either frescoed deeply or painted yellow, blue or violet, their courtyards filled with flowers and birds, with occasionally a background of painted canvas like the drop-scene in a theatre.

The Hotel Zacatecana, once the Augustin Monastery, has an imposing air, with its vast corridors, wide stone stairs, and stone-flagged court-yard, though the comforts of life to be found within its walls are not quite in keeping with its palatial appearance. The more or less ragged Mexicans who form the hotel staff, add to the incongruities in this "land of anachronisms." The ways of Mexican hotels in the smaller provincial towns are past finding out; there is no office and no visible manager. Once installed, and your name written on a blackboard, you are left severely alone, with no polite enquiries as to your wishes. When you are leaving, any odd hanger-on hands you a bill.

A few hours' journey across the Zacatecas hills brings one to Aguas Calientes (hot waters), about midnight. At present a night-time arrival in any small Mexican town cannot be recommended to those afflicted with nerves. The natives are really well-meaning, but until one is a little accustomed to them, their manners and appearance are a little startling. A truculent-looking Mexican met us at Aguas station, and presumably offered to show the way to the Hotel Paris. Shouldering our bags he rapidly walked



MEXICO—PUBLIC FOUNTAIN AT ZACATECAS.

ahead of us. Suddenly the guide plunged into a dark court-yard and vanished, leaving his charges alone to contemplate the beauties of Aguas by moonlight in the lonely square. It was consoling to remember that murder and robbery are not as prevalent as in former days in Mexico, owing to President Diaz's way of dealing with offenders. A criminal foolish enough to be caught is first shot and then tried, and this summary method has rather discouraged brigandage. As our guide remained conspicuous by his absence, there was plenty of time to notice the illuminated clock on the Municipal Palace on the other side of the square, and the beauty of the open belfry of a neighbouring church. At last a muffled figure approached us, and was made to understand that we wished to be shown to an hotel, any hotel—as standing in the Plaza of Aguas at one in the morning was beginning to be tiresome. This man proved to be quite intelligent, and at once escorted us to a hotel whose proprietor spoke French. Our bags were restored, but no explanation was forthcoming of the so-called guide.

Aguas by daylight was found to be a charming little town with delightful baths, where the hot water comes bubbling from springs. The bath-houses, open to the sky above, have quite a Pompeiian air, with their blue and white tiled floors, and flights of stone steps leading from one's dressing-room to the water. Aguas is headquarters for linen drawn-work of the most lace-like designs. The makers of this bring it to the railway station, where they add to the general confusion by selling their wares.

A Mexican station is most entertaining, as the poorer classes travel incessantly, and are to be seen at most places crowding into the second and third class carriages, laden with a miscellaneous collection of cooking pots, babies, and large bundles of bedding containing the household gods. Smoking, and eating *dulce* are the chief delights of these people, and whenever the train stops, vendors of unpleasant-looking mixtures readily dispose of these dainties. The large trays carried on men's heads are soon deprived of their loads of sweet potatoes, fried in grease, or some other equally sticky and tasty delicacy.



CATACOMBS AT GUANAJUATO.

We sincerely hoped to reach our next destination, Guanajuato, by daylight, but the train was delayed at Santa Maria, whose shrine last year was visited by 70,000 pilgrims. The railway officials seemed quite unable to cope with the enormous crowds awaiting transportation. Thousands of people were encamped on either side of the line, and the train was simply captured by the mob. When it was no longer possible to force one other individual in by the doors, the men hoisted women on their shoulders and forcibly shoved them through the windows. The sight of two scarlet-clad legs finally disappearing after one supreme shove, made us wonder where the owner landed. The conductor confessed his inability to collect tickets from the packed humanity in the third class carriages.

Some of the male pilgrims were extremely smart in tan-coloured leather suits with silver buttons down the sides of the trousers, short silver embroidered coats, and large sombrero of beaver. The women in the northern part of Mexico are not nearly so picturesque as the men, they wear light-coloured cotton or muslin skirts, and a blue or black reboso draped on their head and shoulders.

Guanajuato, most picturesque of mining towns, is huddled into a winding gorge of the hills, so narrow that steps lead up the steep slopes to houses, built one over the other in the most inaccessible looking places. It is more than three miles from the station and can only be reached by mule-trams, which tear along the dark, narrow road at break-neck speed. These trams are drawn by four, and sometimes six mules, and one man holds the reins while another perpetually lashes the animals. At last we arrived at the little three-cornered Plaza of Guanajuata, and found quarters in the Waldorf-Astoria of the place, called the Hotel de la Union. Few of the rooms there have windows, an upper panel of the doors opening to let in light and air from the courtyard, where doves and a screaming parrot held an animated debate.



PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL, GUADALAJARA.

Standing next to the old Spanish Cathedral in glaring incongruity is a modern opera-house of French design, built at enormous cost, and so

far not opened, though finished two years ago. Huge stone lions guard the entrance, and bronze figures of the Muses adorn the top of the façade. The interior has a charming foyer and boxes, but is decorated in the worst possible taste and the crudest colours. The public gardens here are filled with roses, violets, lilies and bougainvilleas, shaded by feathery pepper trees with their bunches of red berries. On either side of these pretty gardens the 'haute noblesse' of Guanajuato have their summer residences.

Distinctly less pleasing, but a necessary evil from a guide's point of view, is a visit to the Catacombs. These are situated on a high hill, surrounded by walls of great height and depth, containing receptacles for coffins. In a long vaulted, underground gallery, are placed the skeletons of those whose relatives did not pay for a permanent place in the walls above, and whose remains at the end of five years were removed to make room for others.

Volumes could be written of mining traditions concerning the days when silver "was accounted as nothing." The Mint and the de Flores Reduction Works are extremely interesting. In the latter the primitive method of three hundred and fifty years ago of crushing and reducing ore is still adhered to by these conservative people, and the work is done by blindfolded mules, after what is called the "Patio" process, where the muddy mass of ore is trodden for weeks by the patient animals, knee-deep in the mixture.

Travelling through Mexico early in December one has the good fortune to witness some of the "fiestas" or fêtes in honor of the patron Saint of the country, Our Lady of Guadalupe. To her memory beautiful chapels are dedicated, where pilgrims throng from all parts of the country. The decorations in these buildings are frequently of the most costly description, a chancel rail of solid silver being by no means uncommon. The plans of most of the cathedrals and churches in Mexico were drawn in Spain. The stone carvings on the façades are often of great beauty, and the interiors though tawdry in decoration contain choirs of



MEXICO—SCENE OF EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S EXECUTION.



CITY OF MEXICO—CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

inlaid woods or of carved Spanish mahogany and silver.

The Christmas decorations in some of the innumerable churches were deliciously original, angels in white muslin frocks and blue sashes being prominent features, with whom the Apostles in doublet and hose looked a little out of keeping. Votive offerings hanging before shrines were numerous, wax arms and legs and braids of hair forming a large proportion. The gayest of music cheers the worshippers; selections from Norma, Lucia and Il Trovatore are frequently heard; and even in the Cathedral of the Capital itself, a two-step played upon a piano was heard during High Mass.

At Guadalajara where a "Fiesta" was in progress, the street decorations were uniquely pretty and effective. The national colours, red, white and green, were festooned on the dome and towers of the Santuario. Here special services attracted the usual great crowd, who simply camped in the neighbouring streets with their cooking pots, and picnicked there until the festivities were ended. The warm climate makes an *al fresco* life no hardship.

Few people know that in the Sacristy of the Cathedral of Guadalajara is to be seen the original painting of Murillo's Assumption, which has oddly enough found a resting place in the Cathedral of a Mexican town. This Cathedral and the Degollada Theatre were injured by the earthquake on the 20th of January, 1900, the shock of which was registered by the seismograph in a Canadian Observatory.

Of more modern interest than the old Spanish towns just described, though it was an Indian town at the time of the Conquest, is Queretaro, where the unfortunate Maximilian made a last stand against his unwilling subjects. Here his brief dream of a Mexican Empire ended on the Cerro de Las Campanas, June 19th, 1867, when in company with his Generals, Mejia and Miramon, he was shot facing the city. Three large stones mark the place where they fell, and a chapel is in course of erection by a Mexican gentleman of Imperialistic sympathies. From this hill there is a fine view of the city, the sunny plain surrounding it and the mountains beyond. In the



CITY OF MEXICO—A HOTEL COURTYARD.

building of the State Legislature are carefully preserved many melancholy relics of the Emperor, including the rough blood-stained coffin in which his body was first placed after his execution. The almost entire absence of any mementoes of poor Carlotta is quite striking, though she too bore her part in the brief Empire. With the exception of a very inadequate looking bath described as her property in the National Museum at the Capital, no trace of her is to be seen, not even a portrait, while those of Maximilian are many and varied. Little as the people desired an Empire, the symbols of majesty are proudly pointed out, and include a state coach of crimson and gold, a copy of one belonging to the Emperor of Russia, and an immense silver dinner service of truly imperial proportions.



CITY OF MEXICO—AN AVENUE OF CYPRESSES IN THE PARK AT CHAPULTEPEC.

The usual Fiesta was at its height at Queretaro. As our fortress-like windows overlooked the market place where it was held, one could look down upon the surging mob that surrounded the gaming-tables where roulette and rouge et noir, always prominent features of religious feasts in Mexico, did a thriving trade. Flaring torches lit up the stalls of the vendors of "dulcé" (sweets of all kinds) and of "tortillas" (large flat pancakes of corn and chili), while "pulque," that most repellant of national drinks to a foreigner was apparently as nectar in the estimation of the crowd.

Large opal mines are near Queretaro, and the lovely stones form one of its staple commodities, though Hungarian opals are frequently palmed off on the unwary purchaser.

The traveller who enters the City of Mexico by the Mexican Central Railway has a chance to see the canal of Nochistongo. This canal was designed and begun late in the 16th century as a tunnel through the hills to drain the Mexican lakes. The Capital was constantly being inundated, and some remedy was necessary. Scarcely was it completed at the cost of hundreds of lives and millions of money when the roof fell in and the gallery was stopped up. Many years later it was decided to make it into an immense canal through the mountains and the tunnel was opened and walled for a distance of twelve miles. It is now so covered with vegetation that it looks like a

natural gorge being immensely wide and nearly 200 feet deep.

We varied our usual programme by arriving at daybreak in the City of Mexico, an unfair advantage to take of a place that does not look its best *en déshabille*. Later in the day one sees that it would compare favourably with the European capitals. Its wide streets, princely houses and well-appointed carriages are an unexpected sight in this southern land, where many of the provincial towns though extremely picturesque, have a rather down-at-heel appearance.

Sunday, 17th December, 1899, was the occasion of a great bull-fight to inaugurate the season. Toreadors had been imported from Spain. Early in the afternoon the Mexican world and his wife turned out *en masse* on their way to the bull-ring where Fuentes and Minuto, the celebrated toreadors had an immense success, from a Spanish point of view, though the tortured horses left to die in the ring could probably tell another tale.

The Bois of Mexico is the Paseo de la Reforma, a drive of nearly three miles through an avenue of tall Eucalyptus trees. Down this road passed the heroes of the bull-fight that sunny afternoon, in their quaint and brilliant costumes. Mounted picadors in short coats, with broad sashes of all colours, their hair in a long queue, and Spanish turbans on their heads ; matadors, equally brilliant and more odd-looking ; and, bringing up the rear, a victoria and pair with cockaded men-servants. In this carriage sat two haughty individuals, the successful toreadors, in costumes glittering with gold and silver embroidery. They received the greetings of the crowd with cold indifference.

The City of Mexico has many amusements to offer its pleasure-loving inhabitants besides the weekly bull-fights. Second in favour to that sport is a Spanish ball game called "Fronton," somewhat resembling "Fives," but much more difficult and scientific. The betting on the different players runs high as the bookies, wearing scarlet caps, walk up and down selling the players and shouting the odds.

A Polo Club is to be found there, and also a Jockey Club, the latter with charming quarters in a blue and white tiled building, the towers of which were brought from Constantinople. The Monte Carlo of Mexico is in the Tivoli Gardens, a suburban resort, where gambling, especially in baccarat, is indulged in to an enormous extent. Gambling is the national amusement, from the highest in the land to the ragged street arabs who risk their small coins at stalls in the street. All the gaming establishments in the country are controlled by one man, who makes an enormous income from the monopoly.

The Paseo ends at the Park of Chapultepec, where stands the castle on a rocky height in a grove of huge cypresses. Wide marble-flagged terraces surround the castle, and on the top is a roof-garden, where heliotrope, roses and enormous shrubs of pink geranium flourish, and from which can be obtained an unsurpassed view of valley and snow-clad mountains.

The state-rooms are as they were left by Maximilian, the Imperial monogran and crown on all the appointments. A painful illustration of Republican simplicity is afforded by the guide who shows visitors through this lovely place ; no liveried menial is he, but a ragged, bare-footed Mexican, apparently suffering from the dry season, and consequent scarcity of water, and looking strangely out of place in the abode of kings.

Driving in the park and Paseo is regulated by the most stringent rules. Mounted soldiers, generously armed, are stationed at brief intervals from each other through the whole length of the drive, to control the movements of the hundreds of carriages and horsemen which are daily to be seen there between the hours of five and seven p.m. A picturesque café stands at the end of the Paseo, where coffee and ices can be enjoyed while listening to the music of a good military band.

In the National Museum is a unique



CITY OF MEXICO—THE CATHEDRAL.

collection of Aztec monoliths, including the immense sacrificial stone, covered with barbaric carvings, only found within the last few years. Huge stone figures, deities of the Sun, Moon and Water, creatures of Buddha-like appearance, and countless grotesque images are in the same place. The Government has lately taken up the work of excavating on ancient sites, and many additions are constantly being made to the relics of an extinct people.

The Academy of Fine Arts contains some good pictures by native artists and much prized treasures by Murillo, Rubens and Velasquez, presented by Spanish grandees after the Conquest. In one of the galleries, lined with pictures of saints and martyrs of pious memory, hangs a portrait of Byron, looking very Byronic and quite out of his class. And again, in a still more unlikely place was this poet's picture seen, viz., in a dingy stall of the "Thieves' Market," where a motley collection of rubbish as well as some valuable articles are offered for sale every Sunday morning.

The funerals of the poor are conducted on quite original lines in the Capital. The coffin is carried on a special tram drawn by mules. Another tram follows containing the mourning relations, who, judging by their appearance, regard the whole affair as a very superior kind of picnic.

With the exception of the Hotel Sanz, *table d'hote* is unknown, but there are numerous cafés and restaurants where the enterprising traveller can order national dishes in which garlic and oil play a prominent part.

At some of the theatres, of music-hall type, a rather good custom prevails of selling tickets for one *tanda* (act) at a time, so that you need only pay for the turn you wish to see. The writer was present at the "Principal" the night that a ballet was presented for the first time to a Mexican audience, with some misgivings by the management, as the people are not chary of expressing their candid opinions. The ballet was of the most elementary description ; and, as the verdict of the pit and stalls did not agree on this occasion, the nervous *première danseuse* and her assistants were greeted with a mingled storm of applause and hisses from the crowded house.



CITY OF MEXICO—THE ALAMEDA.



MEXICO—THE VIGA CANAL.

Among the many excursions into the environs of Mexico is one to the Viga Canal, on which one can travel for miles in a Mexican edition of a Venetian gondola, flat-bottomed, canopied, and poled by two men. The interest of the trip lies in the procession of market-boats laden with fruits, flowers and vegetables from Santa Anita, whose once celebrated floating gardens have now taken firm root in the shallow water. Santa Anita reminded one of pictures of African villages; the bamboo huts were roofed with straw, and the inhabitants decidedly aboriginal in appearance.

Not far from the Capital are many delightful winter resorts easily reached by those who find the high altitude of Mexico City trying. Only forty-seven miles away, over the mountains, lies Cuernavaca, possessing a climate and surroundings that leave nothing to be desired. Here was the favourite home of Cortes, and in later days Maximilian too built a small villa some distance from the town, to which he used to drive along the good coach road across the mountains that is no longer kept in repair. The scenery on the way alone repays a visit to Cuernavaca. As the train slowly climbs the 10,000 feet the eyes rest on a glorious panorama of mountain, valley, lake and river. Here and there little villages far below look like painted squares on a map.



MEXICO—BADA GARDENS, CUERNAVACA.

The ascent continues through deep cuttings of rock, adorned with festoons of maiden hair fern, and brilliant orchid-like flowers clinging to the walls, whilst the towering snow-clad mountains Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl remain

ever in sight, clear-cut against the turquoise sky. A poetical Indian legend tells us that Popocatepetl, the loftier of the two, is perpetually mourning over and guarding his dead sweetheart, the "White Woman" on her snowy bier. "Races have come and gone, but Popocatepetl has not taken nor forgotten one porphyry wrinkle for them all. His look is high and Indian-stern as it was when the first European came prying into the crater for sulphur to make the gunpowder for the Conquest."

Cuernavaca itself is the quaintest



MEXICO—STREET IN VERA CRUZ, SHOWING BUZZARDS.

place. It is built on a hill between two deep gorges, with red-roofed houses and streets and lanes made shady with oleander and poinsettia trees in blossom. The Borda Gardens are here, whose terraced walks and wide stone steps leading to pools and mountains have an Italian air, the winding paths roofed with climbing roses and jessamine on trellis work. The caretakers of these charming gardens, by way of contrast to their beauty, have, near the entrance, put a decorative frieze of dead wild cats in various stages of dried repulsiveness. The Falls of San Antonio are greatly prized in a country where water is such a luxury, and a steep and rocky climb, 120 feet down to the bottom of the gorge, is rewarded by the setting of the picture, though the amount of water that comes over the rocks is very moderate during the dry season.

At Orizaba alone the Rincon Grande is always a raging torrent between its narrow banks. This river is fed by the snow-topped volcano that towers over the village. In this vicinity are large plantations of sugar-cane, coffee and bananas, employing hundreds of men and owned by wealthy individuals who live in Paris and leave their estates in the hands of agents.

Even in a flying trip time should be made for the journey to Vera Cruz, on account of the magnificent mountain scenery through which the Mexican Railway, familiarly known as the "Queen's Own," passes. This line is evidently built on a system suggested by Elihu Vedders "swirls," as we frequently met the engine, apparently retracing its steps, "one wheel on the

horns of the mountain, and one on the edge of the pit," while thousands of feet below a river rushes through the narrow gorge.

One realizes that this is the veritable tropics when at the stations great bouquets of orchids as well as of roses, narcissus and tuberoses are offered for sale for a mere trifle.

Vera Cruz itself has no intrinsic merits, being chiefly remarkable for its northers, which blow from October to "March," and its bad smells. Most of the scavenger work is done by buzzards which sit in flocks on the housetops or strut about the roads waiting for dainty morsels to float past in the open drains, that run down the sides of the streets. Some distance out in the harbour is the Island and Fort of San Juan de Ulua, now used as a prison, where the convicts, miserably clad and looking ill-fed, are allowed to crowd about the visitors and offer for sale trifles made from cocoanuts in order to buy tobacco. Their apparent freedom is explained by the fact that any attempts to reach the mainland by swimming are futile as sharks abound in the sea. A small man-of-war, the *Zaragossa*, part of Mexico's little navy, was lying in the harbour. Visitors were courteously shown over it, and the mechanism of the Maxim and Creuzot guns explained by a young Spaniard in well-meant English.

A huge dredge is constantly at work, taking out sand and making Vera Cruz a safe port for vessels to enter, and the most interesting relics of the Spanish occupation are frequently brought to the surface, such as old coins, silver dishes and odds and ends that have been at the bottom of the sea for many long years.

The return journey from the coast can be made on the Inter-Oceanic Railway. Like the Mexican, it is a narrow-gauge line with Birmingham-built carriages, now shaky and old. It has also the proud record of having, at least, one accident a week in the mountain slopes. One official who has three times been hurled with the whole train down the Barranca or gorge, thought the matter scarcely worth mentioning.

Mexicans are the most imperturbable people, nothing surprises them or makes any impression on their impassive demeanour. Nothing new, nothing true, and it doesn't signify, is distinctly written on their swarthy faces. This attitude may serve to explain the construction of a foot-bridge across a deep ravine near Jalapa, four strands of barbed wire and a few planks loosely placed on the wire being considered an admirable passage way. To any one cursed with an imagination its sketchy appearance suggested hideous possibilities.

A few hours' journey from Vera Cruz is Jalapa, renowned for its pretty women and frequent rains. It has a background of mountain topped by the volcano of Orizaba. This little town, being on the highway from the coast to the Capital, was of some importance to the Spaniards. They maintained large garrisons in the vicinity and regularly patrolled the road from Vera Cruz to Puebla, that city of churches and tiles, whose climate and situation offer small room for improvement. From the Fort of Guadalupe three snow-crowned volcanoes are in plain view, which make the lesser heights around the valley, though only just below the snow line, seem of comparatively modest dimensions.

The lavish use of glazed tiles, blue, yellow, red or white on domes and towers as well as on the entire exterior of houses, has a brilliant and refreshingly clean effect in the clear, sunny atmosphere. Though formerly called the "City of the Angels," the history of Puebla is distinctly military, and no place in Mexico, except the Capital, has seen so much of the fortunes of war. The interior of its Cathedral is imposing, in fact the finest in the country, although the Spanish custom of placing the choir in the centre rather spoils the effect. The floor is of coloured marbles, and the interior of the choir, entered through richly-carved doors, is of marquetry work and contains beautiful gratings of wrought iron. In the domed chapter room are

hangings of Gobelins tapestry, presented by Charles Fifth of Spain.

Eight miles from Puebla, across the Atoyac valley, stands the ancient Pyramid of Cholula, considered to be the oldest and most important in Mexico. This pyramid at a distance looks like a natural hill, but closer inspection shows the adobe bricks of which it is composed. On the top of it, reached by steep flights of stone steps, is a comparatively modern chapel, where once stood the temple of a Toltec deity. This was promptly destroyed by the Spaniards, who followed the arts of "missionary and marauder" with great zeal, and were vandals enough to obliterate almost all traces of the primitive civilization and peoples that preceded them. Modern research has so far not shed any light upon the origin of Cholula. It has been suggested that the pyramid was built by Fire-Worshippers who chose this site for their Temple, as it was near the volcano of Popocatepetl, the "smoking mountain."

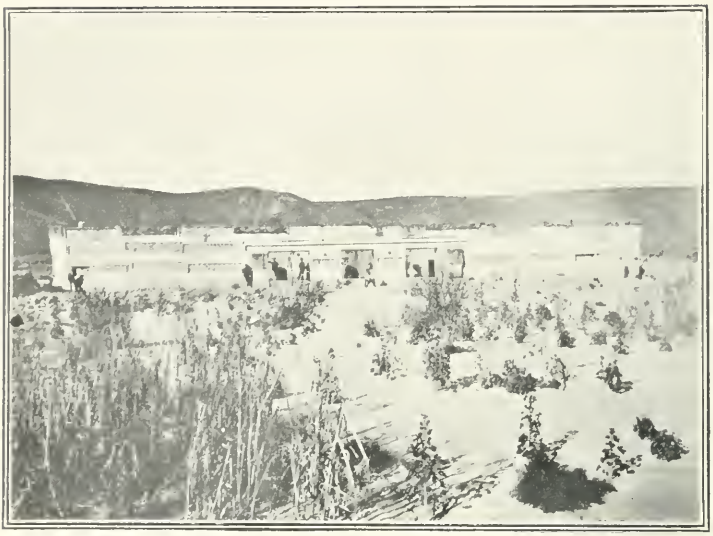
A pilgrimage to Cholula is considered by the Faithful to be a very worthy deed. It is a remarkable sight to see devout people going on their knees from the top of the steps across the rough stones of the courtyard, right up to the foot of the altar, and there placing a stiff little bunch of flowers or a burning taper. Though the power of the priesthood has been considerably curtailed under President Diaz, the religious enthusiasm of the masses is still very warm, and at whatever time one entered one of the countless churches, kneeling figures were always to be seen at one or other of the shrines and altars.

The most accessible ruined temples and palaces in Mexico are to be found at Mitla, far south of the Capital, under the Southern Cross. To reach the vicinity of these ruins the Mexican Southern R.R. follows the route of one of the exploring parties sent by the energetic Cortes to spy out the land. Instead of through difficult mountain passes and on high bridges crossing gorges, the line runs through the bottom of the canyons, following the river in its endless curves. The towering bluffs on either side are covered with a peculiar kind of cacti of gigantic size, and most grotesque appearance, called *organos*.

The little town of Oaxaca, now the terminus of the railway, was unearthed by the Spaniards, and from it Cortes took his title of Marquis of the Valley of Oaxaca, conferred upon him for his distinguished services by Charles V. of Spain. It was a rich inheritance, with its timber, marble, and onyx, as well as the tropical fruits of the earth. There some of his descendants still live.

About 25 miles east of Oaxaca is the village of Mitla, where the ancient temples, whose origin has puzzled many generations, are still standing, despite the ravages of time, earthquakes and modern vandalism. The Mexican Government has at last become alive to the importance of preserving these ruins from further destruction, and has placed their safekeeping in the hands of responsible people. An organized attempt is now being made to excavate carefully in the hope of finding some clue to their builders.

The 25 mile drive to Mitla, in a conveyance drawn by eight mules, is most amusing and interesting, suggesting a journey to the "back-of-beyond." Our Jehu was quite up-to-date as far as driving was concerned, unlike his compatriot at Lake Chapala, who, being unable to reach his leaders with a whip, kept stones beside him which he chucked at their heads at intervals as a gentle reminder. The road lies through queer little villages composed of bamboo huts roofed with straw. The inhabitants are extremely good-looking, especially the statuesque women, clothed in a single white garment, low-necked and short-sleeved, that sets off their bronze skin to perfection. The men, also dressed in white, seem to have reached that happy state when "no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame," as they ate and gambled under the village fig trees, or



MEXICO—FACADE OF A PALACE IN THE RUINS OF MITLA.

attained a state of Nirvana on a sunny seat smoking the inevitable cigarette.

At Mitla comfortable quarters are to be found at La Sorpresa. It is only a short walk from there to the ruins, to which one is followed by a flock of small children in the airiest clothing, who loudly demand "centavos," and offer the visitor little clay heads of Sphinx-like character, which are constantly being dug up in the vicinity. . . . To call the decoration of these halls and temples "mosaics," is rather a misnomer, as it is really "relievo" work of intricate and most effective design. In the Hall of Monoliths, the huge stone pillars have neither base nor capital, and the doorways are formed of equally large blocks, fitted into each other without any kind of mortar. Some traces of Egyptian-looking heads on the stone-work are in a building used as a stable by the village priest, and the dilapidated entrance of the little school-house is supported by six magnificent pillars of so-called porphyry.

The Spaniards pulled one of the buildings to pieces, and erected a church out of the debris, still used as a place of worship, where a very massive silver lamp, hanging in the centre, is the only sign of former greatness.



MEXICO—THE HALL OF MONOLITHS IN THE RUINS OF MITLA.

Although to reach Mitla involves rather a long journey, it is well worth the time and trouble. Much of the charm will be gone when the ruins are approached by a trolley, as



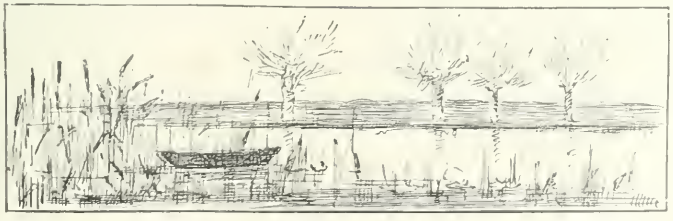
MEXICO – A HOTEL DINING-ROOM AT PUEBLA.

is not unlikely in the near future.

So little is known of the history of Mexico prior to its invasion by the Spaniards, early in the 16th century, that the traveller's interest is necessarily centred in the country in its still intensely Spanish aspect. Few traces of its former people are to be found, and then only in the shape of these ruined palaces and temples in the south, and the pyramids of Cholula and of the Sun and Moon, and also the huge stone Aztec idols and rude instruments now in the museum at the capital.

The beautiful architecture to be found in all parts of Mexico is due to the Spaniards who left their mark on the land in the building of convents and monasteries, churches, aqueducts and palaces. The stately convents and monasteries have been turned to baser uses since the final expulsion of the Jesuits, Franciscans and Dominicans from the country nearly fifty years ago, and are now used as hotels.

The great strides made in some respects in Mexico of late are due to the administration of President Diaz, who, for twenty years, has been at the head of affairs. This is a remarkable record for a country which in fifty-nine years of this century was governed by fifty-two presidents, emperors and other rulers. Despot, he is called by some, but his is a despotism which has imposed at least some nineteenth century ways and means on a people that still clings fiercely to the traditions of nearly four hundred years ago.





FROM A PAINTING.

GOOD MORNING!

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XIV.—ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

SCARCELY two years ago, a tall, sunburnt young Canadian came down to New York, fresh from the wilds of Lake Temiscamingue. With him he brought a heartful of hope and a pocketful of manuscript. The name of this young Canadian was Arthur Stringer. He had youth, energy, ambition and a buoyant temperament. In two years he has suceeeded in making a name for himself second to no other Canadian of his years. Before very long he broke into that established stronghold of American literature, *Harper's Magazine*, and Mr. Henry Alden, the veteran editor of the old-time publishing house, at once set his seal of approval on the offerings of the young poet. Now it is no uncommon thing to find his work, both prose and verse, in the different magazines. Word has gone about that there is a new Canadian poet. It is no wonder a New York wag once said that you can't throw a snow-ball in Canada without hitting a poet.

Mr. Stringer was born in the town of Chatham, Ont., on February 26th, 1874. His literary tendencies came to him through his mother, who, before her death, had written a number of beautiful lyrics. His maternal grandfather, too, was a Dublin barrister and somewhat of an author in a small way in his own day. The poet's father, Hugh Arbuthnott Stringer, was the captain of a lake vessel at the time of the young author's birth, and perhaps thus it was that there has been innate in the breast of the son a love for the Canadian Great Lakes, about which he has sung so often and so well. In a study of life on the lakes he wrote not long ago: "Next to have been born beside the sea itself, I hold it the best gift of the gods to have been cubbed in the lap of the Great Lakes. What sun-browned child of summer who has splashed in them, what boy who has tumbled over their rollers, what youth who has trafficked from quiet Canadian ports to busy American cities, can ever forget those scenes on God's great canvas?"

Both in his heart and in his work Arthur Stringer has ever cherished a fond remembrance for the home of his early youth. And herein lies one pleasing feature of our "Sons Beyond the Border." Amid the busy scenes of metropolitan life they never quite shake off the influence of their former environment. In Mr. Stringer's case this is especially marked. His work, no matter whereof he writes or sings, is fundamentally and characteristically Canadian. In a life marked with much roving he seems always to have gloried in the land of his birth:

> "Where golden and green and dusk,
> thro' the pines we half forget,



IN HIS COLLEGE DAYS.



ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Lie the Hills of grey Remembrance
and the Valleys of Regret."

Mr. Stringer's education began at the London Collegiate Institute. Even there one finds a few straws to show which way the wind blew, for there he was the guiding spirit of a short-lived but unique school magazine. On graduating from the Collegiate Institute he entered Toronto University, and from that time his literary career may be said to date. One fine day he invaded the editorial sanctum of *The Week*, wherein the jovial Mr. Thomas Moberley presided, and soon after his first poem went out to Canadian readers. It was that irregular but remarkably beautiful little lyric on "Indian Summer." He became a frequent contributor to *The Week*, and also printed a few poems in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE. From his busy pen, too, appeared a number of prose studies in the *Varsity*.

Shortly after leaving Toronto University he published his first volume of poems, entitled "Watchers of Twilight." It consisted of one, long, over-ambitious, transcendental work in blank verse, full of all those failings which Coleridge has said should be in every young man of promise, and also a number of lyrics. His second volume was published a year later and was called "Pauline and Other Poems." Both books, I believe, are now out of print. In the meantime the young writer had journeyed over to England to take up a course of study at Oxford University. Doubtless he has been greatly influenced by the classic associations of that venerable institution of learning, for I can recall nothing more delightful than his series of descriptive articles on life at Oxford. From Oxford he turned his restless feet to the Continent, about which he wandered for a summer.

Now poets, like other human beings, must live. Poetry is not the most remunerative vocation in the world, however honorable it may be deemed. So when Mr. Brierley reorganized the old Montreal *Herald* and offered Mr. Stringer a position on his staff, the young dreamer got a chance to subdue his overstock of ideality in the stern battle of journalism. But a broader sphere of activity was soon open to him. The American Press Association of New York wanted a man to do special work of a high literary order, and Mr. Stringer was mentioned as the man to undertake it. He was

accordingly invited to come to New York, and he is now hard at work in Gotham shaping out his career.

Mr. Stringer is still a young man, but his has been a busy life. His latter day verse does not come so frequently as of old, but it comes with the stamp of careful workmanship on it. A little volume of quatrains from his pen not long ago delighted his many admirers ; in fact more than one critic has pointed out his power in handling the quatrain, that distinctively modern form of verse.

Now Mr. Stringer has a new volume, this time a volume of prose, the sort of prose that only the poet can write, delicate, sympathetic and human. This book is entitled "The Loom of Destiny," and is made up of a series of studies in child life. The volume has received a marked degree of attention from the critics, and deservedly, too, for the author in this case seems to have a more than ordinary grasp of child psychology. That conservative magazine, the New York *Independent*, for instance, speaking of this book, said, "Mr. Stringer's genius is as clear and fine as sunshine on a waste of creaming ocean waves." The New York *Outlook*, too, speaking of his treatment of children said, "Never have they had such sympathetic record of their joys and sorrows." While the Louisville *Courier-Journal* went so far as to say, "These clear-cut sketches are equal to Barrie's "Sentimental Tommie or Kipling's treatment of the child in fiction."

So Mr. Stringer may be said to have emerged from the novitiate and is now in his "Sturm und Drang" period through which all true literary workers must pass. He has already done much. But it is to be hoped that what he may yet do will dwarf into insignificance by both its excellence and its quantity what he has already accomplished.

H. A. Bruce.

A SONG OF LOVE.

LOVE reckons not by time—its May days of delight
Are swifter than the falling stars that pass beyond
our sight.

Love reckons not by time—its moments of despair
Are years that march like prisoners, who drag the chains
they wear.

Love counts not by the Sun—it hath no night or day—
'Tis only light when love is near—'tis dark when love's
away.

Love hath no measurements of height, or depth or space,
And yet within a little grave it oft hath found a place.

Love is its own best law—its wrongs seek no redress ;
Love is forgiveness—and it only knoweth how to bless.

Virna Sheard.

A NEW POET AND A NEW PLAY.

By E. R. Peacock, Upper Canada College.

MAN is by instinct a partisan, and usually extreme in his partisanship. Uncompromising judgments are apt to characterize his opinions of all who do not agree with him. In literary criticism, as in other things, men take sides, and woe to him whose work bears not the marks of their standards. "This will never do," said Jeffrey of Wordsworth, a hundred years ago, and the critical spirit of the foremost critic of his time has been that of most of his successors. In praise and in blame alike, they are extravagant—hysterical flattery or absolute condemnation—for the most part there has been no middle course. True, Matthew Arnold did sound a protest, and honestly try to judge men and their works by the standard of the best things in literature rather than by any preconceived literary dogmas, but even he was too prone to include under the scornful name of Philistines all who saw not eye to eye with him.

So sure is the critic of the soundness of his judgment that he often gets into a trick of omniscience, and not content with assigning an author his place in his own age, is pleased to settle it for eternity. But omniscience in mortals is a doubtful quality, and time often leaves the critic sadly in the lurch. Who now reads Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy"? Yet, some thirty years ago, this work went into its fiftieth edition, and a leading critic said, "it will live as long as the English language;" while the *Spectator* assured its readers that "he has won for himself the vacant throne waiting for him among the immortals, and * * * * * has been adopted into the same rank with Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning."

I hope a similar fate does not await England's latest literary lion, Stephen Phillips, but certainly the reviewers seem to have combined to praise him almost as Tupper was praised Of his "Paolo and Francesca," the *Saturday Review* says, "It unquestionably places Mr. Phillips in the front rank of modern dramatists and of modern poets. It does more, it proclaims his kinship with the aristocrats of his art, with Sophocles and Dante. * * * * * He has given us a masterpiece of dramatic art, which has at once the severe restraint of Sophoclean tragedy, the plasticity, passion, and colour of our own romantic tragedy, a noble poem to brood over in the study, a dramatic spectacle which cannot fail to enthral a popular audience and which would in mere stage effect have done credit to the deftest of modern playwrights. He has produced a work for which I have little doubt Mr. Alexander will have cause to thank him, and a work which would, I have as little doubt, have found favour with the judges who crowned the 'Antigone' and the 'Philoctetes.'"

Such extravagant flattery, is surely the result of an emotional spasm which has momentarily paralyzed the critic's sense of proportion. Before considering the play however, let us glance at some of the poet's earlier work.

His chief interest is humanity, and certainly his work gives evidence that he has a natural gift for discerning the subtleties of character and reading the secrets of the soul. He loves, for instance, to pick out a face from the crowd on the streets of London and reveal the thoughts and emotions it but half conceals. Some of his efforts show the 'prentice hand and while striking are not poetic, but his later work proves this to be merely the fault of youth. Indeed, the steady advance in the power and poetic quality of his work is its most promising characteristic. The tragedy of human life, and the faith

which overcomes it, especially appeal to him and find expression in several poems, of which, perhaps, the finest is "The Wife," a gruesome but powerful tale. His two most ambitious efforts previous to "Paolo and Francesca," were "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa." The former elaborates a striking conception of Christ's relation to man and the sorrow it involves for Him. There are several fine passages, notably that in which Prometheus foretells the sorrows of Christ. But the blank verse moves a bit stiffly as yet, and there is a certain lack of felicity in the working out of the idea.

"Marpessa" is a Greek Idyll, based on Marpessa's choice of a lover. Apollo and Idas are rivals for her hand, and she chooses the mortal. The form of the poem is evidently suggested by the famous passage in Tennyson's "Œnone," describing the award of the apple of discord. The sentiments expressed, particularly Marpessa's reasons for her choice, are modern rather than Greek, but perhaps not more so than Athene's speech in Tennyson. The imagery and setting are Greek, while the execution is always delicate, and often exquisite. The verse is flexible and musical, yet dignified—hardly the verse yet of "Paolo and Francesca," — but an immense advance on the earlier fragments.

There is a fine magic of style in Apollo's speech, which stirs the fancy; look for instance at the free mastery of rhythm in the following lines, and the large phrase, warm, ethereally imaginative like that of Keats :—

"We two in heaven dancing,—Babylon
Shall flash and murmur, and cry from under us,
And Nineveh catch fire, and at our feet
Be hurled with her inhabitants, and all
Adoring Asia kindle and hugely bloom ;—
We two in heaven running, continents
Shall lighten, ocean unto ocean flash,
And rapidly laugh till all this world is warm."

Idas' avowal of love is one of the finest passages in the book—a few lines will serve to indicate the subtle suggestion and delicate phrasing which picture so finely to the imagination the intangible charm of Marpessa.

"Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because Infinity upon thee broods ;
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearnéd up the cliffs to tell ;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea ;
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons ;"

Before passing to the tragedy, just one more quotation to illustrate another side of Mr. Phillips' talent. It is a love lyric this time.

O to recall !
What to recall ?
All the roses under snow ?
Not these.
Stars that toward the water go ?
Not these.

O to recall !
What to recall ?
All the greenness after rain ?
Not this.
Joy that gleameth after pain ?
Not this.

O to recall !
What to recall ?
Not the greenness nor delight,
Not these ;
Not the roses out of sight,
Not these.

O to recall !
What to recall !
Not the star in waters red,
Not this :
Laughter of a girl that's dead,
O this !

"Paolo and Francesca" is a poetic tragedy in four acts written for the stage, at the request of Mr. Alexander, the well-known London actor. It possesses the directness and simplicity necessary for successful stage production, is lifelike in its action, and above all, has a clear, tragic plot-interest of sufficient depth and intensity to hold the attention and touch the sensibilities of the ordinary theatre audience. It is not a mere study play therefore. The theme is old, and yet ever new—it is that form of love which since the days of David and Bathsheba has offered perhaps the most fascinating inspiration

to the poet and to the dramatist—the love for another man's wife.

Mr. Phillips is a bold man indeed to seek success with a subject to which Dante has given a setting for all time. It is the story of the lovers whose unhappy fate and lasting devotion so deeply touched the Italian poet. With his wonderful directness and brevity Dante tells their tale in a few lines.

"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Caina waits
The soul who spilt our life,"

cries Francesca, and then to the poet's eager questioning she answers

"One day,
For our delight we read of Launcelot,
How him love thrall'd. Oft-times by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile so rapturously kiss'd
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more."

Many others have tried the story, with but slight success. Mr. Phillips has chosen to treat it with the utmost simplicity, and throughout the play, there is a sense of calmly wielded power, of strength held in reserve which is admirable. The play opens abruptly, and from the first there is an atmosphere of impending tragedy which lends a sober background to the beauty of the action. The consciousness of fate grows upon one as the plot, swiftly and without unnecessary words, unfolds itself. One finds here the strong influence of Greek tragedy, so evident in the earlier volume. The dramatist never allows himself the pleasure of a poetic outburst, for the mere beauty of the poetry. Every speech springs from the action and is necessary for its development. On the other hand, he does not bind himself by all the laws of classic drama. The influence of Shakespeare is evident in the lighter relief scenes, in the prose of the commonplace speeches and in the freedom and flexibility of the blank verse.

There are but four characters of much importance in the play:—Giovanni the stern warrior and ruler who would fain rest, but cannot, because

"Though I have sheathed the sword I am not tamed.
What I have snared, in that I set my teeth
And lose with agony; when hath the prey
Writhed from our mastiff-fangs?"

And his younger brother, Paolo, the handsome young soldier of fortune whom Giovanni loves with all the warmth of a strong nature, confined for sentiment to this love alone.

"We are, Francesca,
A something more than brothers—fiercest friends:
Concordia was our mother named, and ours
Is but one heart, one honour, and one death."

Then there is Francesca, pledge of peace between the tyrants of Rimini and Ravenna; a maid

"All dewy from her convent fetched,"

a beautiful child who

"—— hath but wondered up at the white clouds:
Hath just spread out her hands to the warm sun:
Hath heard but gentle words and cloister sounds."

Lastly, there is Lucrezia, a childless widow, cousin to Giovanni, and hitherto his faithful housekeeper. She is a bitter, disappointed woman, "Childless and husbandless, yet bitter-true."

The story is briefly this:—Giovanni, tyrant of Rimini, a famous soldier tiring of strife, makes peace with Ravenna, and to cement the alliance, arranges a marriage with Francesca, the young daughter of the Tyrant of Ravenna. Busy with affairs of State, he sends his younger brother Paolo to conduct his bride to her new home. It is the old story of Launcelot and Guinevere, each learns unconsciously to love the other. Paolo realizes this, and true to his brother, seeks escape, on a pretext of war, but Giovanni demands that he remain and takes every opportunity of bringing the young pair together.

"I'd have you two as dear now to each other
As both of you to me."

They fight bravely their growing passion, but fate is against them. We feel that their struggle is vain and we love and pardon them, even as Giovanni did while he killed them.

The blank verse is handled with a flexibility and in the supreme moments with a nervous energy, that is most effective.

Gio. (*Slowly releasing her arm.*)
Ah, gradual nature! let this thought come slow!
Accustom me by merciful degrees
To this idea, which henceforth is my home:
I am strong—yet cannot in one moment think it.
Luc. (*Softly.*) You speak as in a trance.
Gio. Bring me not back!
Like one that walks in sleep, if suddenly
I wake, I die. (*With a cry.*) Paolo! Paolo!
Luc. Giovanni!
Gio. Paulo! ah, no, not there!
Not there, where only I was prone to love!
Beautiful wast thou in the battle, boy!
We came from the same womb, and we have slept
Together in the moonbeams! I have grown
So close to him, my very flesh doth tear!
Why, why, Lucrezia, I have lifted him
Over rough places—he was but a child,
A child that put his hand in mine! I reel—
My little Paolo! (*He swoons off.*)

The moulding of those lines and the psychological depth of passion they express are evident reminiscences of the great master of dramatic language.

There are passages, of quieter beauty too, where we find the melody and tender grace which Tennyson first gave to blank verse.

Pao. (*Reading.*) "Now on that day it chanced that Launcelot,
Thinking to find the King, found Guinevere
Alone; and when he saw her whom he loved,
Whom he had met too late, yet loved the more;
Such was the tumult at his heart that he
Could speak not, for her husband was his friend,
His dear familiar friend: and they two held
No secret from each other until now;"

Several of the critics rank the play with those of Shakespeare, but this is adulation run wild. "Paolo and Francesca" is an admirable work and of uncommon merit. It is, however, the work of a young man who, while he promises great things, must as yet confine himself within somewhat narrow limits both as regards dramatic movement and range of characterization. One misses, for instance, the wealth of close living characterization in Shakespeare. But four characters are at all carefully drawn; the rest are mere shadows. Then the plot is kept studiously free from those secondary intrigues and episodes which so add to the richness and interest of the older dramatist. Again, Shakespeare gives us not merely the plot, but a comprehensive picture of the time—its very life and thought, the questions and conflicts which then set men at variance. But here there is none of all that. The one deep ethical problem is sufficient, and fascinating enough it proves as the plot thickens.

Without foolishly belauding it, the play deserves the highest commendation. While filled with passages of rare power and beauty, it maintains throughout a level of excellence that is exceedingly high. There is no bathos, and but little that is commonplace. The poet holds himself well in hand, never talks at the top of his voice and gives the impression always of self control and power in reserve.

I know of few more moving passages, than the cry of the lonely Lucrezia.

"My husband dead and childless left,
My thwarted woman-thoughts have inward turned,
And that vain milk like acid in me eats.
Have I not in my thought trained little feet
To venture, and taught little lips to move
Until they shaped the wonder of a word?
* * * * * *
I am a woman, and this very flesh
Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,
And I implore with vehemence these pains.
I know that children wound us, and surprise
Even to utter death, till we at last
Turn from a face to flowers: but this my heart
Was ready for these pangs, and had foreseen.
O! but I grudge the mother her last look
Upon the coffined form—that pang is rich—
Envy the shivering cry when gravel falls.
And all these maimed wants and thwarted thoughts,
Eternal yearning, answered by the wind,
Have dried in me belief and love and fear.
I am become a danger and a menace,
A wandering fire, a disappointed force,

A peril—do you hear, Giovanni?—O!
It is such souls as mine that go to swell
The childless cavern cry of the barren sea,
Or make that human ending to night-wind."

That is a true cry from a heart, sick with the yearning of a great desire unsatisfied. In contrast, note the lyrical swing and power of the picture of two souls in an ecstasy of satisfied love, defying alike human and divine vengeance. The passage indeed is a bold *absolvitur* pronounced by the young poet from the penalty to which the stern justice of Dante dooms the pair in the Inferno.*

Pao. "What can we fear, we two?
O God, Thou seest us Thy creatures bound
Together by that law which holds the stars
In palpitating cosmic passion bright;
By which the very sun enthrals the earth,
And all the waves of the world faint to the moon.
Even by such attraction we two rush
Together through the everlasting years.
Us, then, whose only pain can be to part,
How wilt Thou punish? For what ecstasy
Together to be blown about the globe!
What rapture in perpetual fire to burn
Together!—where we are is endless fire.
There centuries shall in a moment pass,
And all the cycles in one hour elapse!
Still, still together, even when faints Thy sun,
And past our souls Thy stars like ashes fall,
How wilt Thou punish us who cannot part?
Franc. I lie out on your arm and say your name—
"Paolo!" "Paolo!"
Pao. "Francesca!"

How those last broken sighings of passionate delight melt upon the ear and sink into the heart! He has a dainty touch in description too, this artist of the soul, and seems to have caught something of Dante's pregnant brevity, with a sweetness all his own.

Pao. "Now fades the last
Star to the East: a mystic breathing comes:
And all the leaves once quivered, and were still.
Franc. It is the first, the faint stir of the dawn.
Pao. So still it is that we might almost hear
The sigh of all the sleepers in the world.
Franc. And all the rivers running to the sea."

*The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirl'd round and dashed amain with sore annoy.
Inferno, Canto V.

The closing scene has been criticized as too quiet and restrained after the intense passion immediately before, but here again Mr. Phillips has preferred classical to more modern models, and the result justifies his decision. He scorns the factitious aid of the curtain at the supreme moment, and sinks to a quieter key at the close. After killing the lovers, Giovanni breaks into a wild frenzy, but grows gradually calm and closes in a tone of sad reverie.

In his madness he calls all the servants and sends some to bring in the bodies, then as he rushes wildly about, he cries:

"The curse, the curse of Cain!
A restlessness has come into my blood.
And I begin to wander from this hour
Alone for evermore.
Luc. (*Rushing to him.*) Giovanni, say
Quickly some light thing, lest we both go mad!
Gio. Be still! A second wedding here begins,
And I would have all reverent and seemly:
For they were nobly born, and deep in love.
(*Enter blind Angela slowly.*)
Ang. Will no one take my hand? Two lately dead
Rushed past me in the air. O! Are there not
Many within this room all standing still?
What are they all expecting?
Gio. Lead her aside:
I hear the slow pace of advancing feet.
(*Enter servants bearing in Paolo and Francesca dead upon a litter.*)
Luc. Ah! ah! ah!
Gio. Break not out in lamentation!
A pause.... The servants set down the litter.)
Luc. (*Going to litter.*) I have borne one child, and she has died in youth!
Gio. (*Going to litter.*) Not easily have we three come to this—
We three who now are dead. Unwillingly
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now
I kiss them on the forehead quietly.
(*He bends over the bodies and kisses them on the forehead. He is shaken.*)
Luc. What ails you now?
Gio. She takes away my strength.
I did not know the dead could have such hair.
Hide them. They look like children fast asleep!
(*The bodies are reverently covered over.*)

E. R. Peacock.

AT THE GUARDHOUSE.*

A BARRACK-ROOM LOVE STORY.

By P. Y. Black.

I.

THE girl looked up at the sky petulantly. She kept in the shadow as much as possible, but the moon tonight was at the full, the sky was nearly cloudless, and thus her errand was rendered the more perilous. It was June, yet far above the small plateau on which the army post was built, snow lingered on the silent mountain peaks. These glimmered in the moonlight of a silvery whiteness, illusive and unearthly, as if the great and solemn summits were now, while men slept, the watching-place of guardian angels. The mountains leaped suddenly from the plateau, blackly boulder-flanked, with depths of dark and lowering woods. In a still deeper black was marked the line of the canyon's descent, where the melting snows of thousands of winters had bitten into the rock with deathless ferocity. At one solitary point upon that inky line, the girl noted where the moonbeams gleamed upon a cataract, whose foam sparkled in the light, a diamond set in ebony. Thence the waters tumbled down, until, from the roar of rage their tired voices softened and sank to the querulous babble of the creek as it ran below the bank on which she stood.

The girl delayed cautiously in the shadow of the last house on the creek's side, within the limits of the post. At last there fell upon her anxious ears the call of the trumpeter at the adjutant's office, almost immediately followed by the bugles at the flag-staff, with the first call for tattoo. She ran to the edge of the shadow, then tripped across the stepping-stones and vanished in the woods which covered the island formed by the forking of the stream just above the post.

It stretched a mile in length, of varying breadth. Over its whole surface a tangle of thicket spread and scrubby oaks, so that even by daylight a wanderer would be completely hidden in its recesses from the people of the post. By night a battalion could have scattered over it and remained unsuspected. The girl pushed her way boldly forward, undeterred by the silence of the thickets, the solitude and the darkness. She followed a rough and stony path as if she were certain of her road. Still, when she reached a little spring which bubbled in clear space just beside the path, she hesitated, put down the basket she had been carrying on her arm, and bent forward, listening intently. But from the thicket about her no sound came. The girl put her fingers in her mouth like a boy, and from her lips came one long, soft whistling note. A bird sprang from a bush near her, and aroused some others by its flight, otherwise there was no response. The girl stamped her foot angrily.

"He has gone without—seeing me," she muttered, and her lip quivered. She picked up the basket and started to go back, when she paused again. From the center of the island there floated through the night the music of a violin. The girl's face instantly changed from anger to relief and joy. She left the path and ran in the direction of the music. In a minute or two she had reached the player, and thrown one arm about his neck, while with the other she snatched away the bow.

"You foolish boy," she whispered. "They will hear you across the creek. Why did you bring the violin anyhow?

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They will track you all the better if you are seen carrying it?"

"Could I go without it?" he asked in surprise. "Did you whistle? What time is it Katy?"

"Listen—taps."

They were silent, clasping each other's hands until the call ended. The violin-player sighed.

"I shall never hear it again," he said, "I hope."

"Well," said the girl practically, "If you don't want to hear the bugles again you must be off at once.

"Not yet, Katy dear," he said. "Give me the bow, and I will play you a farewell—no, not a farewell, only a song to the time when we will meet again."

The girl shook her head, and held the bow away from his reaching hand. The moonlight burst through the leaves above, and shone upon them. He was in the army uniform; his cap bore the band's device. He was very young, almost a boy. His form was slight; his smooth face was lit up by two great, far-a-way, brown eyes. The girl was different. Her wilful face was strong. Her black eyes glowed with passion and purpose; there seemed little in them to respond to the dreaminess of the lad's. Yet now she threw her arm around his neck and patted his cheek affectionately, protectingly.

"I believe you love your violin more than you do me," she whispered. "What an idea, Noel, it was for you to enlist. I always hated a deserter, but with you—it is different."

"I am free," he cried in exultation.

"Not quite yet," she said, petting his cheek as if he were a child; and then opened her basket.

"Eat, now," she said, "and I will tell you all I have heard. I don't think they would even bother to send out after you, if it were not for Lieut. Wynn, the adjutant. It is not as if you were a trooper in the ranks. You play the fiddle very beautifully, and the cornet in the band fairly well, but, you know, an able-bodied private is worth five of you."

"Katy!"

"Not to me, dear," she whispered. "No, they would let you go but you insulted the adjutant—"

"No."

"Well, you told him the nasty truth, which is the same thing, and you know what he is. I am afraid when he finds you missing at tattoo he will send out a detail. That is why I said you must be off at once. I have mapped out your road. You have plenty of money, but you ought to leave the violin behind."

"I couldn't," said he, quietly.

"Very well," she said, "but look."

From the bottom of the basket she took out some citizen clothes.

"Of course you won't keep to the trails," she said, "but, even on the plain, until you reach the railroad, you must not wear the uniform."

"You are my angel," he said. "I never thought of it—I just wished to go away, to be alone with the violin, far from those — those fellows — to be free."

"I know, dear," she said sympathetically, "I know. The army is no place for you. Now you must be off."

"Katy," he said, "couldn't you come too—now, I mean."

She shook her head, and laughed.

"When you are settled down, wherever it is, write and I will come—I promise, Noel."

"My dearest, it won't be long."

Before the last note of taps had died sadly away in the hills, there was silent bustle at the stables. Sleepy and growling men were throwing the saddles on the horses, and leading them out, until half a troop was formed. As they came Corp. Healy turned to the sergeant in charge.

"An what the devil's eating the adjutant now, sergeant?" he asked with a yawn.

"Deserter," said the sergeant briefly. "Faval of the band."

Healy swore gently.

"A bandsman! The wee man that plays the fiddle? Is it him we're making all this fuss about? Begad an' begob there's bin ten good men taken a walk in the year, an' we let 'em go, an' now we're after a half-built man, a

fiddler, whin the blankets is hungry for us! Let him go."

"So say I," said the sergeant sullenly. "Prepare to mount! Mount! Right by twos, march! No talking."

They left the post and silently trotted down the road to the creek. There they advanced by files, and crossed to the island. One by one they disappeared in the shadows of the scrub oaks.

"Katy, Katy," said the deserter. "I am free, yet not free. Until you come to me my heart must still be in the post with you."

He had eaten, had been in the thicket and changed his clothes, had received his last instructions from the girl on the road he should go, and now they were standing again in the moonlight, and his arms were around her.

They stayed a little while yet, and from across the creek came the hoarse voices of the sentries on post—"Half-past ten and all's well."

"Now, Noel, now! You must have a good start. They won't go after you until morning, and by that time you should have bought a horse and be well on the way to the railroad. Goodby, dear, goodby! What! Listen! What was that?"

They separated suddenly, and stood, lips apart, listening. Down the island was a crushing of leaves and crashing of branches and the snort of a horse. The deserter's face blanched, and he threw his arms up despairingly.

"Already!" he cried. "They have suspected it already!"

The girl's face, too, was white, but she did not despair.

"Quick!" she whispered. "Make for the canyon—the mountain! Quick! They will only search the island! Quick! Quick! Fly! O, Noel, fly!"

He hesitated. He was bewildered.

"But where," he cried, "where is my violin?"

She took it from the rock and gave it him, impatiently.

"Fly," she said. "Oh, quick, quick, quick!"

The trampling of the horses was now distinctly heard, and the command of Sergeant Holmes, "To ten yards close distance!" The girl pushed her lover from her, and at last he went. She turned and ran back to the creek. She sank down with a cry of despair. From the upper end of the island came the noise of more horses, of another command in another voice, that of Adjutant Wynn.

She listened breathlessly, and soon she heard a sharp challenge—"Who goes there? Halt, or you'll be fired on! Faval?"

There was a pause, and a momentary scuffle, and a petulant boyish cry of rage. Then came the officer's quiet searching voice,

"Got him? Ah! I fancy he must be cold lying out here. Take him to the guardhouse, sergeant, where he can get warm."

The girl, white and trembling, slipped silently across the stepping stones.

"You fool," said Sergeant Holmes to his prisoner, you should have been miles away. What made you hang around here? Do you suppose I wished to catch you?"

The unhappy musician looked up at the grim sergeant's scarred and ugly face wrathfully.

"You are farther away from her than ever now," he said.

II.

Mrs. Malone's moods were at most times uncertain, but for weeks she had been without even a temporary relapse into amiability, unless, indeed, toward the morose and taciturn Sergt. Holmes. Katy Malone, her daughter, and First Sergt. Malone, her husband, found it more comfortable to be out of the house as much as possible. It was a month after the capture of Noel Faval when Mrs. Malone found herself alone with Holmes. That happened frequently. The sergeant's visits to Katy's home were the gossip of the post, for Holmes was not popular. Every one knew that his face was honorably scarred by an Indian knife, but chiefly because of his gloom, his unsociability, and the sudden storms of passion which convulsed him when crossed. Fifteen

years in the service, he had never made a friend, and, the men said, had saved the greater part of his pay. They added that his savings were the sole reason he was welcomed in the house of mother Malone.

"She's the divil iv a da'ter, sargeant, so she is," said Mrs. Malone in tears, "an ongrateful child, so she is. Luk what I've done for her—scraped an' saved, an' saved an' scraped an' sint her at last to the convent to be eddicated an' made a lady. It's yerself, sergeant, knows that same, sure, an' grateful is Michael Malone an' meself fur the help you gave. We're not ongrateful, an' it'll be paid back—"

"I wish you would say nothing about it," said Holmes, uneasily.

Mrs. Malone wiped her eyes and raised her finger.

"Yez ave been a good friend to Mike an' me an' to Katy," she said, "an' nivir a lad shall have the girl wid my lave, save yerself, Holmes, so there, an' the wee fiddler's out of the way anyhow. Should we be after hearin' the sintince of the court martial, sergeant?"

"The sentence? Faval? Any day, now," Holmes said.

"It'll be two years for sure," she went on, "maybe four, for spakin' back to the adjutant himself. Two years in the prison at Leavenworth will give Mistress Katy time to forget him. Ye must be patient Holmes, an' fur the bit o' money ye've lint me—"

"D—n the money," cried Holmes, jumping to his feet, "Do you want me to wait two years for her? Two years more? Have I been coming here so often for years, and yet you cannot understand? Mrs. Malone, Mrs. Malone, I can't wait. I can't wait longer. Since she was a child at the Post school I've loved her, and God knows that I'd give my life for her, to do the smallest thing she bid me—the smallest. She liked me once—she was learning to love me—I know it, but this, this thing, this half-French fiddler bewitched her. And now you want me to wait! Two years—I can't. I—I love her; I worship her. I—I'm burning up — I'm mad about her!"

He frightened Mother Malone. He dropped back in his chair, hiding his face in his hands. Tears trickled through his fingers, and his big form shook. Mrs. Malone, calloused and withered by the long struggle of years, was not yet so hardened as not to be touched by the man's naked avowal.

"Whatever the boys says, Holmes," she said softly, "an' they're an ig'runt lot uv min, ye're a good man, an' a true man, an' Katy ye'll have if her mother has got a word to say."

The door burst open and a youngster came rushing in with a shout—little Herman of the band, son of the leader, and the delight and terror of the post.

"Mother Malone!" he shouted. "Have you any eggs? I want six eggs with fried ham—cut it thick—and have you any biscuits? Give us some strong coffee, too, with lots of milk, and charge it to me till pay day. Supper was rotten—mush and molasses. Halloa, Sergt. Holmes!"

"Ye rat!" cried Mrs. Malone. "Six eggs, he says, and cut the ham thick! An' him stuffed full of mush and molasses! Come here, ye wee divil, till I spank yez."

The boy was used to varied marks of affection, but he kicked vehemently as Mother Malone caught him up, lifted him high and kissed him loudly on each cheek.

"That's a nice way to behave to the men!" he cried, as he was let down, rubbing his blushing cheeks. "What would Malone say if I told him?"

"Eh! hark to him!" laughed Mother Malone, as she began to crack eggs on the edge of the frying pan. "Is there any news about Faval, Herman?"

Holmes was on the threshold, passing out, but turned to listen.

"Faval! Yes, it's a shame! No wonder he ran away, with the adjutant and the band sergeant down on him all the time, and he knows more—"

"What news?" asked Mrs. Malone impatiently, and Holmes stood waiting.

"Why, the order was read out at retreat—dishonorable discharge, forfeiting all pay and allowance and so on and three years in Leavenworth."

"Three years in Leavenworth!" cried Mrs. Malone. "Three years—well, well! Did ye hear that, Sergt. Holmes? There's many a thing will be forgotten in three years, Holmes."

But Holmes was already striding away through the gathering dusk.

Holmes turned his back on the post and strode out across the bluffs toward the river. For a long, long time now he had been used to take these solitary evening walks, rain or shine, to tire out the passion in his breast. Scarred, alone in the world since he remembered anything, he had never loved a living thing until now, and having loved with all the might of a rushing, long suppressed flood, he found he had dashed himself against a rock. He had to-night but one clear thought in his throbbing head. Noel Faval was out of the way—out of the way—out of the way. The words rang in his ears. It gave him a chance. For the slim lad Faval he had nothing but contemptuous pity. He was out o the way. His bewitching music, his big brown eyes, his slender, graceful form would be heard and seen no more. That fancy would be forgotten, and he (Holmes) would have another chance. S omused the sergeant, and the devil of bitterness gradually gave place to the angel of hope, and at last by the bank of the river he came upon the girl. She was lying in the grass, her face buried in her arms, her black hair loose and her whole form shaken with great sobs. Holmes dropped on one knee beside her and dared in his agitation to lay his hand on her head.

"Katy," he said. "Katy dear!"

She sprang up; her great black eyes gleamed angrily on him; she clenched her hands.

"What do you want here?" she sobbed. Can't you leave me alone? I hate you. It is you who did this!"

He hung his head passively, and quivered.

"What have I done to make you hate me, Katy?" he slowly whispered. "You didn't use to before—Faval came."

"And you arrested him!"

"Why did not the fool go away at once? What could I do? I was detailed; it was my duty."

"And now they have sentenced him to three years—him! He will die in the prison with those wretches; he will have no music, nothing. It is horrible! You have killed him, killed that boy!"

"Do you love him so much?"

The girl flushed in the starlight.

"What is that to you? I pity him."

A flash of renewed hope sprang from his heart to his eyes. Pity need not be love. For a moment his sight grew dim, and the next he was at her feet, clutching her dress.

"Katy," he cried. "It is done—it was his own fault. Forget him. He cannot have learned to love you as I have loved you for years. Listen, listen! Don't go away!"

The girl was in vain struggling to release her dress, frightened now.

"I am all the men say I am, perhaps," he cried, "surly and all that; but—listen—you are the cause. For love of you, and thinking of you, I keep alone. From the horror of losing you I am sometimes half mad. Listen to me, now, and tell me. Will ever any man love you as I love? Will any one do for you what I would do?"

"Leave me, leave me," she cried, but he clung to her.

"I cannot charm you and bewitch you with a pretty face and music, like Faval," he went on, unheeding her. "But I am a man, and a true man! I claim that! Try me; tell me what to do to prove how much I love you! Whatever it is I shall do it!"

The girl's thoughts all the evening had dwelt on one thing alone—her bewildered, anxious, wild thoughts. They were yet in her mind, and now they formed themselves, as at a word

of command, into a resolve. She whispered to the man at her feet :

" Do you love me so much ? "

" I cannot tell how much."

" And you would do all you say—for me, for love of me ! "

" Anything ! " he cried, rising in a passion of hope, and seizing her hands.

" Save him ! " she cried.

III.

" Where's Katy ? " Herman demanded, as he unceremoniously ran into Mother Malone's house.

" Dont be askin' me," cried Mrs. Malone querulously. " What are you wantin' wid Katy at this time of night ? It'll be taps in a minute."

" Cause I was down at the guardhouse to see Faval to-night, and he's worryin' awful. He's to be taken to Leavenworth in a day or two. So I thought I'd just ask Katy—he was stuck on Katy just like me—to go and cheer him up a bit. I'm not jealous."

" Ye wee divil," howled Mother Malone, welcoming a chance to discharge her wrath upon somebody ; " an it's mischief makin' ye're after, is it ? Git out uv this ! Git out now, afore I do yez harm ! "

" What's eating you ? I want some apples ! "

The angry woman charged upon him. Herman grabbed an apple, upset the barrel, and fled screeching.

" Did yez ever hear the like ? " Mrs. Malone muttered. " Katy to go and see Faval. Was iver the like ? "

She did not know.

The guardhouse lay at the back of the post, on the bluff overlooking the meadows. The inner room was very full as a result of pay day. The sloping wooden platform on which the prisoners, wrapt in their blankets, slept, was lined with recumbent figures. Some of the long-sentence-men, however, for greater comfort, had made hammocks of their blankets and slung them by cords from hooks in the walls. The barred windows were few, and by one of these, in a corner, Faval had slung his hammock beneath another man, who swung near the roof. Thus the window, open for the heat, was almost shut off from sight of the rest of the occupants and the wicket which separated the guard from the prisoners. An Indian scout had been brought in from the camp, a wild and savage sight. He lay outstretched on his back on the floor, howling lugubriously, and beating on the boards with extended fists. In his drunken muddle-headedness he had an idea that the white men were about to hang him and his howls sank to a long, horrible, wailing death song.

Amid the noise and the heat and the stench of the overcrowded room Faval was wide awake. For half an hour after taps so he remained, until the lamp at the door was removed. Soon the post recovered from its periodical outburst of pay-day riot, resumed its regular nightly air of repose, and the lonely sentries began their monotonous calls. Faval's window opened on the back of the guardhouse, and he could not see the sentry on number one. But very distinctly there came to his ears the methodical beat of the soldier's shoes on the porch, and at last his first proclamation to his brother sentries of the hour.

" Ten o'clock," Faval murmured. " Two hours yet—it is a year ! "

As the distant call came faintly from the far-away distant posts, and number one repeated " All's well ! " the young musician stealthily reached from his hammock and grasped one of the window bars. It shook beneath the pressure of his slender fingers. " Easily ! " he muttered, and then he huddled in his hammock as he heard the sentry challenge and quickly shout to the sergeant inside :

" Officer of the day ! Turn out the guard ! "

Had they suspected ? Had they discovered ?

" Never mind the guard ! "

The trembling lad heard the officer step on the porch and the sergeant make his report. Faval perspired with fear. What was it ? Were they talk-

ing about him? Would the sergeant, would Holmes, betray him and have him put in irons? It was likely. He had done as Katy had told him to do, but he could not understand when she said that Holmes was his friend. The officer went away, and, trembling, Faval crept from his hammock and slipped on shoes and clothes and stayed at the bars, peering out anxiously.

"He won't be back until early morning," the corporal of the guard remarked with a yawn. "Daddy Dodds is getting old and likes his snooze, even when he's officer of the day. Where are you off to, Holmes?"

The sergeant inside replied gruffly, as was his wont:

"There were so many prisoners coming in, I had no time to get my blankets. Take the keys till I come back."

He went out, but he did not go to the barracks for his blankets. It was dark and moonless now, and at the foot of the bluff he met the girl. She was very pale, but in her there was no sign of fear. Her eyes glittered with determination. He tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it and whispered:

"Not yet—not until it is done. Is he ready?"

"He ought to be ready. I have done all I can," he answered, a little sullenly. "At midnight I shall engage Number One's attention."

"I must see him," she said, "I must say goodbye. I know the window."

He flashed up at that with suspicious anger.

"What do you want to see him for?" he whispered sullenly. "You told me to save him, and I have, but—you are mine now. I don't want you to see him."

She laughed, and put her hand in his.

"I know, Holmes," she said. "You are true and—and I love you better than I ever did, but—"

He interrupted her by passionately kissing her hand, and stooping he could not note her frown.

"—but that poor boy! He loved me, too, and—let me say goodbye!"

He let her go, and she slipped up the bluff, and so to the barred window. At once Faval's hand caught hers.

"The bar?" she whispered.

"It's loose."

"The horses are at the cottonwood clump on the river. Noel, Noel, be careful!"

"My darling, I shall be there—or shot."

She was back with Holmes immediately, and, though her eyes sparkled, she wiped them with her handkerchief.

"Poor fellow," she said, and paused, and then went on, "and so he is gone forever. Thank you sergeant, I—I do like you now."

Holmes took her in his arms and kissed her.

"God bless you, Katy," he said, filled with love, "and may he forget me if I do not make you happy all my life."

He left her, dazed at that caress, and went back to his duty, and the girl looked after him with a smile and a sigh.

The night passed on, punctuated by the yawning sentries' calls. The men marvelled at the sergeant's unaccustomed cheerfulness. He chatted with them, and laughed. They remembered afterwards that for once they had heard Holmes laugh. He did not lie down. At twelve the sentry called the hour, and Holmes shortly afterwards left him, saying he would patrol around the guardhouse. At Faval's window he stopped. No noise came from within, save that of the prisoners' snores. He peered inside and made out that Faval's hammock was empty. One bar hung loose from its fastenings at the top. The sergeant put it in place softly.

"He is gone!" he thought. "Out of the way—out of the way—out of the way, and she is promised to me!"

The relief went out at one o'clock, and soon the tired sentries relieved came tramping in with the corporal. Holmes was lying on his bunk in the office, but not asleep. Sleep was far from his glad eyes. He heard the sentries gossip as they prepared to lay down.

"Any of the officers giving a party to-night?"

"Don't know—why?"

"'Cause a man and a woman galloped past on the river trail. I could just see them from Number Six. They were going B—bar ranch way, and I thought they'd maybe been visiting in officers' row."

Holmes raised his head—a man? That was all right. A woman? Who could they be? He sat on they edge of his cot. A terrible thought filled his mind. It could not be—yet, yet—dared she play that trick? For a minute he sat still, and then, without a word of excuse, he left the guardhouse. He went straight to Mother Malone's. The angry woman was still sitting there, awaiting her husband and daughter.

"Where is Katy?" the sergeant asked, and his face was so white that the scars stood out upon his brow and cheeks in scarlet.

"Where, indeed?" cried Mrs. Malone. "The baggage! She's not been in to-night! She'll leave my house! Holmes! Holmes! What is it? What has she done now?"

With a loud curse the sergeant turned on his heel and rushed off. He made straight for the stables of his troop and roused the stable sergeant by blows on the gate.

"My horse, by order of the officer of the day!" he hoarsely yelled. "A prisoner has escaped!"

IV.

If he had been capable of thought, capable of planning a sure revenge, he would first have roused the guard, and sent half a troop after the fugitives. Perhaps, indeed, he did not think, but felt that this was a matter which concerned him alone. Therefore he went swiftly at a gallop in pursuit, and the sleepy stable sergeant went back to bed, and the guard remained on watch, wondering where their sergeant had gone to, but unaware of the prisoner's escape.

The river road? He spurred his horse down the trail furiously until the post was far behind him. On his right the river flowed; on his left the land rose in rippling bluffs, a gray-black mass in the starlight. For many miles in front of him he knew the long and lonely trail stretched drearily, without house, without town, for nigh 100 miles, when at last it ended at the railway. He was able with an effort, to consider that the two would spare their horses, knowing how far they had to go, and hardly expecting pursuit before guard mount in the morning, when the officer of the day would make his report. They had more than an hour's start, but if he pressed hard after them he should catch up soon. That settled, he urged his horse to the utmost, and gave himself up to the mad rage of jealousy and disappointment. He had known her from a child to be wilful and passionate and mischievous, but he had never, in his adoration, believed her capable of such deceit. He did not stop to think that love had forced himself to break his oath, to neglect his duty, to assist a prisoner under his charge to escape, to forfeit, if the truth became known, the trust of his officers and the name he had won in years of hard campaigning. He did not stop to think of what love might have forced her also to do. His mood was entirely selfish. He was wounded sorely, and he wished for nothing but revenge.

The dust scattered in clouds about him; the horse, in that hot night, soon was steaming wet. He never slackened pace. Now and again there was a creek to cross, and through them he dashed, heedless of mud-hole or rock or stump. Once a belated Indian freighter met him and grunted an astonished "How!" Holmes hardly saw him, nor answered his greeting. In an instant he was out of sight and hearing. So he rode, blind to all he passed, his eyes glaring ahead, his teeth grating, seeking revenge for the slight and the scorn and the lie.

They had travelled more quickly than he had reckoned they would, and the sky of the midsummer morning was turning slowly from gray to violet when he saw them, and drew the revolver he carried as being on guard

duty. He hailed them, and through the misty dimness of the dawn they saw him and spurred ahead with a cry of fear and surprise. His horse, the fleetest in the troop, drew up upon them; but, urged by terror, they pushed on to the utmost. The sergeant was within 200 yards of them when he leveled his revolver and fired. They were too far off for pistol shooting, but the shot resulted in bringing them to a standstill. He rode slowly up and reined in, facing them. The girl sat erect in her saddle, her bosom heaving, her eyes defying him. The musician looked at him with his big, brown, sorrowful eyes—despairing. Holmes looked only on the girl, and even as he did so that which had caused all his misery in the last few years, his great love for her, came back, sweeping in on him as a flood, washing away his wrath and disappointment and longing for revenge. It was Katy Malone who faced him, his pet in her school-days, the one thing he had ever loved. As he looked on her, flushed with exercise and indignation, he put his pistol back in the holster and the reins fell on his horse's neck. He cared nothing for the other's presence, but held out his arms in overwhelming despair, crying:

"Katy! Katy! Why have you done this?"

The girl paused a moment in surprise, for she had surely expected an outburst of colossal rage, but in a moment she regained her usual self-possession. She took the musician's hand in hers, in the protecting way she had used when she had met him in the island wood.

"Because I love him," she said, simply.

The sergeant's head drooped low over his horse, and his tall frame shook. When he looked up, his face was gray as the morning sky. All light was gone from his eyes, even as the stars were disappearing in the heavens. He was calm now.

"You could not trust me to make you happy," he said, slowly. "I begin to understand. I want to know one thing. Did you care for me at all before—he—came?"

She shook her head.

"Never," she said.

He sat again erect, and looked up at the sky. In one instant his life stood revealed. "Lonely, lonely, lonely." Through all the years, from the first early questionings of himself, of who his mother was and who his father, through all the years of ill-used, soul-souring childhood, through all the years of unfriended, starving youth, through all the years of manhood, solitary and avoided by his comrades, he saw himself, babe, child, boy, man, unfriended and alone. Lonely, lonely, lonely! Friendless and unloved.

He looked at the young lovers, hand-in-hand. What good would it do to arrest him? She would only hate him the more. What good would it do to force her back? Besides, the escape must be known soon, and he, in turn, would be a prisoner. The sky was changing into blue; the sun was almost on the horizon, but round his soul the night grew very dark. For a while they watched him, wondering, and at last he looked at them, and his eyes were full of tears.

"Ride on," he said.

They did not move, hardly believing, until he waved his hands impatiently.

"Go," he said, "and—and God make you both happy!"

Without a parting word, they wheeled and fled.

He watched them disappear and, a moment after, the crack of a pistol rang out across the plain, and the sergeant's riderless horse, frightened, galloped back to the post.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.*

BEING YE TRUE ACCOUNT OF YE CELEBRATED RIDE OF RICHARD TURPIN, ESQRE, FROM LONDON TO YORK, NOW FOR YE FIRST TIME MADE PUBLICK.

By Robert Barr.

DICK Turpin slouched into Kettie's restaurant on the Strand, flung his huge felt hat on a marble table, sat down, and sang out for a beefsteak rare and a gallon of ale, and that right speedily, he added. The waiter made all haste to serve him, for such is the effect of a life of kindness and doing good to others that Dick was always promptly obeyed, whoever else had to suffer delay, and when his mind and gentle eye casually surveyed the priming on his pistols, even landlords themselves had been known to jump in their eagerness to be of use to him.

Just as Dick had finished his frugal meal, Aristophenus Kettie himself tiptoed into the restaurant and whispered :

"Dick, my boy, the bobbies are deploying round the Strand entrance."

Richard, always a man of quick decision, arose at once, bowed to the company, and remarked with that suavity which was characteristic of him :

"Gentlemen, I beg to excuse me. I have an engagement elsewhere."

Mr. Turpin then slipped out by the back exit, where an hostler, true and trusty, awaited him, holding the highwayman's favourite mount, "White Wings." The night was pitch dark, but the lamp of the machine threw forward an ever enlarging cone of light, like one of those advertising devices then so popular in London.

"Is there plenty of oil in the lamp?"

"Yezzer."

"The repair kit and all the tools are in the toolbag?"

"Yezzer."

"The machine is well oiled and the tires pumped tight?"

"Yezzer."

"Well, I hope, for your sake, that everything is right, for if it is not, I shall puncture you with my pistol and deflate you of life."

"Yezzer."

Richard flung the man a sovereign, because, being a loyal man, he never dealt in any coin under the rank that designated the ruler of the realm. He mounted the wheel, which was geared to 162, and swiftly disappeared into the night. At the first street corner a policeman was waiting for him.

"Turn it up," shouted the officer, endeavouring to perform for the intrepid cyclist the action so tersely expressed by the slang phrase he had just given utterance to ; but Dick, who had been there before, deftly avoided him, and replied :

"If you are referring to the light, I have pleasure in informing you that it already complies with all the regulations."

The word had gone forth that, at all hazards, Dick Turpin was to be arrested that night, so the policeman, baffled in attempting to stop him, shrilly blew his whistle, which had the immediate effect of causing all the hansom cabs within hearing to concentrate rapidly on the spot, and by the time the harassed officer had disentangled the traffic, Dick was well on his way to the Great North road.

But the shrill whistle had effect on others than the cabbies. It was the signal to the metropolitan brigade of mounted police (cycle corps) and twelve of the record breakers were bending over handlebars in hot pursuit of the fugitive. This superb body of men were

* Copyright by Robert Barr.

astride the celebrated Klondike bikes ("worth their weight in gold," see advertisement) and the betting was about even, although those in the know, freely offered two to one on Dick.

The police rode Clincher tires of course, for clincher was their business, while Dick preferred a Palmer, for he had ever made his living by the dropping of gold into his palm, although he preferred a single tube pistol when taking up a collection.

"I shall break the record or my neck," muttered Dick, as he sped through the darkness. As he glanced over his shoulder at the foot of a hill he saw a dozen twinkling lights coming over the brow behind him, like a constellation. "I hope every one I meet will have a bright lamp and keep to his own side of the road," and for the first time in his bold life a tremour of fear thrilled the stalwart frame of the highwayman, who well knew the predilection of the touring cyclist for racing down a part of the thoroughfare that should be kept sacred for those going in a contrary direction.

Over the top of the next hill only eleven lights glimmered, falling steadily to the rear ; then but ten were visible, then nine, then eight.

"I knew those cops couldn't stand that pace," muttered Turpin ; "it reminds one of the rhyme of the 'Nine little, eight little, seven little Injuns,'" and he began to trill merrily the refrain, experiencing that exalted exhilaration which a true cyclist feels when he is astride a perfect silent wheel spinning through the pure air of a peaceful country. Since midnight only one light followed him, but that hung on with great persistence. Dick for a moment thought of putting out his own lamp, waiting for his lone pursuer and pistoling him as he went by, but he reflected that, after all, this was a mean trick to play on a brother cyclist, for Dick was not without that feeling of fraternity which all genuine wheelmen possess. So, wishing to do as he would be done by, the merciful man dismounted, snipped asunder a strand of barbed wire that lined one side of the road, pulled out staples until a sufficient length of the wire was set free, drew it taut across the thoroughfare and tied the loose end of the wire to a stake on the opposite side of the highway.

Remounting, he journeyed on toward the north, animated with that comforting sense of satisfaction which comes to one who, at some trouble to himself, has placed innocent diversion in the monotonous pathway of a fellow-traveller. We should not live for ourselves alone.

Just as a neighbouring steeple struck the hour of one, Dick, glancing backward, saw the one light suddenly disappear.

"How appropriate that was!" mused Dick. "The hour and the man! Thank goodness, the telegraph has not yet been invented. The road to York is now clear, and I have nothing to attend to but the making of a record which will never be forgotten. Another good man gone!" he added, as he saw that the lamp behind him was not relit.

Daylight found him going strong, far to the north ; he first, the rest nowhere. He stopped at a wayside inn for breakfast, knowing it was a good hostelry, for the iron effigy of the three-winged wheel of the Cyclists' touring club was over the door.

"Are you a member of the C.T.C.?" asked the landlord.

"I am a member of no organization," replied the truthful Richard, "for I have just been resigning all night from the C.A.T.C.H."

After a good breakfast he proceeded merrily on his way, meeting many travellers, who gave him a cheerful "good morning." With none of them did he stop to converse, for the highway was too thronged to make a prolonged interview of financial advantage to him.

But at last he came to a lonely heath which the highroad bisected in a straight line, and about the centre of it, with no one else in sight for miles, he saw approaching him a young lady on a dainty wheel.

Richard sprang off and planted himself and his machine squarely across the thoroughfare.

The lady, thinking he wished to speak with her, which, indeed, was the case, slipped from her perch to the ground in that charmingly casual way in which some women dismount, seeming to suggest that she merely happens off.

"You wish to inquire the way, sir?" she asked in tones of exquisite sweetness.

"O, no, dear madame," replied Dick with one of his most correct bows, learned from his constant association with the aristocracy, whom he met incidentally on their travels, "I am, if I may be permitted to term myself so, an inspector of highways, and all roads lead—not to Rome in my case—but to profitable commerce. I must first apologize to you for not appearing in proper costume, a defect which I shall at once proceed to remedy," saying which he drew from his pocket a neatly fitting black silk mask, penetrated by two holes for the eyes, which he put over the upper part of his face, passing the strings to the back of his head and holding them there.

"Would you mind just tying these strings? a lady makes such a neat knot, and they are rather awkward for me to get at without a mirror."

"With pleasure," replied the girl, standing on tiptoe as she tied a dainty knot with deft fingers. "I should think it much handier to have the ends of the mask connected with a bit of elastic that you could slip over your head."

"I have often thought of it," assented the young man, "but I am rather a stickler for old-fashioned ways, and so I stick to the strings. I fear I am inclined to be conservative; I mix so much with the nobility, you know."

"Am I wrong in surmising that you are a highwayman? Perhaps the famous Mr. Turpin himself?"

"Quite right, madame; Dick Turpin, entirely at your service, at this moment accomplishing his celebrated ride to York, of which you have doubtless read, who hopes by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of that custom which it will always be his endeavour to deserve. I'm sorry I haven't a card with me, but I left town unexpectedly, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, rather in a hurry."

"How delightful!"

Dick drew forth a huge pistol, and with another low bow, said:

"But I am detaining you, madame. In the pleasures of social conversation let us not forget the realities of life. I must trouble you for your watch and any rings or other little trinkets that I can keep as a memento of this most charming meeting."

"I am so sorry," answered the girl, "but when I left home this morning I neglected to bring with me either watch or rings. One is so apt to break a watch if one has a fall, and rings are liable to be lost."

"They are indeed, madame, when I am on the road. Perhaps you have a purse? I shall be happy to relieve you of the care which it causes you."

After a good deal of searching about the folds of her dress, the young woman at last found her pocket and drew from it a purse which she handed to Dick, saying with a sigh:

"It contains £21."

"I accept it with as much gratitude, believe me, madame, as if it contained a thousand. The bicycle you ride I will leave with you, as I would not be found in the possession of such a machine at any price."

"Sir!" she cried, and for the first time during their colloquy there was a trace of indignation in her voice, "I would have you know that this is a 'Sweet Violet' machine, the very best in the market; the agent who sold it to me himself assured me of that."

"You should pay no attention to the ridiculous statements of interested parties. There is only one machine made in England, and that is the renowned 'White Wings,' made by a Coventry company (limited) of that name, formed last season, highly over-capitalized, by my respected fellow-worker, Howley. Alas, that I took to the road in-

stead of going into the company promoting business! Where I take a pound, he loots thousands; still I have the proud consciousness of being in the more honest line of trade. After all, a clear conscience is worth something."

"Is that a 'White Wings' you are riding?"

"It is, madame, and to its perfection I owe the pleasure of this privileged interview. Last night I outrode twelve Klondikes."

"I should have thought you would have gone in for a chainless safety," murmured the girl dreamily.

"What!" roared Dick, forgetting for the time that he stood in the presence of a lady, and for a moment losing his temper, "I thought you were a young person of some sense, even if you did ride a 'Sweet Violet,' but such an inconsiderate remark shows—"

"I am afraid, sir, you do not quite comprehend me. If you are caught you will be hung in chains, therefore I should suppose that you would prefer the luxury of a chainless life to the ignominy of a death in chains."

"Oh, ha ha!" laughed Dick. "I didn't see that. Very good, indeed. I must remember that joke and tell it to the boys in the club."

"It is a perfectly lovely machine that 'White Wings' of yours," the lady continued, regarding Dick's mount with entrancing eyes, while he stood aside from it and held it at arms'-length that she might the better admire its proportions. "I would get one for myself if they weren't so dear."

"O, the first cost of an article is nothing when you get just what you want. If the police are ever after you, you will not regret the initial expenditure."

"I would have you know," replied the young lady, drawing herself up proudly, "that I have no followers among the force."

"I wish I could say as much," said Turpin bitterly.

"What did you pay for your most excellent wheel?"

"This stood me in at £21; at least that's what the man from whom I took it said it cost."

"If I had that £21 you are taking care of for me I would go at once and invest it in a 'White Wings.'"

"Would you?" cried Dick with enthusiasm, for his weakest point was always his gallantry, and his next weakest his loyalty to his own make of wheel. "Then allow me to have the pleasure of handing back your money."

"Thank you kindly," said the girl sweetly, as she put her purse in her pocket. She sprang on her wheel, and cried over her shoulder, "I think those are two policeman approaching down the road; better not follow me, but do some scorching toward York."

Dick saw that he had already lost too much time, yet he stood there hesitating, wondering if after all he had not been befooled somehow. It was always thus with the tender-hearted man. His honesty was forever being taken advantage of by the unscrupulous of the opposite sex. He mounted his machine, and finished his journey to York, a poorer man by £21 than he had been at one point on the journey.

A SOCIETY MYSTERY.

By C. M. Keys.

THEY were a strangely-assorted yet a well-met pair. She was a woman at twenty-one, but all the freshness of her girlish days yet dwelt upon her as if the goddess Youth were loth to resign such a delightful kingdom. Her art was as the art of the débutante to look at, but beneath it lay the subtlety and power of a woman's soul. Her beauty was that indescribable charm that dwells often on features not of strictly classic perfection. Indeed, those had been found who declared they saw no beauty in her save her perfect eyes—but those wondrous eyes —such eyes as man sees once, and finds in other orbs but paleness and the vapid light of insincerity—were surely dower of beauty no charm of feature could surpass.

Her life had been a series of semi-platonic friendships with men who worshipped her, and in her soul the faculty of friendship had grown so strong that no room seemed left for love.

He was a clever and, men said, a fast and reckless youth, but in the eyes of women he was all that heart could wish. Brilliant betimes and strangely thoughtful in his conversation, fascinating and scrupulously polite in his manner and address, they could not rate him but a social lion, and yet his insincerity and callous indifference to result could not but debar him from that close intimacy and confidence that even cautious matrons extend betimes to him who, while in society, is not in soul of it. People said of him, "Charming, but—don't trust him," and straightway in his hands the maidens that he met would lay their hearts and sigh, and mothers then, seeing the harm could not be easily undone, would smile at him and give dances for their daughters—and so he stayed and prospered in his careless course.

Such was his life, but who could read the hidden depths of that interminable character?

She was of those who choose their own friendships. When he came and offered her, not love like all the rest, but only friendship's offerings she chose him first and placed him by himself. She flung him favours far beyond the rest for was he not sincere and honest, while they tendered fortunes and gave but farthings?

For many months it lasted and people wondered, and strange rumours flew and kind friends tried in vain to see through it all and when they failed gave gladly their little quota to the tales that Rumour sped. Still the thing grew, till even she began to wonder what it meant to her—for in his eyes the light changed not, and even she could read it not.

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One night it chanced that he was dining with a friend in a little curtained recess at one of the great restaurants of Boston. Into the next one came two fellow-clubmen of his own, and ordered wine and cigars and settled down to have a quiet chat. Almost the first word spoken wus his own name, and Bert Hardy laid his hand upon his comrade's shoulder, and glanced silence at him.

"I wonder," began Lawford, "what Hardy is at, anyway. He still comes clubward for his wine and cigars; he still is '*le beau Bert*' at the theatres; he still goes off on jaunts betimes to deuce knows where, so he can't be in love; so what the deuce is it? I'm stumped!"

"Well, for a clubman, you are green! Hardy in love—what a joke! Did you ever hear of Billy Loscombe? Well, you remember how he fell in love I suppose—*et voilà tout*," and Hardy

heard the puffing of a cigar just lighted, then there was silence for a moment and Lawford sighed as he answered :

"I suppose it must be that—but Bella Kirkland—who would ever have thought it ?"

"It is that, I tell you. I know Bert Hardy down to the ground. I know he has no more heart or conscience than the King of the Cannibal Isles. I know he broke Kate Simpson's heart two years ago—as fine a girl as ever turned a fellow's head—and left her lightly, without a qualm. Well, time will tell !"

"It must be so—but I like her, old man, and hate to stand by and watch it, and so do you."

"For heaven's sake, Harry, don't cross Hardy's path—for I like you, old man," replied the other mimicking his friend's tone—and then the subject changed.

Hardy signed to his friend and they left noiselessly and when they got outside he offered his hand and said : "Good-bye, Leffers, for good ! It's a damned lie !" and turned and walked away, and Leffers stood and muttered —"For Heaven's sake, Hardy !" and then went home and kept quiet, like a wise man.

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Bert Hardy walked and walked, and smoked and smoked for many an hour that night, and as he went his face grew harder and yet more beautiful till in the end he clenched his hands and swore a mighty oath that he would do it, though what the "it" was even the darkness heard not, for he spoke no other word.

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The next night Bella Kirkland was reclining lazily before her grate-fire, in that dreamy state of rest that comes betimes to those who worship at the social buffet—only thinking, and lost in the sweetness of her thoughts. Her maid came up to tell her that Mr. Hardy wished to know whether he could see her.

"Send him up, and say that I am out, Fanny," was the reply. Hardy came up into her little private sitting-room, and greeted her as he always did. He took a seat beside her, then fell silent, as was not his wont.

"What is it, Bertie—why so silent, pray ? You generally plunge head first into things when you come to me. What troubles you to-night?" She laid her soft hand lightly on his brow, as a mother soothes her infant—a touch of the exquisite womanliness that was her chiefest power.

He started back at the touch and answered, half ashamed, "Only a foolish novel I have been reading, Bella. It is strange it should worry me at all. So commonplace, too, I suppose, but yet it bothers me. Shall I tell you the story, little girl ?"

"Yes, please. Perhaps I can help you, if you will let me, Bertie."

"A simple story," he began in his usual soft and careless voice, "of a man scarcely out of his teens who met a girl once in the summer and, being by nature cursed with the love of flirting, started a flirtation with her. She was a perfect picture of loveliness such as one meets but once in all a lifetime, and her soul was the soul of one who had naught in her but pure womanliness. He pleased her first ; then love awoke, and ever in her eyes dwelt trouble battling with tenderness." Hardy spoke hurriedly as if it hurt him to speak of it all—"And in the end his heart went out to her and bowed and worshipped and the tale seemed told. Her home was far away in Louisiana, and when she left him it was as if his life were torn in two, and he went back to college for his final year as one who dreams and wakes not.

"The next summer he was back again in the north where his home was, but she came not and on a sudden even her letters ceased. When again he wrote and still no answer came, he in the madness of his pain was preparing to go south and look for her, for any thought save that of infidelity seemed truth.

"One day a letter came—from her

sister. He trembled as he opened it and then the white sheet fluttered slowly to the ground." Hardy's eyes were rivetted on the fire's heart and his hands, unnoticed, clenched the chair arms hard—"and then as if a dying man were gathering up his strength he straightened up and thrust the letter in his pocket and greeted his sister with a smile and happy word as she came running to him.

"'Daisy, dear, tell Jimmy not to bring the carriage—I am not going away—just yet.'

"Daisy hurried off in glad surprise and left him and his misery. Again he took the letter from his pocket and read the message:

"'I can give you nothing but the saddest news. Dorothy, our pet Dorothy, was killed by being thrown from Gipsy's back, a month ago, in Florida. Forgive my delay—I have been in a delirium of fever ever since, and mother, you know, knows nothing of the tie that bound you to her. Her last words, whispered in my ear, were for you and she died with your name on her lips. Farewell and comfort, my brother.' KATE.

"He left home a month after that and went to Boston and plunged into business and the pleasures of society, but hardness dwelt forever at his heart despite the mask of gaiety and careless levity. He lived fast and was accounted dangerous—but charming—in society." Poor Hardy hurried over his words as if he feared his power. "Many were the friendships that he formed and varied were the rôles he played.

"It chanced that he met one evening a girl with eyes such as once before he had met, and her he made a friend—such a friend as you are to me, Bella—and people wondered, for he was known as one whose friendship was deceit while she was noble in her woman's purity and grace.

"One night he heard her name used lightly with his own and memory cried aloud in pain as her eyes passed before him and he came to her, his friend, and told her all about it, and how the world, the great cruel world"—Hardy's eyes never left hers now and his words were slow and tender—"with its many-mouthed babblings called her foul because her hand clasped his in friendship. He told her how in broken-hearted sadness her friendship had been all in all to him—the mainstay of his shattered life, and rose and kissed her once and left her and went out in the great world alone—forever, as he only is alone who dwells in solitude of spirit in the midst of myriad crowds. 'Do you understand Bella?' he whispered hoarsely as he speaks, whose words are clogged with pain."

She looked up, startled, half seeing but not understanding till he bent over her and kissed her once, then turned away and passed the curtained door and turned not back. Then it all burst upon her and she shot to her feet and stretched her arms abroad and cried aloud, "Bertie, my Bertie, I care not what they say. I love you Bertie—oh—you—love—" and faintness and silence fell upon but he came back no more.

. . . .

Now of Bert Hardy, from that day to this no word has ever once been heard, for no one knew nor ever will know till the great books are opened what became of him other than this—that I who write am he, though a man of broken frame and hoary hair and dwelling far from Boston, and of different name. And thus before I die I write of him that was that all who knew him may know thus far of his story.

THE FUNCTIONS OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

By a Political Onlooker.

SOME attention may conveniently be given to the political, that is the popular, view of a Governor-General's functions, as opposed to the strictly constitutional aspects. Democracy modifies constitutions. If sufficiently virile and determined it may overturn the most cherished maxims. The constitutional writers protest in alarmed terms against an attack on a sacred dogma made by a truculent, perhaps an ignorant, Democracy. When the latter has won, the constitutional writers, recovering their composure, merely issue a new edition embodying the fresh precedent.

The Canadian Dominion, being an aggregation of lesser sovereignties controlled by a federal structure of large dimensions, is the chief British colony. It exercises wide powers, and the tendency is toward the enhancement of those powers. The Governor-General is himself governed by a code of rules. There is the Act of 1867, the terms of his commission, and any special instructions he may receive. There is also the lore of the constitution, expounded in many text-books, in countless despatches and state papers, and partly defined in the Imperial Regulations for the Colonial Service. If doubt should arise respecting the application of principles he has the newspapers. Fortified by all this wise guidance a Governor-General may perform his official functions with the cheerful confidence that, on any given occasion, he can invoke the aid of some at least of these numerous directors.

In his attitude toward his advisers on all Canadian questions he will know that there is one safe course: to abide by their counsel, or run the gauntlet of political hostility, of strictures in the press, of, perchance, dignified reproof from the Colonial Office in London. The popular view would be that a Governor at war with his Ministers on any exclusively domestic issue, must necessarily be wrong. He might, in such a case, receive the embarrassing approbation of the politicians out of office. This would only complete his discomfiture. In extreme instances, the power of dismissal and of finding new advisers might be contemplated, but hardly ever seriously entertained. No federal Ministry, with a majority, has been dismissed. Dismissal, as the result of a Parliamentary defeat or an appeal to the constituencies, is accepted with reluctance. The convulsion that would follow forcible ejection by a Governor is painful even to consider. His functions, therefore, in Canadian affairs may be regarded as definitely fixed for all time: to give his advisers cordial co-operation and support, regardless of party, and as long as they keep within the law to accept any advice they tender. To have feelings is the luxury of an individual. A Governor-General in his official capacity is well equipped without them. If, for example, he were to cherish a preference for wording the statutes in intelligible English what pangs he would needlessly create for himself! Toward all minor eccentricities of Parliaments and politicians a Governor, we may be sure, exhibits a wise toleration.

Of the eight Governors who have served in Canada since the foundation of the Dominion in 1867, Lord Dufferin had the most trying experience. During the terms of his immediate predecessors, Lord Monk and Lord Lisgar, no questions of prime importance between the Crown and the Executive arose. During that period there had been, in some degree, a coalition of parties. Materials had gradually been forming for a life-and-death struggle between the two old parties and in 1873, the year after Lord Dufferin's

arrival, the storm broke. He was violently assailed during 1873 for not dismissing his Ministers. Strong pressure was brought to bear upon him. In one or two public speeches, notably that at Halifax, and in his despatches to the Colonial Office he expounded in an admirable manner the wisdom of allowing Parliament, rather than the representative of the Crown, to be the judges of the Ministry. The Government resigned, anticipating a hostile verdict in the House of Commons, and a short period of peace ensued for the Governor. The threatened withdrawal of British Columbia from the Union again imposed a heavy burden upon Lord Dufferin. In this contest he proved once more the value to the country of a Governor, exercising the influence of Vice-regal authority, above party, and with British experience as a guide. It is doubtful if British Columbia could have been retained without Lord Dufferin's infinite tact and persuasive eloquence. Both questions were essentially connected with domestic politics. In the one case he was blamed for not employing his "reserved" power of dismissal. In the other he was greeted with acclamations for exercising functions that we would now deem an invasion of the duties of the Prime Minister. Thus inconsistent are popular judgments upon the actions of Governors-General.

But if public opinion—often capricious, usually ill-instructed—lacks consistency and foresight, there are two schools of thought with a fairly well-defined line of demarcation. One is prone to maintain the privileges and exalt the functions of the Governor-General. Associated usually with the Conservatives, although not in a strictly party sense, this doctrine is strengthened by the testimony of constitutional writers. They have studied intently the theory of the constitution. To them all the prerogatives of the Crown are none the less real because fallen into desuetude. In Canada, if public opinion is democratic and assertive of national independence in practice, it is respectful of a monarchy so illustrious and so powerful as ours. The Governor-General, representing the Crown, could rely upon a potent element for support if he preserved the dignity, while asserting the full privileges, of his office. Moderate men might shake their heads. But in a conflict moderate men are scarcely a factor. On the other hand, the Liberal school—again using a word in no strict party sense—would minimize the powers of a Governor. Both in England and here, and more especially here, the ultimate goal of the leaders is absolute self-government. They are loyal to the Crown, but not being the guardians of established usage, of historical prerogative, of all the trappings and suits of hereditary monarchy, their natural disposition is to curtail and not to enlarge the attributes and functions of the Governor.

It is when the Governor-General's position as an Imperial officer comes into question that the whole subject attains the condition of grave importance. In Canadian affairs, as I have said, the popular view is that he must abide by the advice of his Ministers. Whatever constitutional authorities may say, any other course would be mischievous. But as an Imperial representative matters may come before him upon which the advice of his council cannot finally determine the issue. At the present time this is of peculiar significance. It happens that enthusiasm for the British Empire is the dominant note in Canadian opinion. In politics it is considered necessary to be Imperial to be successful. This state of affairs cannot affect the truth of a constitutional theory in the smallest degree. But statesmen know that the personal popularity of the Queen and her family throughout the British Dominions is a vital force. Constitutional maxims, it is conceivable, might be set at naught by a strong ruler with the people behind him. "Nice customs," says Shakespeare, "bow to great kings." In other words, the power that creates the constitution can create precedents or set aside rules. So a Governor-General in Canada, the

people being willing, might claim and exercise very extensive powers with a view to the protection and development of the Imperial interests, even in times of peace. This is a delicate point. Where is the line to be drawn as between Imperial and Canadian affairs? In the making of treaties, in the control of fleets and armies, in the fulfilment of international obligations, our Governments have not full powers. We are not a nation. The phrase lends itself to declamatory eloquence, but it is not true. A wise Governor-General, with wise counsellors, keeps these considerations in the background. To deny them, however, to assert the contrary, is not statesmanship. From the popular standpoint, therefore, surely the functions of our Governors, acting as Imperial officers, are to conciliate, to smooth over difficulties, to reconcile any supposed conflict of interest or opinion, and if any should arise —which Heaven forfend—to act merely as the representative of the Crown, as the official intermediary between the Imperial authorities and the Canadian Executive, allowing them to carry on the controversy and not by any act or word of his to intensify the strain or add to the confusion.

Yet, when all is said and done, the Governor-General is undoubtedly an Imperial officer, and while it is his constitutional duty to give his confidence to his Canadia advisers, there must be occasions when he is responsible primarily to those who appointed him. As the guardian of the Imperial interests he may receive confidential despatches which he cannot, without express permission from the Secretary for the Colonies, show even to his Prime Minister. The answers would naturally be kept from his Cabinet. Mr. Blake, when Minister of Justice in 1876, secured the modification of the terms of the Governor-General's commission, enjoining that all his acts should be upon the advice of Ministers, "except in the rare instances in which, owing to the existence of substantial Imperial as distinguished from Canadian interests, it is considered that full freedom of action is not vested in the Canadian people." Here is a recognition of the supremacy of the Crown, ample for all purposes. As the command of the naval and land forces, both the Imperial forces and local militia, is vested in the Queen, the Governor-General represents her in this respect. The administration of the militia, however, is carried on through a responsible Minister and not by the Governor himself. The Imperial officer, who commands the militia, is subordinate to the civil power. In time of war, however, when Canada might be the theatre of hosilities provision exists for the control of all the forces being vested in the Governor. There is not much room for serious controversy in this situation. The limitations of Canadian authority in treaty-making hardly affect the Governor-General or his functions. To meet the Canadian feeling in this respect it is now customary to appoint Canadians on international commissions relating to the affairs of this country. In these and all other matters the tendency is to enlarge the colonial power, which is both a sagacious and a practicable policy, since the strength of the Empire consists not in the strain which the connection between its various parts will stand, but in the good-will and cordiality evoked by generous and friendly treatment.

Lord Dufferin, who exercised by common consent the most important functions that can fall to the lot of a Governor-General, discharged his duties, not so as to magnify his office but to strengthen the Imperial tie. He drew, for the benefit of those who are easily soothed, a modest and comical picture of his functions. He compared a constitutional Governor to "the humble functionary we see superintending the working of some complicated mass of steam-driven machinery, who simply walks about with a little tin vessel of oil in his hand, and who pours in a drop here and a drop there as occasion or the creaking of a joint may require." This seeming humility was a pleasing sacrifice to the gullibility

of the general public. All the proceedings and the speeches of this very brilliant man show the possibilities of the office when it is filled by a master of diplomacy. It is improbable that the Canadian electorate of to-day is any more competent to decide constitutional niceties than in 1876, since the advent of manhood franchise has merely added to the sum of our stupidity and a Canadian Governor-General may easily draw to himself a considerable share of influence if he appeals over the heads of the politicans to the people at large.

The newspaper press, which is superseding all other authorities, ecclesiastical, judicial and political by slow degrees, has not yet fixed the exact status of a Governor-General. So much depends upon whether the editor's party is in or out of office that we may have to wait long before it is finally determined for us by the press whether our Governors are menaces to public liberty, or merely amiable figures clothed in gorgeous uniforms.

ROBERT BARR AND LITERATURE IN CANADA.

By Walter James Brown.

MR. ROBERT BARR'S articles on Literature in Canada, as they appeared in the November and December issues of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, have called forth considerable adverse criticism. These articles are admittedly subject to revision and correction. One discovers in them a tendency to carelessness, said to be the habit of men who contribute "stories" on innumerable subjects to the daily papers. No doubt Mr. Barr would have made a deeper, wider and more lasting impression if he had been more careful in his statements; but we cannot afford to lose sight of the main purpose of his effort, together with all the truth stated and implied, simply because his illustrations are inaccurate and one or two of his comparisons are overdrawn. These defects, so apparent to his critics, have been artfully used to turn aside our attention from the statement of actual conditions. Although this statement is not perfectly clear, yet it was written for the purpose of making us think. If it does this the effort was not in vain.

Upon analysis, the articles seem to suggest that there were four main ideas in the author's mind. (1) Educated Canadians lack independence of thought, and Canada underestimates the value of things Canadian, particularly Canadian specialized ability. (2) The Canadian people are not great lovers of good literature if we judge by the quality and number of books they buy. (3) In view of the fact that young Canadian authors who are winning distinction have been forced to leave their native land to secure support, Canada does not exert itself to encourage the development of its literature. And (4) the Canadian public school systems are subject to radical improvement, especially in the matter of training our boys and girls to think and act with independence and to justly appreciate their native land. Mr. Barr's position may not be one with which we all agree, yet we ought to inquire most carefully into our conditions, and, if possible, ascertain their true status, and then, knowing the facts, look for avenues through which improvement may be expected.

The thoughtful observer, be he native or foreign born, often wonders why Canada with its wealth of natural resources, its excellent form of government, and its splendid people, has been so long in asserting itself. The country is far too contented with its snail pace, instead of marking each passing year with progress and achievement. As one stretches his

eye along the imaginary line which international law has designated the boundary between Canada and the United States, it is with difficulty that he understands why on one side of this line business should be active, great cities should spring up, and gigantic enterprises should be in successful operation ; on the other, a land as rich or richer, a people as intelligent and free, and opportunities as numerous, that business is tardy, the great cities are as yet dozing towns and sleeping villages, and mammoth undertakings when suggested are not even considered. He notes with Mr. Barr, that, "Canada from its position on the map, its hardy climate, its grand natural scenery, its dramatic and historic associations should be the Scotland of America"; but it is not, and he wonders why. It seems that our ancestors who built New France upon America's shores, established for us an unfortunate precedent. They transplanted the traditions of their fathers into a new soil and endeavoured to duplicate Old World conditions. The Scotch, Irish, English and German Canadians followed the example set. In nearly all cases the Old World customs were allowed to become the rule of faith and action. Even now in many sections of our country, the language, customs and religion of the settlers' ancestors are regarded of more significance than improvement in agriculture, mining, commerce and education. As a people we have not been progressive. Our greatest need is to assert ourselves, to grasp our opportunities quickly and zealously, and become expert in solving every-day problems. Canada is perhaps the richest land in natural resources in all the world, yet its meagre population is scattered and comparatively poor ; its form of government is the most flexible, most just and most zealous in its guardianship of the individual rights and liberties of man, yet the people have not multiplied, the world's oppressed have not heeded our solicitation, and the immigrant ships laden with the millions of Europe's restless and energetic surplus have not been sighted off our shores.

The intense conservatism which was the chief corner-stone in building New France, which proved a remunerative principle in the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company, which expressed itself in the Family Compact, and still asserted its power in the federation of the provinces, has not only permeated our industry and stayed the woodman's axe, the miner's drill and the farmer's plough, but it has filled the halls and libraries of our great seats of learning, and still insists that the Canadian youth shall spend the most impressionable years of his life turning the musty pages of antiquity.

In literature their ideas have a similar trend. A work is valued largely because of its age. If we were to listen to some of these patriarchs we would conclude that Milton was the last of the world's mighty intellects, and we ought to be sorry for him because he was born so late. One cannot help wondering where these men conceived the idea that literature is something which must be dead. The student of the philosophy of literature has a different conception. To him the literary work of each century indicates the intellectual progress and the rise in the scale of civilization made during the period. He understands very clearly that the literature of one age is not the literature of another, that the work of Homer is not to be measured by the same standard as the work of Shakespeare, that the literature of yesterday is not the literature of to-day. Students of the scriptures long ago discovered that there is order and progress written upon every page of the entire sixty-six volumes which we call the Bible. They discovered a harmony which indicated many writers but one Author, and a plan which revealed that the children of Abraham—of all peoples no doubt the most difficult to teach—were taught after many generations "to fear God and keep His commandments." When the proper time came

the Gentile nations were admitted to the school. This process of instruction is still going on. Psychologists have discovered that each individual man repeats in himself the struggles of the race; if he overcomes, the world is made better and civilization is advanced by virtue of his influence in behalf of right. In literature the same law holds. Homer lived and wrote to the race in its infancy. The child's life is the continual expression of the imagination, fairy tales are his chief delight. He peoples the houses, streets, fields, valleys and woodlands with the creations of his fancy. He interprets all natural phenomena in terms of persons and things. Just in such a manner Homer sang his song of the imagination, and the heroes of his ideal became the real heroes of the Greeks, and inspired that primitive people to make mighty strides toward civilization. Virgil copied Homer. He sang to the Romans, who caught the spirit of his theme and rose in majestic splendour to a high altitude of civil and military power. Then came the fall of the ancient empires, and the gradual assertion of the awakening West. After the "dark ages" the nations began once more to strive toward higher ideals. England, for example, passed through a series of evolutions, generation followed generation, through external and internal strife. As a nation her infancy was set hard with difficulties. Finally she emerged from the wars of childhood, and began to consider herself and the stuff of which she was made. A Shakespeare arose, and with a few strokes of his pen revealed, in panoramic view, to the people of his time, what a curious thing human nature is. He showed them the reasons for all the struggles which had dwarfed the conscience and sapped the nation of its vitality. In his Richard III. uncontrolled ambition knows not right or wrong, nor do the greatest barriers stay its greed. In Macbeth a guilty conscience does not cease to torture, its fires will not be quenched. In Hamlet, that "tragedy of thought" is illustrated the operations of a Divine Providence in human destiny. In King Lear man is seen in conflict with misfortune, and in Othello he is the victim of jealousy and treason. Each of Shakespeare's plays taught his age a specific lesson which has enabled the world since to judge more accurately and classify human nature more intelligently. England was centuries trying to overcome religious intolerance, and persecution followed upon persecution; but men found that force does not champion belief, and then "that mighty arc of song—the divine Milton," to whom "duty, 'stern daughter of the voice of God,' was ever paramount," lived and wrote to justify the ways of God to man, and to show how humanity may climb toward divinity. Wordsworth called the attention of his age to the resplendent beauty and charm of out-door life, and the riches of knowledge to be gained from nature as a teacher. Tennyson in his turn harmonized the work of his predecessors and then opened the secret chambers of the heart and laid bare the soul as it reveals itself in its struggles toward God.

Each period of the world's history, whether in England or elsewhere, has its distinct and characteristic literature. The literature of yesterday was abstract, to-day literature is concrete. We are not now so much concerned with the operations of the imagination in poetic fancy, or with the doctrinal theories of the theologians, or the hazy conceptions of the scientists as we are with the solution of the troublesome problems of our particular age. The study in which most men are now interested is the science of earning a living. The training which is most popular is that which assists men to strong and accurate thinking. The research which appeals to us is that made with a stern and practical purpose to give the worker justice. The religion men are longing for is the religion of Christ, not the theology of the schools, nor the classic fossilism of the churches, but the universal application of the law of love.

That which is literature to-day gathers the rays of light resulting from the experiences of the preceding centuries and focuses them upon the dark places of the earth, it concentrates the thought of the age upon the problems of how to reduce "man's inhumanity to man," which "makes countless thousands mourn," and throws a flood of sunshine upon the bitterness and toil which will reveal to us the final end and purpose of it all.

Canadians who think in the past and feel that their ideas must conform to those of another age cannot be independent in their thought, nor can they fully appreciate the literature of the present. It is high time that we as individuals and as a nation should break from our feet the fetters of the past. We should cease to bind our minds with the casings of antiquity, we should cut loose from prejudice, narrowness and provincialism, and become alive to the demands and opportunities of our country and our time.

As Canadians we should develop that kind of loyalty which will strengthen our valuation of all that may be found or produced in Canada, but we should at the same time avail ourselves of every opportunity and advantage offered by our proximity to the great and ambitious neighbouring republic. We should endeavour to keep more of our energetic young business and professional men within our borders, we should be kinder to our artists, musicians and authors and not compel them to seek elsewhere a home in order to make a living. We are even unkind to our own after we force them to abide under a different flag. A few weeks ago a high-class musical organization of Boston was offered at a very low price for one evening to a Toronto club. At a meeting of the club's executive committee the objection was raised that the organization was United States and the matter was then dropped. This is an example of extreme prejudice. The fact is, the leader of the musical organization and over half of the present members are Canadians, but they are under an United States name. It is a bitter pill, but we are forced to take it, that Canadian specialized ability in any line does not meet with general favour in Canada.

Mr. Barr's second point as to the quality and number of books our people read may not deserve the same kind of treatment as his first. It will doubtless be ascertained, if the matter were thoroughly examined, that on the whole Canadians read as much as any other nation under similar conditions. Seventy or seventy-five per cent of the population of the Dominion is engaged in agricultural pursuits. As a class they are not great readers, although among them will be found some of our ablest thinkers, best read and most scholarly men. A few years ago a farmer of average ability, a gentleman who had travelled a good deal and was supposed to possess a few accomplishments, came to visit the writer's father. While passing through the sitting-room one day, his eyes rested upon a small book-shelf which was built into the wall, in which the members of the family kept a few reference books and usually the books being read at the time. He looked them over and then turned to a member of the family present, with an expression which indicated that he thought those were all the books in the house, and said, "What a lot of books you have!" When he was informed that there were libraries in other sections of the house, he was astonished. Another case may be cited which illustrates a different state of things. During the past summer the writer became acquainted with a young lady who proved to be one of the best patrons of the city's libraries. Every other day she brought home an armful of books and returned them as soon. It was difficult to understand how she read so many volumes in a few hours. One day the following dialogue occurred :

"You seem to be an avidious reader. How do you manage to read so many books in so short a time? I usually spend days over a book of ordinary size, while you seem to finish it in one hour."

"You see our objects in reading are different. You read to cultivate your mind, I read to kill time. You read to increase your store of knowledge. With me it is different, all I want to know is, what a story is, who is the hero and who is the heroine, then—how it ends. I read every book that comes out."

In the first instance the gentleman had too few books, and in the last the young lady had too many. Librarians in our cities and towns tell us that comparatively few good books are called for, the people read mostly "trash." If we stop at a book store and ask for a strictly first-class work, we are told that the book will be secured if desired, but it is not kept in stock as few of that kind are ever called for. Our Sunday School libraries are ordinarily made up of books which give the attendants little or no trouble and owe their places on the shelves to the members of the committee having pronounced them "good books" written by well-meaning authors, on worthy themes, and published by reliable religious firms. Our public schools are without libraries, and those in the high schools and collegiate institutes are for reference only and in no way adequately meet the reading tastes and inclinations of the students. Even our college and university libraries are considered in most instances merely as adjuncts to the class-rooms, not as educational forces in themselves. The mastery of books seems to be a lost science. Only a few days ago a gentleman informed the writer that he was collecting a library. Inquiries were made regarding his plan, the books he had purchased, and those listed. Imagine the surprise when it was discovered that his idea of a library was a collection of books which would fill so much space on the shelves constructed by his generous carpenter. He had purchased complete sets in respectable bindings direct from the publishers, not a volume of which he had read or, so far as could be learned, intended to read. He is a collector of books, nothing more. The joys and struggles of the intellectual life are unknown to him. One cannot buy a private library in a day, or in a year, it is the garnering of a life-time. Each book is carefully selected and more carefully read. It is prized because of its particular association and for its contribution to the intellectual make-up of its possessor. If one walks into a gentleman's study and glances over the book-shelves he immediately finds himself face to face with the real life of his host. He knows who that gentleman's great friends are, therefore he knows his life. To read and think over great books means to commune with the greater minds within, and to tone one's own life accordingly. What shall be said then of the smallness of those minds which devour literary "trash," or only the newspapers, or still worse only a local newspaper? The reason our people as a whole are not great readers is because comparatively few of them have access to and are interested in good books. This is not altogether their fault, for little has so far been done to stir up any general interest in good literature, and educated people apparently feel no responsibility in the matter. Mr. Barr's criticism, instead of arousing indignation, should stimulate us to discover the truth regarding our condition.

As one takes his biographical dictionary from his library shelf, he feels confident that Mr. Barr must be mistaken regarding Canadian authors leaving their native land; but when he discovers that of the fifty Canadians mentioned the majority of those living are residents of either the United States or Great Britain, he admits that Mr. Barr knew his ground before he suggested that Canada might exert itself more fruitfully in behalf of its own literature.

In considering the fourth point, it will be found that the Canadian public school systems compare very favourably with the other school systems of the world, yet it would be unfortunate were they not subject to improvement. As the country increases in intelligence

and the laws of education become better understood these systems will gradually meet the practical needs of the boys and girls more completely, and will give them greater value for the time they spend at school.

The important work in educating a child begins in the home. Before a boy reaches the school age he should know the fundamental principles of moral law, he should be familiar with the striking characteristics of his national history and should be schooled in the elements of patriotism. This part of his education rests almost entirely with his mother. He learns from her lips the great truths of life, and something of the opportunities for service his future citizenship will offer. How shall he acquire these early impressions and lay this broad and necessary foundation if his mother does not know the principles governing child life? Each home should be its own Kindergarten. Something is wrong with our system when this special training is given to a select few, every girl should have all that is practical and worth knowing in it. We have been working heretofore on a mistaken premises. It is true our girls should learn literature, art and music; but most of their lives will call for a wide and accurate knowledge of nursing, child-training and home-making.

When the boy goes to school he is often at a disadvantage, no matter how beautiful his home may be, the school usually has the appearance of a workshop, the rooms are out of proportion, there is nothing to suggest the beautiful, if any pictures at all are upon the walls they are of a poor sort. The school building is usually a pile of masonry put up with little attempt at architectural beauty or design. Most school yards are devoid of ornamentation. All might have a few flowers, shrubs and trees. The yard might be enclosed with a hedge, and in most cases a small garden could easily be attached which would teach the children the nature of flowers and vegetables and interest them in their cultivation. The boy meets another difficulty in the person of his teacher. The child is expanding daily, each rising sun brings its flood of new impressions, and each hour is potent with influences which will in the aggregate make his character. His teacher often realizes, in some vague way, the importance of his work, but usually, if he is a young man, his interest in the school is only passive, his ambition is set upon some goal in the distance, he is not a teacher by choice or profession, the school room to him is only a stepping-stone to something beyond. The salary is so small he cannot afford to make this his life-work, so puts in his time without enthusiasm, and leaves at the first opportunity. Even ladies find the demands upon them excessive and leave the school room without a suggestion of regret. So the child becomes a boy, and the boy a man. He went to school it is true, he learned a few things inside the school room and over his books at home, but his real education was acquired out on the streets and in the fields. There he learned the practical things of life.

Our public school systems should lend themselves toward evolution in the direction of the practical. Why educate boys and girls away from the business of life? Some one must do the common, ordinary and necessary things—nothing is common or ordinary if done in the right spirit and with complete knowledge—why not all know how to do them and do them better? To be educated means more than passing through the grades of a public school, the forms of a high school, and the years of a university. It means a balanced and disciplined mind, developed senses and a facility in acquiring and utilizing knowledge. The public schools necessarily lay the foundations and give the impetus to future effort. They could render the children larger service by devoting more time to nature studies, and by taking the young scholars out into the fields, among the rocks, into the stone quarries, into public buildings, art galleries, and museums, and explain the objects of interest to them. Each school might

have a museum of its own containing articles of commerce, collections of birds and insects, specimens of rocks, Indian relics, grasses, weeds and flowers. Most of these could be collected by the scholars from year to year. The children should not be encouraged, much less forced to attempt so many subjects. The expert poultryman may find it a good plan to "cram" his fowls when he is fattening them for a special market; but information can not be given to young boys and girls in the same way expediently. The vast majority leave school before they are fourteen years of age, not because they are forced through circumstances to do so, nor because they are indifferent to education; but because there is no evident relationship between their school studies and the duties of this work-a-day world. This is the key to reform. Then the high schools should be twice as numerous and twice as full. They should build a practical structure upon the practical foundation. Manual training, agriculture, and domestic science, should have liberal treatment in every high school curriculum. Our ideas on education, like our books, need revision. Our theory that a boy should spend seven or eight years in the public school, four or five years in the high school, and four or more years at the university looks excellent on paper; but it is not just to the boy who leaves in either the first or second stage. It may be more just to the young man who has the money and inclination to spend four, five or more years after he leaves the university acquiring a professional education, and then is willing to wait for five or ten years longer before he can earn a living for himself.

Credit must be given to Mr. Barr for his courage in bringing these matters to the attention of the Canadian people. Public men are usually dubious about undertaking or even suggesting reform. He is correct in suggesting that many of our educated men lack independence of thought. Their opinions are based on precedent, precedent on conservatism, conservatism on tradition, and tradition on antiquity. He suggests that Canada does not recognize talent with any degree of appreciation. Ask the hundreds of ten-talent Canadians living abroad if this is true. He suggests again, that ordinary Canadians do not appreciate Canada. This cannot be ascertained exactly; but we venture to assert that nine out of ten of the young fellows who cross into Uncle Sam's dominions, like Peter of old, deny thrice, and with an oath that they ever knew Canada. They speak of the land of their birth not oftener than once in ten years, and their children are "red-hot" Americans. He is correct also in stating that we might buy more books of a better quality. We admit that newspapers in general, and local newspapers in particular are not the best possible food for the future Burns and Scott, who are growing up in our midst. A comprehensive travelling library system may meet the difficulty and take away this reproach. Mr. Barr is right when he claims that in order to have a Canadian literature we must have Canadian writers, we must keep them at home, we must encourage them by buying and reading their works; if we do this we shall need money to buy, and the inclination to read, a condition which depends upon the practical efficiency of our educational systems.

Canadians have reached that stage in their national history when it is necessary to do much hard thinking along many lines. Our fathers have been occupied in hewing down the forests, building roads and constructing the civil fabric upon which rests the safety, permanency and liberty of our people. Ours is a larger work and a greater task. The problems of race and religion; industry and commerce; transportation and communication; immigration and education—all these and more are awaiting solution. Canada needs less politics and more economics, less selfishness and more patriotism, less conservatism and more originality.

Current Events Abroad

by W. Sanford Evans

THE rebellion in Ashanti, in the hinterland of the Gold Coast, is evidently serious. Accurate news does not quickly reach the outer world, and so the exact facts are not known. It would seem, however, that the natives are besieging Sir Frederick Hodgson, the Governor, in Kumassi. It is reported also that the natives in Guman, a territory to the north-west of Ashanti, are in revolt, and that still other tribes are showing restlessness. The reason given for the uprising is the attempt of the British to secure possession of what is known as the "Golden Stool." This is a huge gold nugget which was acquired by the kings of Kumassi at the beginning of the century, and made the royal seat, and which has ever since been regarded by the natives as a sort of fetish which would ensure supremacy to its possessors. It has thus been a continual incentive to revolt. When King Prempeh was dispossessed by the British, the Golden Stool was carried off and secreted. Its hiding-place is said to have been revealed to Sir Frederick Hodgson, who sent a party to seize it, apparently without success. Whether or not he was needlessly going contrary to native susceptibilities cannot be determined without further information ; but it is probable that an uprising was threatened and he felt called upon to take some action. Two points should be noted. Guman is partly within the French sphere of influence, and the possibility of intrigues is suggested. The other point of interest is that the troops employed by the British are native troops drawn from the native Constabulary and from the West African Frontier Force. They are said to be fine soldiers.

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On May 14, Mr. Chamberlain introduced into the Imperial House of Commons "The Commonwealth of Australia Constitution Act," and the bill was read a first time. This bill was first drafted at the famous Sydney Convention in 1891, and it has been redrafted at subsequent conventions. It was twice submitted to a referendum and in its present form was sanctioned by a large majority in the Colonies applying for federation. It is the second bill of the kind to come before the Imperial Parliament, the first being the British North America Act. This fact suggests a comparison, which on other grounds also must be most interesting to Canadians. The Australians have not altogether approved of our constitution. They have drawn, perhaps, more largely from the constitutions of the United States and Switzerland than from ours, and have added some original provisions. Only a few features



THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.
—*Chicago News.*



"A HARD PULL, ISN'T IT, WILLIAM?"
—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

can be touched upon here. In the first place, they have taken some of their phraseology from the United States, and speak of a Commonwealth, States, and a House of Representatives, instead of a Dominion, Provinces and a House of Commons. Then their Senate is to be composed of six representatives from each State, no matter what its population, thus adopting the principle of the United States Constitution. The Swiss referendum is adopted for all constitutional amendments. After both Houses have considered such an amendment it is to be submitted to the people and a majority vote decides. It then goes to the Governor-General for his sanction. This is an important departure from the Canadian Constitution, under which an amendment must go to the British Parliament. The House of Representatives is to be composed of members elected from the different States in proportion to population, but no State is to have less than five. Senators are to be elected on exactly the same franchise, although not in proportion to population. A representative is elected for three years and a senator for six. In powers the two Houses are to be equal. A deadlock is guarded against by the provision that in case of a difference the measure may be introduced again within three months, and if the difference continues, both Houses may be dissolved. If the new Houses still differ they shall hold a joint session and settle the question by a majority vote. The British Cabinet system is to be preserved.



UNCLE SAM TO DEWEY: "BUT HOW DO I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T TRANSFER IT?"
—*Detroit News.*

As read a first time in the House of Commons, the bill was exactly as it had been voted upon by the people of Australia. The British Government had wanted it changed in some respects, but the delegates who were sent with it to England said they had no power to change it, and the Colonial premiers, when appealed to by Mr. Chamberlain, claimed that they also were without the power. The people had decided, not only upon the substance, but also upon the letter of it, and only by a referendum could an amendment be agreed upon. But the British Government would not accept it as it stood, and so the plan was adopted of introducing it in its original form, amending it before making it law, and taking the risk that it would be approved when submitted to a new referendum in Australia. Objection centred about Clause 74. This clause prohibited any appeal from the High Court of Australia to the Queen-in-

Council, in any matter involving the interpretation of the new constitution. Only two exceptions were provided for : the one, when the public interests of another part of Her Majesty's Dominions were involved ; and the other, allowing the Queen to exercise her prerogative to grant an appeal in certain classes of cases, subject to the right of the Parliament of Australia to limit these classes. This was regarded as stretching the formalties of Empire even to the breaking point. British sovereignty is still a real thing. To this clause Mr. Chamberlain practically confined his objections. There were other objectionable clauses, as, for example, that giving the Australian Parliament the power to make laws with respect to "external affairs," and to "the relations of the Commonwealth with the islands of the Pacific." But there would be danger in such matters only if the local Court had the power to interpret the Constitution. If an appeal should lie to an Imperial Court, any action contrary to Imperial interests might be prevented. It is for this reason that the fight is being made on Clause 74 The Liberals seem inclined to favour the passage of the bill just as drafted in Australia. The course of the measure will be watched with the greatest interest.



DANGER !—DON'T INTERFERE WITH AN ANIMAL AT MEALTIME.
—New York Tribune.

* *

This difference of opinion on the question of appeal gave an opportunity to the Imperial Government to propose the formation of an Improved Court of Appeal for the whole Empire. Appeals from the British Isles now go to a committee of the House of Lords, while appeals from other portions of the Empire go to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The membership of these committees is much the same, but the bodies are distinct. The Government propose to make one body of them, adding to the present membership a representative of Canada, South Africa, Australia and India. The colonial representatives would be made members of the Privy Council and life Peers, although their terms of office as judges would be seven years. The new Imperial Court of Appeal would be a committee of the House of Lords, the judicial functions of the Privy Council disappearing. This scheme has the one great recommendation of unifying the final interpretation of law for the whole Empire. There are other evident advantages from the Imperial standpoint. But may there not also be disadvantages? In some of its aspects the matter is too technical for discussion by any but experts, but it should be discussed. Canada



WHY THEY DO NOT INTERFERE !
—South African Review, Cape Town

will be affected, and it would be far from creditable to us if we did not fully acquaint ourselves with all that is involved, and, if necessary, let our voice be heard before the measure becomes law. We should ask, Why make the House of Lords the final Court instead of the Privy Council? The former is a committee of one of the Houses of Parliament; the latter embodies "the appellate jurisdiction of Her Majesty in Council." In practice the distinction may be of little importance. But should we not carefully watch anything that introduces a change, even in form, from the British Crown as the centre of the Empire to one of the Houses of Parliament? The English Liberals see objections from their point of view, and all that can here be done is to state the conviction that this is a matter Canadians should discuss.



OOM PAUL—"HI, THERE, TAKE THOSE KNOTS OUT OF YOUR TAIL, WILL YOU?"

ENGLAND—"HOW CAN I? YOU TIED THEM THERE YOURSELF."

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

On May 15, after seven months of as plucky and resourceful a defence as was ever made, Mafeking was relieved. The story of Baden-Powell and his men, and how they kept the flag of their country flying in that little frontier town, will be told while the world respects courage. The news of the relief caused unbounded satisfaction. There was something in the stand made by this little garrison that appealed more strongly to the imagination than any other event of the war. They continued to watch and fight and endure, day after day, week after week, month after month, never lapsing into carelessness and never weakening in determination. That they could, a few days before their release, outwit and confound their besiegers in the last desperate attack, shows the stuff they were made of. It is one thing to finish, and another to finish with a display of full powers. They fought for honour. The time had passed when their resistance could have any appreciable effect on the course of the war. It had ceased to be necessary to occupy the attention of a part of the enemy lest their concentration elsewhere should turn the scale; and Mafeking was never an important strategical point, like Ladysmith. The garrison was small and would not be worth any sacrifice for the sake of the increase in numbers it could bring to the British commander; and personal comfort would have been far better served by surrender. But they fought on because they would not yield. All honour to the defenders of Mafeking! And chief honour to the man who directed and enheartened them.

What shall be said of the man who planned their relief? Lord Roberts has proved himself a commander of genius. The relief of Mafeking is only one evidence of the manner in which he can accomplish results. He telegraphed Baden-Powell some weeks before to hold out until the 18th of May,

and on the 17th help arrived. The delay at Bloemfontein was fully justified. Vast preparations had to be made. A relief force could not get through to Mafeking until the Boer flank was turned at Fourteen Streams. Before General Hunter could accomplish this, General Methuen must threaten the Boer lines at some point near Boshof; and the whole operation depended upon the main army of the Boers being occupied by Lord Roberts' advance. This advance, again, depended on clearing the Boers out of the south-eastern part of the Free State. This last was effected by the rapid and skilful moving of three divisions. The Boers escaped northward, but their capture was evidently not seriously counted on, for all the plans had been made for an advance which must have been delayed by another Paardeberg. On May 1, Lord Roberts was on the move. General Hunter crossed the Vaal on May 4, and the relief force slipped round. Mafeking was, of course, not the chief objective of Lord Roberts' strategy, but it was an important object in as skilful a game of war as ever was played. On May 12 Lord Roberts entered Kroonstad, having marched nearly 130 miles in about 12 days. In his famous march on Candahar he covered 320 miles in 22 days, and brought in his men fresh and ready to fight; but he had only 10,000 men and took only such guns as could be carried on mules' backs, and had no transport waggons and fought no battles. On this greater march he had a vast army and heavy naval guns, and he was resisted wherever opportunity offered. All national anxiety about the war has disappeared. It is now only a question of time. With Buller moving up on the right and Hunter and Methuen sweeping both banks of the Vaal on the left, any very serious resistance to Lord Roberts' march to Pretoria seems impossible.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

THERE is reported to be an interesting discussion now developing between London and Ottawa. The Canadian Government has had experience with several Imperial officers as commandants of the Canadian militia, and the experience has not been pleasing to them. These military officers are not always willing to allow the Minister of Militia to have his way with regard to militia affairs, and they enforce a military discipline at headquarters which interferes with democratic government as we have it in Canada. Under these circumstances, the Canadian Government, it is said, is anxious to have a Canadian soldier as General Officer Commanding. The Imperial authorities and the Governor-General are apparently willing to accept Major Drummond, who was formerly secretary to His Excellency, having come out to Canada in that character. Major Drummond went to South Africa in a special capacity with the first Canadian Contingent. The Canadian Government does not seem anxious to accept this appointment. There may be two reasons for this: the one stated above, and a disinclination to accept every suggestion approved by the present Governor-General. Military men in Canada are awaiting the outcome of the correspondence with considerable interest.

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The disastrous fire in the twin cities of Hull and Ottawa, which rendered six thousand people homeless and destroyed twelve million dollars worth of property, has been the event of the month. A relief fund has been started, and the British public has had a chance to show its appreciation of colonial loyalty. The response has been most gratifying. Her Majesty contributed 500 guineas, and H.R.H.

the Prince of Wales, 250 guineas to the Fund started by the Lord Mayor of London at the suggestion of Mr. Chamberlain. This Mansion House Fund already amounts to about £25,000. The London Stock Exchange Fund amounts to about £7,000. The Earl of Derby, a former Governor-General, sent £1,000. Lord Aberdeen sent his sympathy. Glasgow contributed £2,000 in a few hours after the opening of a fund. Capetown subscribed the same amount in three days, despite the demands which war is making on the purses there. Premier Seddon, of New Zealand, cabled a colonial contribution of $25,000. The City of Liverpool sent £1,000. Mr. Chamberlain contributed 50 guineas. Detroit school children sent 706 pennies, and Oswego collected more than $1,000.

This partial list shows that the Imperial feeling of Canada is reciprocated throughout the Empire, and that the Anglo-Saxons of the United States consider us worthy of their practical friendship.

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At a recent meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of Toronto and Kingston, the committee on "Church Life and Work" inserted in its report a paragraph, which reads as follows :

> The Synod deeply deplores the growing political corruption of the times, and would solemnly warn all our people to maintain such a high tone of character as will raise them above all suspicion of political corruption ; and we would hope that such legislation may be enacted and applied as will effectually deal with every phase of bribery.

This is a subject which touches our social life and is a proper subject for the consideration and comment of our spiritual advisers. The political methods of this country are showing signs of a loose American morality which are not hopeful. The evil of political corruption is to be seen in our municipal, provincial and federal politics. It is an evil which arises from the exercise of democratic government by a partially uneducated people. This lack of education is more than a lack of a thorough school training. There is a lack of moral education. This our ministers and priests should supply, and should supply at once.

Perhaps the first people who require this education are the leaders and managers of the political parties, the men who collect and distribute party funds. If our leading clergymen could find out who these men are and endeavour to have them engage as party workers only those who are pledged against corruption, much good would be accomplished. The whole blame for the evil cannot be laid upon the poor man who accepts a five-dollar bill or a ton of coal for his vote.

The bonus system, the tax-exemption system and the spoils system are also responsible for political corruption. These might be mitigated by a continued agitation which would educate public opinion against them. These three systems are injuring our national life. Every person interested in good government and a righteous national life should denounce them and work against them.

We hear much of social reform. We hear it discussed in relation to the municipal and national life of other countries. We hear much of it in a theoretical sense. We should hear more of it in relation to Canada's national life, and from those who sit in the high places of our spiritual and educational institutions.

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We are a peculiar people. For years we have been complaining of the alien labour law of the United States which prevents Canadians going into the Republic under contract to do certain work. Some time ago, a Canadian who went into the United States to fill a position for which he had been engaged, was turned back by an alien labour law officer. There was an outcry in Canada. The Government's attention was drawn to the occurrence. The statesmen who control our political affairs remarked that they had expostulated with Washington, because it was understood that during the ne-

gotiations for a treaty between the two countries, there was an agreement that the alien labour laws of both countries should be dormant. The other day it was reported that some smart Unitedstateser had tried to steal our poor, innocent Doukhobors, for whom we have done so much. He had offered them work in California. When questioned about this in the House the other day, our Government, through the Hon. James Sutherland, stated that the Department of the Interior wrote the American agent at Pembina, U.S. A., that he ought to enforce the laws of his country and send back these aliens who were going in under contract. In other words, the offensive United States law which we have damned so often, is now our shield and buckler.

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The worst part of this incident is that it reveals another great failure in treaty-making. The Laurier Government acknowledges that the negotiations with the United States to settle the Alaskan boundary, the sealing dispute, the Fisheries Question, and all other international differences are broken off. This is a fair deduction from this alien labour law incident. The law was not to be enforced against us during the negotiations. Now we ask that it be enforced, showing that we acknowledge the negotiations are ended. It has thus been surely proven that the Liberals cannot secure more from Washington than the Conservatives. The latter made several brave attempts and failed ignominiously. The former have made one great attempt and the end of that attempt is not more glorious. The days of "looking to Washington" are ended. What shall we do next?

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Our friends in the republic have statesmanlike school-children even if their legislators and administrators cannot be accused of possessing such a virtue. The children of Philadelphia and New York, recognizing that the Cubans and Filipinos and Boers are fighting for their freedom with the hated Anglo-Saxon oppressor, decided to send a message of sympathy to President Kruger at Pretoria. They signed a long sheet of paper with several thousand names, hired a messenger boy and sent him off amid great rejoicing. This generous act shows what education is doing for the young in the United States.

And Canada is not behind. The children of Windsor, Ont., are getting up a similar message of sympathy to be sent to Aguinaldo. We cannot afford to be laggards in such grand and noble work. All honour to the children of Windsor, Ontario! Kruger would be a national hero in the United States, and, therefore, why not Aguinaldo in Canada? We are housing the Doukhobor, the Galician, the Pole, Dr. Barnardo's boys, and all the European outcast classes, why should we not offer an asylum to this hero of a thousand battles in the Philippines?

When we have offered Aguinaldo this, the world will know that there are at least two fool-nations on the North American continent.

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The position of each of the political parties with reference to Preferential Trade has been more clearly defined during the present session of the Dominion Parliament. The Minister of Finance, as the representative of the Liberal Party, has announced an increase in the preference in favour of British goods. The discount off the duties charged on importations from Great Britain has been increased from twenty-five to thirty-three-and-one-third per cent.

The Conservative Party do not wholly approve of this generous treatment. It has embodied its modified approval in a resolution moved by Sir Charles Tupper and worded as follows:

"That this House is of opinion that a system of mutual trade preference between Great Britain and Ireland and the colonies would certainly stimulate increased production in and commerce between these countries, and

would promote and maintain the unity of the Empire, and that no measure of preference that falls short of the complete realization should be considered as final or satisfactory."

This resolution was voted down in the House of Commons on a strictly party vote.

The Liberals apparently approve of the preference of one-third as a measure of free-trade. The Conservatives, being protectionists, would grant the preference only upon being given a like preference in the British market; they would reduce the protection in one direction, only when it is being increased in another. The Liberals are thus working toward their ideal of free-trade "as they have it in Great Britain"; the Conservatives are maintaining their position as upholders of a tariff for the protection of native industries. These are the positions occupied by the respective parties for more than a quarter of a century.

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When the Liberal party made its appeal to the country in 1896, it was stated that, if it was successful in being transferred from the Opposition to the Treasury side, Sir Wilfrid Laurier would fill his Cabinet with strong men. The Liberal party was successful. Sir Wilfrid kept his promise, and the men of the Laurier Government are of more than ordinary calibre.

The Montreal *Star* states that if Sir Charles Tupper is called upon to form a government after the next general election, he will select men of unimpeachable character. This is a very necessary statement. Sir Charles Tupper will never lead the Conservative party to victory unless he gives assurance that some of the members of the Cabinet of 1895-6 are not to be recalled. There were at least three men in that Cabinet whom the Canadian people will not tolerate. The sooner Sir Charles passes his word that these men will be kept in the back-ground, the better for the Conservative party. Sir Charles should beach his ship at once, and have these barnacles removed from the keel.

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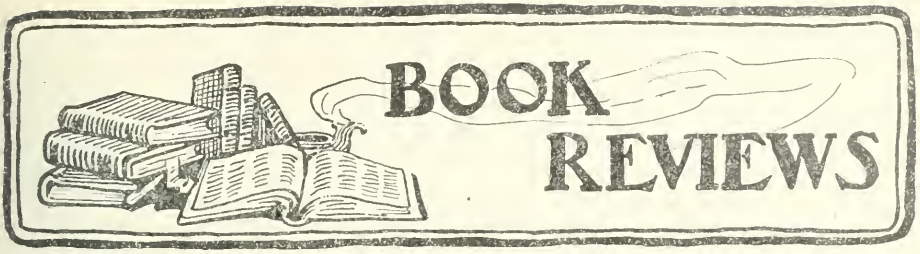
A prominent Conservative remarked the other day that the Conservative party had some chance of winning if it were not for its two chief newspaper organs. This statement is only partially true. In the back townships the intelligent voter is not yet prepared for fair and courteous argument, and there these organs are useful. In the cities, it is doubtful if they are valuable. The same accusation might be made against any strenuous advocate of one side of politics, whether an orator or a newspaper.

The attitude of the party newspaper has recently found naive expression in an editorial in the *Times*, of Greenwood, B.C. Mr. Joseph Martin, the new Premier of British Columbia, is a Liberal, and the *Times* is also Liberal. There is a provincial general election coming on, and the editor of the *Times* was undecided as to the direction of the wind. His experience, as told by himself, reads:

"Believing it to be to the interests of the country to do everything in its power towards securing the re-election of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the *Times*, like other newspapers supporting the Liberal party, was undecided regarding the proper course to pursue. The *Times* was willing to sacrifice its opinions regarding the wisdom of supporting Mr. Martin if such a course was considered by the leaders to be in the best interests of the party. Under the circumstances we sought the advice of those who were in close touch with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and they advised us that Martin was not wanted, and that he should be turned down if possible."

Such is politics in Canada. We have some thirteen hundred newspapers in this country, and not more than a score make any claim to be independent in political matters. In other respects, our press is worthy of much praise. But if in the political way, the blind shall lead the blind, shall they not both fall into the ditch?

John A. Cooper.



CURRENT FICTION.

THERE is still a lingering regret in some minds that Dr. Conan Doyle should have killed off Sherlock Holmes. The death of that incomparable detective has deprived them of the only personage in fiction or fact who could infer from the colour of a man's eyes how old his grandmother was, and to whom a torn piece of ribbon disclosed the whole character of its last owner. But Dr. Doyle has not lost the art of telling a good story, and he is able, without waste of words or a single faltering sentiment, to crowd into a brief tale a situation strong enough to form the groundwork for a long novel. His latest collection of thirteen stories* are devoted chiefly to war and sport. They are impressive and entertaining, every one of them, and the reader with a taste for the heroic will not be turned empty away. In "The Croxley Master" we see once more the author's skill in depicting a prize-fight. "The Three Correspondents" is a timely picture of "our own correspondent" on dangerous duty, while "The Lord of Chateau Noir" and "The Striped Chest" are ordinary horrors touched up by a talented hand. And there are others. Emphatically a man's book.

To classify Max Pemberton's latest novel† as a woman's book, however, would hardly be accurate, since it is a love story, and neither sex is free from a taste for that kind of tale. Feo is a romantic maiden in a prosaic age. An opera-singer, who supports a selfish old rascal of a father, she is parted from the man she loves, an Austrian prince. Driven away from Vienna to London by the machinations and threats of the Prince's family, Feo goes to Paris to keep an appointment with her lover. Her liberty and safety are threatened, and she escapes in a truly romantic way from the window of the house in which she is imprisoned. By the assistance of an Englishman who admires her, but who is willing to promote the happiness of the lovers, she is able to keep the appointment. The prince's father now appears on the scene, and the girl's sense of duty prompts her to release the prince from the engagement. At some length, for the author seems to imagine that the reader is skeptical, Feo justifies her resolution to give up love, wealth, position, and a life of ease. In what way can a writer of fiction reward such noble unselfishness and still leave the claims of romance satisfied? It would be cruel even to hint, but it must be said that if Austrian archdukes are so unmindful of the laws of conventionality as we find this one to be they have been much maligned, and there is hope for the happiness of the young princes, their sons.

The glamour which Mr. Stanley Weyman imparted to his romances of the days of Cardinal Richelieu is not to be found in his English stories, readable as these are. If Sophia* were a maiden of Old France, it would require little persuading to believe that the perils through which she passes to ultimate peace and happiness were real. But England in 1742 is sufficiently modern, and connected by so many

*The Green Flag. By A. Conan Doyle. Toronto: Morang & Co.

†Feo. By Max Pemberton. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

*Sophia. By Stanley J. Weyman. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

links with the times of our grandmothers that the spell which the author's art weaves for us is broken as soon as we have turned away from the book. But while reading the story, it must be confessed, one is well pleased with its vim and attractiveness. The Lady Betty, a flirt and hoyden combined, would under any circumstances and in any period be ripe for love-makings with adventurers, or elopements with strangers. From Sophia one expects more staid behaviour, and it is not until she happily escapes the clutches of the villain Hawksworth and falls into the chivalrous hands of Sir Hervey Coke that she gives evidence of those noble qualities that are, rightly or wrongly, associated with a well-trained English girl. To save her from shame and domestic misery, Sir Hervey offers her the protection of his name and home, while he promises to remain a friend and nothing more. In her desperation Sophia accepts these generous terms, but soon develops a fine passion for her husband whose studied coldness but fans the flame. In charge of the giddy Lady Betty she journeys from London into Sussex, and the alarms and dangers of the road, from which even two trustworthy men-servants fail to protect her, furnish a lively narrative when told by so experienced a writer as Mr. Weyman, to whom ferocious robbers and distressed damsels are but pawns in a game. We miss the political interest of "Shrewsbury," but the novel shows better work than "The Castle Inn," and ends with some pretty scenes between the scapegrace Sir Tom and Lady Betty. These are, in some respects, the most entertaining pages in the book.

ANDREW LANG ON SCOTLAND.

The first volume of Mr. Lang's new work* might appropriately be named a History of the People of Scotland. From the earliest periods, when documentary evidence is fragmentary and where it exists is obscure and faulty, the author evidently tries to recreate for the modern eye the conditions that prevailed in Scotland, and pictures with the skill of which he is a master, the social as well as the political state of the nation. This is, when all is said, a charming book, and its literary merits blind one to the defects that will no doubt be pointed out by competent judges. The author is learned and conscientious, and he writes with such evident enjoyment of his theme, with such a wealth of information, of tireless and seldom tiresome research, and of such poetic strength, that the reader is carried along by the sheer force of attraction. The history is brought down to the childhood of Mary Queen of Scots and the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and the author, in championing his own country against the long aggressions and usurpations of the English, is at all times a candid and even cynical critic of Scottish kings, clergy and nobles. He deems it necessary to explain that he has no animus against Knox or the early Reformers, which, indeed, any enlightened intelligence will admit, although we think he might have treated with less seriousness the brilliant theories of Froude, who ruthlessly sacrificed Scotland, as he did everyone and everything else, in order to make out Henry VIII. a great king and a valiant statesman. Mr. Lang draws upon his knowledge in a very delightful manner, and the narrative is full of little touches which a literary artist alone knows how to employ. At the close of a graphic description of Bannockburn, for instance, it is related: "Edward reached Dunbar, whence he took boat for Berwick. In his terror he vowed to build a college of Carmelites, students in theology. It is Oriel College today, with a Scot for Provost." To the book every student of Scottish history will turn with enjoyment.

*History of Scotland, Vol. I. By Andrew Lang. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

ENGLISH HUMOUR.

Max O'Rell, in speaking of Sydney Smith's charge that it took a surgical

operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head, remarked that this might be true of an English joke. But English humour is not so devoid of penetrating qualities as that. In Jerome K. Jerome's new book* there is abundance of wholesome mirth, never rollicking, it must be confessed, seldom startling you into a loud laugh, but at the same time pure, natural fun. There may be something in the occasional feeling of the reader that there should be more "go" in the book. Like Sir Fretful Plagiary's new play, it certainly lacks incident. Two married men, accompanied by a bachelor friend, determine to take a holiday on the continent. They wish to leave their wives behind, and their wives, as it turns out, are willing to be left behind. The subsequent adventures of the party are described with a great deal of drollery. The comments of the Englishman on German institutions and people are at times better than being merely funny: they show a shrewd knowledge of the distinguishing characteristics of two nations springing mainly from the same parent stock but divided in the course of centuries by so many different influences. If English humour, as reflected in the pages of Jerome K. Jerome, ever seems a trifle wearisome to readers on this continent, this is probably due to the effect of the hideous and grotesque exaggerations which pass for humour here and soon vitiate a healthy taste.

RAILWAY CONTROL.

There is an injurious habit, to which Canada and other new countries are prone, of rushing at complex problems relating to industrial and political life and trying to solve them off-hand. There is the railway question, for example, about which some newspapers clamour and some politicians protest. In a series of text books on economic issues of the present day, Mr. Hendrick has written a well-balanced and excellently condensed manual* upon the systems of railway control now in vogue in the principal countries of the world. No mention is made of Canada, probably because no information is easily got at by the foreign student relating to the governing of our railways. The only writer in Canada who seems to have bestowed time and labour upon the study of our railway conditions is Mr. J. S. Willison, the editor of the *Globe*, whose writings on the subject are not easily accessible. He has prepared more than one able paper upon the question. In Mr. Hendrick's pages we learn much that even persons ignorant of the whole railway problem would naturally suspect: that railways came suddenly into our civilization in the early years of the present century, that control by the state was never reduced to a science, that each country has been earning its own experience without the production of any definite principles upon which we may settle as a basis. As a brief compendium of facts this little volume is, therefore, of value. It touches upon a question only next in importance to that of our system of government and, whatever disappointed critics may say about the press or the politicians in their relations to railways, the matter is one which the people can settle for themselves with little difficulty. Let them learn first the elementary facts of the case in such books as this.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

Those who are interested in the subject of Russian literature will find material for reflection in a volume written for a series of short histories of literatures of the world. It is a convenient record of what, to the majority of Canadian readers, is comparatively unknown ground. The author, K. Waliszewski, relates with some skill† the development of Russian intellectualism. He is, no doubt, a profound

*Three Men on Wheels. By Jerome K. Jerome. London: Fisher Unwin. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

*Railway Control by Commissions. By Frank Hendrick. New York: Putnam's.

†A History of Russian Literature. By K. Waliszewski. London: Heinemann.

believer in the greatness of his native country and from the safe distance of Paris is able to write with considerable freedom of the direct relation between Russia's rule and the product of her literary workers. It is useful to know the exact results—from a Russian's standpoint—of the policies of Catherine II., of Peter the Great, of Nicholas and Alexander in encouraging or repressing literary talent. To be told, briefly, but with sufficient clearness, of the work of Pouchkin, Gogol, Bielinski, Tourgueniev, Tolstoi (these, no doubt, are the correct if not always the conventional spellings), and others, is an introduction at any rate to the whole subject. A chapter on contemporary writers, and the circumstances under which they are permitted to pursue their labours, is also of much present interest. But it is impossible in a paragraph or two to offer anything like an adequate opinion upon a national literature as bold, strenuous, and original as the Russian. The attraction which some Russian writers possess for English readers is probably stimulated by curiosity, by vigour of thought and style, and by the fact that the Russian intellect, awakened to the possibilities of life by the spread of modern civilization, turns naturally to human problems—to the truth of religion, to the errors of creed, to sex relations, in fact, to the very questions that engross thinkers everywhere, no matter what the stage of social progress may be. That the note of tragedy is prominent suggests that the literary men touch at many points the deep disappointments that Russian rule entails. If the masses are happy under despotism, their lives do not inspire the writers, and they themselves do not read others, do not produce their own poets and chroniclers to sing or record the "simple annals of the poor." If English readers are dissatisfied with the restraints which conventionality and the law impose on their own writers, they will dip into foreign writers who propound with more startling directness those new ideas which threaten to revolutionize so many accepted notions, and who depict with freedom what to some minds are the grosser aspects of life. There are, however, higher qualities in Russian literature which give it a place, and by these, it is charitable to suppose, modern taste is attracted. It was in 1834 that Bielinski, the Russian critic, applied to the existing situation this severe judgment: "Do we possess a literature? No, we have nothing but a book trade." It would not be true to-day, but one infers from M. Waliszewski that the outlook is not very promising. That might, at the moment, be said of other countries besides Russia.

HOW TO GET RICH.

If, as the press, the blue books and the politicians say, this country teems with mineral wealth, the young Canadian on the lookout for a "future"—and apt to look for it in the United States—will find a fine chance for him at home. Major Hamilton Merritt, now serving the Empire gallantly in South Africa, points a way. In short, he presses the button and you are expected to do the rest. He has, in a manual just published,* told us how every man may be his own prospector and mine-owner. It would appear——to the mere literary critic—that all you have to do is to slip into a proper outfit, put a sufficient sum of money and this manual in your pocket, and in a reasonable period of time bloom out into a capitalist. The author, recollect, does not say this. It is deduced, legitimately, from the pages of as practical and useful a little work as we have seen for a long time. All the operations required for testing gold and silver ores in the field, and which, to a city youth not trained to the science, seem as mysterious as milking a cow, are described tersely, clearly and from actual experience by this soldier, who is also a distinguished mining engineer. The book is very valuable in the present stage of mineral

*Field Testing for Gold and Silver. By W. Hamilton Merritt, F.G.S. London: Crosby, Lockwood & Son.

development in Canada, and will be appreciated accordingly by prospectors and miners, and by men who would like to be both.

HON. D. MILLS ON AFRICA.

It was expected that the Minister of Justice would write a thoughtful and trustworthy work on the British spheres of influence in Africa. He has done more; he has produced a narrative so clear and telling, so exhaustive without at all overburdening it with detail, that one is warranted in calling his new book* a fascinating one. Mr. Mills is in sympathy with his subject. His historical reviews of earlier events have all the charm of rapid, easy narrative, and there is at every point the firm touch of the man who knows his mind and expresses it with confidence. It is, he says, chiefly to the diplomatic view of British advances in Africa that he has turned his attention, and his aim has been "to enlist the opinion of my countrymen on the side of the Parent State, which is the side of justice and enlightened progress." The task is excellently done. His long and careful analysis of the British-Boer controversy is emphatically one of the best pieces of writing in the voluminous literature of this subject. It will open the eyes of many a Canadian who has been treading the mazes of interminable newspaper articles and the misleading tracts of special pleaders. The progress of British influence in Egypt, in East Africa and Rhodesia, on the West Coast and at the Cape is traced with an impartial air at once convincing and attractive. There has been a struggle between England, France and Germany for paramountcy in Africa. By British statesmen errors have been made, and they have several times been distinctly outwitted. Mr. Mills shows how and where with precision. If British policy involves—as some timid souls fear—a kind of over-lordship of the world, we do not find that in Africa our policy has been pushed forward with the craft and arrogance our enemies attribute to us. In truth, no better vindication could be found of the general fairness of the British course than in this story of the intermittent, often hap-hazard, way in which the flag has been hoisted over territories that are, from every point of view, the better for its being there. We trust that the Minister of Justice will be repaid for the research and intelligence that are displayed in these pages, and that his book will be read extensively in Canada.

*The English in Africa. By Hon. David Mills. Toronto: The Morang Co.

CRANMER.

A volume on the Protestant Reformation in England is never without claims upon the reader,* and Mr. Innes makes Cranmer the leading figure of his account of the movement. Not that the martyr-bishop was either the impulse of or the controlling mind in the Reformation, but he presided over the destinies of the Church of England when its ritual and doctrines were crystallized into very much the shapes they retain to-day, and his name is inseparable from the final victory of Protestantism in England. Cranmer, popular enough with the masses of the people in later days as the visible symbol of the national independence in religion, has been severely judged by Puritan, by Roman Catholic and by the High Church Anglican. Mr. Innes is by no means an apologist, and extenuates nothing in the wavering and indecision which appear to have marred the character of an otherwise able and disinterested reformer. He went too far for one party, not far enough for another, and he lived in times too cruel to be spared. The author also speaks with some moderation of the Reformation in England, and is not an out-and-out eulogist of all that was done in the name of that movement. He admits that in the absence of the report drawn up by Henry VIII's commissioners we cannot be positive of the internal condition of the monasteries, although there is no mistaking on which side Mr. Innes is ranged.

* Cranmer and the Reformation in England. By Arthur D. Innes, M.A. Toronto: Publishers' Syndicate.

IDLE MOMENTS

TEN MINUTES OF HAPPINESS.

HE was waiting on the main line platform of King's Cross for the next train to the North. He was a handsome fellow, fair in colouring, brown with exposure. As he paced up and down he was suddenly conscious of the steady and questioning regard of a pair of blue eyes, which looked shyly out from under long lashes, and did not turn away as they met his responsive glance. He dropped down on the seat beside his traps, the girl passed in front of him, turned, passed again, paused irresolutely, then stopped, and as he rose to his feet asked in a soft, sympathetic voice :

"Are you Mr. Brown?"

"I am."

"Mr. John Brown?"

"Commonly called Jack—I am."

"I'm Lizzie," said the girl simply, and to his delighted amazement she raised herself on tiptoe, and, lifting her face, kissed him with a sweet frankness that took away his breath.

"You didn't know me," she asserted, smiling and blushing ; then adding, "Tom told me I was to be sure to—to do it, you know."

"I'm most thankful to Tom, I'm sure."

"He said it would make you feel more at home, you know, not so strange with me. Do you feel strange with me?"

"Not at all, now, thank you. How did you know me?" asked the young man, as they sat down and he had a chance to study a young and very pretty face.

Lizzie smiled as she indicated the bag on the seat before them, clearly marked J.B., which letters were repeated on the dress-suit case.

"I thought it was you because you seemed to be waiting for someone, and you were so impatient, and when I saw the letters on the bag I was sure."

"Ah, yes—I see. How long have you been here?"

"I must have come a little while before you did, I suppose, and I waited in the ladies' room until I thought your train was in. I didn't know you at first, the photograph isn't good."

"Indeed, that's strange. You really don't think it good?"

"Oh, no," with a deep breath. "When did you shave?"

"I? This morning, of course."

"I mean, when did you shave off your beard?"

"My— Oh, yes, my beard! When was it, now? It must have been some time ago."

"You should have told Tom. I might have made a mistake."

"Well, you see, I didn't think of that. Of course, I should have told him. What is the not-good photograph like?"

"Don't you remember? You sent two—the group and the other."

"I didn't remember sending the group. Which photograph was it?"

"The one you had taken in Dundee."

"Oh, that accounts for its not being good. I never had a good picture taken in Dundee. But what did you expect me to look like? How am I different?"

"You are younger and taller, and—thinner, and —" She was now studying his face as closely as he had studied hers, but more innocently.

"And?" he repeated softly, bending down to her.

"Less like the dad, and—Oh, different altogether!"

"Worse altogether?"

"N—no, better altogether," blushing, but laughing frankly and sweetly. Then, as the silence grew strangely long, and the bold, handsome eyes still dwelt on hers, "Tom said we'd have

to wait an hour or two for the train."

"So long as that?" Jack Brown responded, giving himself an inward shake. "I'm afraid you'll be very tired. Shall we walk up and down the platform a bit? And tell me about Tom."

The girl looked away, a sudden shadow in her eyes. He noticed her hesitation.

"Tom. Well—never mind him; I think I'll prefer—Lizzie!"

She laughed a little sadly, but shook her head. "Not after you know me; and I'm afraid you'll be as disappointed as Tom is when you realize that I really cannot learn one thing about music."

"Why should I be disappointed?"

"You all love it so."

"Not I; I don't care a rap for music—and know less than I care."

"You!"—blue eyes full of surprise were raised to his—"I thought you had the best voice in the family."

"Is that saying much?"

"Signor Marelli wanted Tom to go on the operatic stage," said Lizzie, gravely, "and your voice——"

"Rubbish! I have better use for my voice than singing. I much prefer talking and—making—"

"Have you keard from home lately?" asked, Lizzie, with sudden haste.

"Home? N—no, I don't believe you would call it lately. Have you?"

"Tom had a letter written the day after you sailed."

"Sailed? Oh, yes, after I sailed. They were well?"

"Yes, thank you. Dad said the mother was a little blue, of course, but he was reading Shakespeare to her while she was knitting socks for all of you."

Jack looked ahead of him with a curious smile, wondering how the governor would read Shakespeare, and what sort of stockings his gay, handsome, frivolous mother would knit—especially if made to do them in the company of her husband. Who could this little creature be, with eyes like stars, high-held head, beautifully shaped feet—where did she live? What relation was this fellow Tom? What was his place in the mind of this pretty girl, walking demurely by his side, whose soft kiss still burned where she had left it, whose liquid tones touched new chords in his at that moment empty heart?

As her shyness wore off, Lizzie prattled on very charmingly, telling her artless story most unconsciously. He had soon learned that she hated her lonely home, which was fifteen miles from anywhere—that the business was a most alarming and unpleasant one—that he whom she ventured, with a swift upward glance, to call John, and at his hasty entreaty, Jack, though she assured him that she had supposed he hated the latter name, was to live in the same house with her. All the trains seemed to be late, and at last Lizzie was persuaded to take lunch. Jack noticed that, although the gloves she drew off were cotton, the hands were small and delicate, the wrists beautifully turned.

Time passed unheeded, as he quoted poetry and the "Dolly Dialogues," told her of new pictures and old books, watching her pretty colour come and go as he played upon her imagination with light and skilful hand, and drew her out on all subjects but Tom. They still sat at the table, the sunlight from above falling on Lizzie's bare head, and turning her dark hair to gold, when Jack Brown noticed that a short, heavy man who had been walking up and down the room for some time, had come closer to their table, his eyes fixed on the girl who was studying the light through a red wine glass she held up as she listened and laughed.

Suddenly, as the man stopped before them, she turned a careless glance on him, and, the colour leaving her face, sprang up with nervously clasped hands.

"Are you Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Tom Brown"? asked a cold, stern, distinctly dour Scotch voice, and a pair of equally cold, pale blue eyes fixed themselves relentlessly upon the terrified young face.

Lizzie caught at the table, gave one bewildered, reproachful, appealing glance at her companion, and then faltered a "Yes," unseasoned by the kiss which Tom had commanded.

"I am John Brown, your brother-in-law. I have been looking for you for half-an-hour. Tom wrote that you would be watching for me when my train came in. This gentleman?"

"Your namesake, Mr. Brown. I hope that we may find ourselves of kin. Your sister-in-law has been waiting for you for some time, and I have taken advantage"—the words once spoken, he would fain have recalled them—"of our common name to look after her while she was waiting." Jack spoke with quick courtesy, but there was no response; the gloomy eyes, after one disapproving stare, returned to fix themselves, with still more of disapproval, on Mrs. Tom Brown's guilty, blushing face.

"You had best be gathering yourself together, Lizzy, to be ready for the train; you will need the gentleman no more."

With trembling fingers Lizzie pinned her hat in place, took up the little cotton gloves and followed her new-found relative out of the room. An entering crowd separated them, and Jack sprang forward.

"Lizzie," he whispered, catching her arm and drawing her to him; then, as she turned her reproachful eyes upon him, he answered unspoken words, "No, I'm not sorry—not a bit! What do you take me for? Do you think that I would be without it for the world? One more, little girl, just one—for myself, now—not for a mistake. Quick, child, I tell you I will have it."

She shook her head feebly, but let him draw her very close, till the sound of a voice made her shiver.

"Are you afraid?" he asked, eagerly; "is the other a brute, too? Come with me, my little darling; say the word and I'll kick that fellow into—"

"Your train, Lizzie," said the inexorable voice. And her little romance was over."—*Up to Date.*

MIXED EMOTIONS.

TO illustrate the feeling of Ireland toward the predominant partner, an actor who has lately been touring tells the story of an old waiter in a Dublin hotel. "When are you going to get Home Rule in Ireland, John?" was the question. "See ye here, sorr," said the old man, "the only way we'll get Home Rule for ould Ireland will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an' maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give those blaygiards of English a rare good hiding. That's the only way we'll get Home Rule, annyway." Then, as he looked cautiously round, a twinkle of cunning and a smile of courtesy were added to his expression. "And the whole lot of 'em shoved together couldn't do it, he said." "Oh—it's the grand Navy we've got!"—*London Chronicle.*

SOME DIFFERENCES.

WOMEN are creatures of the emotions. They love the tear of sensibility, and they'll have it, if they have to marry a beggar to get it.

The woman who refuses to marry a man because he's poor, has found a good excuse to give herself for keeping away from one she does not love.

Men put women on a pedestal, but they set the pedestal in the mud.

The man who fears to ask a woman to share his honest poverty insults the woman he loves, and dishonours himself.

A man has everything to lose in marriage.

A woman has everything to gain.

A woman's friends hear of her marriage with a sigh of relief.

A man's friends learn of his wedding with a gasp of incredulity.—*Exchange.*



PHOTOGRAPH BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE HULL-OTTAWA FIRE FROM PARLIAMENT HILL.

THE

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THE HULL-OTTAWA FIRE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE FIRE AND AFTER.

By Franklin Gadsby, Press Gallery, Ottawa.

IT was about half-past ten of the morning of April 26th that a lamp upset in Antoine Kirouac's humble tinder-box dwelling over in Hull.

There was a big gale blowing from the northeast, and Antoine's house was in the midst of hundreds of others similarly inflammable. At eleven o'clock fifty dwellings had gone up in smoke, and the flames were striding forward with Gargantuan paces. The gentlemen who write about the Parliament at Ottawa sat in their cosy room in the House of Commons, and wondered nonchalantly whether they ought to send anything to their newspapers about it. Was it an ordinary Hull fire, or would it turn out a great conflagration? They contented themselves with telegraphing that a serious fire was in progress, and that if the wind did not abate the Eddy colony of factories would be destroyed.

At twelve o'clock the flames, following the yellow wall of timber and frame houses, had worked down to the river bank. Presently they leaped the river to the Ottawa side. Bronson's lumber yards were ablaze. The whole industrial district of the Chaudiere was threatened. Over in Hull the fire retraced its steps and licked up the Eddy factories. The gale was still piping and screeching with inexorable fury. A national calamity was imminent. Not only Hull, but Ottawa, was threatened with obliteration. From that time on, the newspaper men threw off their indifference, and kept the wires hot with panicky messages. It was hard for them to keep their feet on the



GUARDING HER HOUSEHOULD GOODS.



PHOTO. BY JARVIS. A STREET IN HULL AFTER THE FIRE.

ground when there was so much alarm in the air. At three o'clock in the afternoon one telegraph company went out of business, its offices and wires having been burnt. The other company doled out five-hundred-word despatches to the correspondents who were beset with demands from all over the world for "fire copy" and plenty of it.

The bare facts of the matter are that the fire blazed a crescent-shaped path five miles long and a mile wide, destroying in its journey the public buildings and the residential part of Hull, the industrial area of the Chaudiere, and the suburbs of the Ottawa labouring classes at Mechanicsburg, Rochesterville and Hintonburg. Fully fifteen thousand people were rendered homeless, and fifteen million dollars worth of property was annihilated. The relief fund for the homeless—most of whom have already left the public shelters—now approximates a million dollars. Insurance to the amount of $4,000,000 has been paid. Hull will be rebuilt on fire-proof lines, but in Ottawa the capitalistic interests were too strong, and lumber will be piled, as usual, where it pleases the millowner. The "yellow wall" of sawn deals is being reared once more. In spite of the disaster, in spite of well-meant advice, Ottawa shrugs its shoulder and continues in the same old ways. The lesson has not been burnt in. It is easy to conceive that the city council meets in the upper town of Ottawa, which is stone and brick built, and which, moreover, is safeguarded, because it lies on a natural bastion of rock, terminating at the western end of Sparks Street. At very few points can this rampart be escaladed, and the heart of the city may always be saved if fire companies are stationed at strategic places.

The most vivid picture of the fire, that lingers with me, is one seen at half-past seven in the evening from Parliament Hill. The shades of night are falling, and a glorious sunset flames behind the purple Laurentians. But Nature's splendour is eclipsed by the red hell that flares and flickers in the valley of the Ottawa. The erstwhile flourishing city of Hull seems to be utterly doomed. The fierce gale has swept the fire westward to the limits of the town. Now the fire of its own force and volition shoulders back



PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY. THE HULL POST OFFICE AND COURT HOUSE.

against the wind and eats up massive buildings like so much paper. I note one roof after another twinkle, glow and burst out in garish effulgence. The millions of feet of lumber all along the river banks are alight. The lurid, enfouldred smoke floats in dense plumes over Parliament Hill and the towers of the national buildings. Half the population of Ottawa is lined along the escarpment of the cliff, watching the spectacle. It is not often you have a chance to see a city burning at your feet. Nero is notorious, but Nero had not a vantage point like Parliament Hill. There are young girls in this throng who have watched all afternoon, and will watch far into the night, for the scene is terribly compelling in its fascination. Also there is a spice of danger. At any moment the fire may leap across the Ottawa to Lower Town, and once those tinder-dry dwellings feel the caress of the fire, there will be, as somebody at my side says, "hell to pay."

So much for Hull. The red glow in the south-west tells us that the cordon of fire is closing in on Ottawa. The firemen have been working like heroes. Only a bite and a sup since eleven o'clock in the morning. They have fought stubbornly, yielding inch by inch, never retreating until the flames scorched their heads or burnt their hose-lines. The police are doing their duty manfully, but the fire-line is hard to maintain against distracted men and women who see their little all going up in sparks and cracklings.

Darkness hovers over the whole city for the electric light works have been destroyed. There is nothing to divert the attention from the menacing grandeur of the conflagration. The river flows along black and sullen save where it is traversed by broad red shafts of light from burning deals or mill flumes. Only one building stands unsinged on Chaudiere Island, the iron-sheeted structure of the Ottawa carbide works. It looms up like a great unwieldy ghost. Over in Hull to-day the humble but devout people, as they saw the fire drawing ever nearer, hung sacred pictures on the door jambs to avert the wrath of *le bon Dieu*, or else they fled to the cathedral and prayed wildly for the flames to abate. Alas that prayers are not always answered! An hour later these suppliants were fleeing barefooted to the river. Oh, the pity of it!



PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY. HULL—THE EDDY CO.'S PAPER MILLS.

The weary mothers with babes at the breast and a queue of little children following. Little girls with their Sunday hats carefully preserved in bandboxes. Little boys with pet guinea pigs or rabbits, and one little fellow, not more than three years old, with a pair of red-topped boots with copper shields strung over his arm. All these homeless people stream through the streets of Ottawa and even the most worldly sighs at the thought of it. The unutterable misery of these poor people, stripped of all their chattels and their means of livelihood taken away touches our hearts most keenly. I met one poor Frenchman on Parliament Hill among the crowd of spectators. His house in Hull had been one of the first to go. He was gazing with strained eyes at the destruction of the city. He had lost all. But mostly he deplored that he had not saved a little souvenir of his dead child. "Ah," he moaned, "the locket of Marie with her picture in it! I shall not see it again." And so there is deep and tender sentiment in a rough mill-hand after all. He is much more than a mere clod.

At eleven o'clock at night I make another fire patrol, first through the Government Park. All the spectators have been turned out because it is after hours. The only men I meet are the brass-buttoned policemen keeping their vigil. Only the main entrance of the House of Commons is open. A cordon of police guards the national buildings and all strangers must show their business. The air ducts which open on the cliff of Parliament are rigidly sentinelled by militia. There are rumours—false, it is true, but nervous—that a Fenian plot is afoot, for the fire comes close on the heels of the Welland Canal outrage. Long lines of hose stretch out in all directions from the Parliament buildings. From the top landing of the Lovers' Walk the scene is superb. It is like looking on the Phlegrean fields or into the crater of an active volcano. Although it is a chilly night and top coats are grateful, the heat from the burning deals across the river is fierce enough to scorch my face. The situation has not much changed, save that the Hull cathedral which seemed doomed to destruction earlier in the evening, still stands intact and the flames are walking away from it. This looks like a



PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY. OTTAWA—THE MACKAY FLOUR MILL.

miracle and will be so regarded by the truly pious. Eddy's sulphite works, the most combustible area in Hull, is untouched, although the fire crackles and sputters just across the roadway. The fire brigade of the mill have toiled like demons. When the church people begin to canonize the miracle-workers they should not forget the men at the sulphite mill. The various colours of the fire are curiously contrasted. To the east it is a light yellow. The ground burnt over flickers a dull but angry red. The deals burn with a bright orange glow. The village of Hintonburg, away to the southwest, flames like some Gargantuan rose garden; a point farther south the fire takes on a pale white hue. It must be the atmospheric conditions that make the difference. I go as far along Rideau street as I can. This brings me to the edge of the natural bastion I have mentioned before. Below are the flats. It is a scene for Doré to paint and for Dante to write about. The reek of the pit in your nostrils, sidewalks torn up, telegraph poles and trees afire, sparks flying, flames hissing, a hopeless huddle of broken wires, hosereels clanging along, gaunt walls of gutted houses showing dimly through the smoke—everywhere confusion and terror.

It was the next afternoon that I made a survey of the ruins. The fire, be it remembered, has swept an area of five miles. Generally speaking, it follows the form of a crescent, beginning in a line with the ferry landing at Hull, bending westward along the curve of Main Street, swerving sharply into Bridge Street and the Eddy colony of factories, thence over the Chaudiere bridges to Chaudiere Island, onward to the mainland and across the westward flats of Ottawa clear to the gates of the Experimental Farm. It was this crescent I determined to negotiate, but it turned out a terrific task, and I gave it up readily enough when I reached the Ottawa shore. The trip, however, took me through the most picturesque part of the desolation. Landing on the quay at Hull I stepped over some very precarious planks to the shore. This brought me to the Eddy sulphite works and the Roman Catholic cathedral—the eastern limit of the fire, if we except a blaze which started in Gilmour's mill, a mile and a half down the river. The sulphite works



PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY.

OTTAWA—NO. 1 BRIDGE AND ELECTRIC POWER WORKS.

and the church are both doing business at the old stand, just as if nothing had happened. Also a quaint little undertaker's shop around the corner which advertises naively that its prices are the lowest and its hearses the most beautiful. The high fence which surrounds the sulphite works is singed; the telegraph poles are burned and a snarl of tangled wire sprawls over the road-



PHOTO. BY JARVIS.

OTTAWA—THE BURNED DISTRICT.

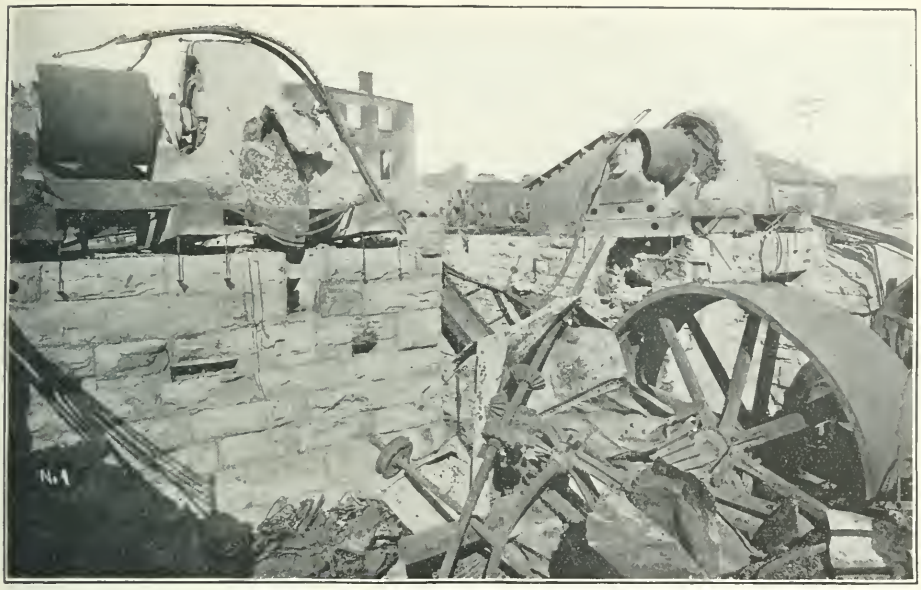


PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY. OTTAWA—THE ELECTRIC CO.'S POWER HOUSE.

way. Several piles of deals in the upper yard are charred at the ends, three Canadian Pacific freight cars, not twenty feet to the east, are perforated with the flames, the trams of the Wright cement works are burnt to the trucks, and the metals of the tramway ripple and writhe like the Ottawa in spate. The heat has been fierce enough to twist these iron rails like willow wands. All these things serve to show how valiantly the fire brigade of the sulphite works fought to ward off such a tremendous foe. There is no use following streets in an expedition like this. Streets may be faintly indicated by a litter of old stoves or charred bedding, but practically, Hull, from the ferry landing westward, is as bare as God made it, save and except for the ruins which mark where houses and proud public buildings once stood. There will be a deal of surveying to do before the town lots can be relocated. The chain and theodolite have their work cut out for them.

Plunging at once into the waste, the first thing to observe is that this hard Laurentian rock has been burned to the chalky hue and brittle consistency of the lime they made in the kilns of the Wright cement works. Take your cane and tap the mother rock. It splinters under the ferrule. Here we



A SEA OF FIRE.



DRIVEN FROM HOME.
(From an amateur photo. by E. A. McNeill.)

are amidst the relics of a thousand homes, the small pitiable chattels of the humble poor. Awhile ago there were trees and verdure surrounding these thrifty cottages. Now everything has disappeared, and Mother Earth shows only her hard, stony skeleton, unfleshed and indurate. A few steps the other way through red ashes and smouldering rubble, and we come upon the remains of the Wright cement works. The red brick-kilns, round shaped like Martello towers, stand straight and strong, but the stone buildings which clustered about them have vanished as if they never were. It is noticeable, indeed, all through Hull that the factory chimneys of brick withstood the ordeal, while the factory buildings of stone succumbed. This must mean either that brick is better than stone to endure fire or that being more stoutly built and more firmly laid they do not disintegrate so easily.

From where I stand I can see the ruins of the post office, four gaunt stone walls and a gaping loophole where once was the city clock. The town hall is gutted and tottering. The Palais de Justice is dismantled as far as the justice end of the establishment is concerned, but the jail and the prison walls are almost unsinged. The prison wall is a splendid piece of masonry, and the coping stone is as white as if it had not been in the very midst of a seething furnace. Perhaps it was one of the whims of the fire to pass the jail by and to destroy the place that keeps the jail full.

Here is the mutilated bulk of the little Anglican church, the façade of the belfry still sharply outlined against the sky. Over there is the eviscerated shell of the Wright mansion. The garden wall is unharmed. Down there is a ragged huddle of buildings, the Eddy factories, the match works, paper and pulp mills, pail and tub department, all gone up in smoke, nothing to show for millions of dollars except a few tottering walls and a jumble of helpless machinery! Coming a little nearer, I find dynamos and turbines, pistons, cylinders, all tumbled together, all their strength which depended on steam and electricity gone from them, and two little water wheels which take their impulse from a tail race of the Chaudiere, clacking away as busily as a couple of old gossips over the back-yard gate! In such ways does honest, unassuming Nature take vengeance on the elaborate engines of human art!

It is the "big North slide" which I follow to the Eddy factories through the reek and smoke of the smouldering ashes. The big North slide has a strange, unfamiliar look, stripped of its flumes, weirs, dams and other artificial checks and channels. We have a chance to see the naked gorge and the laminated Laurentian cliffs on each side. There is little water in the channel; it has been dammed somewhere above, but its absence only serves to make the scene more rugged and terrible. From the cliff crest to the scanty stream that dribbles into the turbulent Ottawa it is eighty feet. There was a wooden bridge here over which ran a

railway track. The bridge has dropped into the water and the severed rails are twisted into the weirdest convolutions. Just here is a Frenchman raking in the ashes of his home. He is anxious to talk and I have nothing better to do than to listen. "I have lost," he said, "nine hundred dollar. It was my all. I save not even the stove pipe, though I put him in water. Also I lose twenty-four bottle of the good white wine." He pointed sadly to a heap of shattered glass. "Well," he went on, "I spend all night at the bottom of the cliff. The fire come over me. It was hot—ver' hot. I see the bridge fall. By God, I was afraid."

Further on is another ratepayer of Hull looking over his prospects. "I have left," he remarked musingly, "the two town lot, the t'ousand dollar insurance and the mortgage. I wish to God they burn the mortgage. But the vault was too strong. Why should that be, tell me, when the prothonotary's, the sheriff's, the city clerk's vaults all crumbled up like so much paper? But here is the vault with my mortgage as snug as a cupboard."

At last we come to Bridge street and the Eddy ruins. The scene is lamentable—frayed wires, broken wheels, huge iron hulks—once costly machinery, wrecked steam tubes, detached dynamos, twisted trestles, and right in the midst of it the Eddy fire engine, stove in by a fallen telegraph pole. The "devil's pot," as they call a certain conjuncture of discharging flumes, is boiling fiercely. The Chaudiere doesn't shut up shop, but there are no wheels to turn and no factories to utilize its tremendous powers.

Over the Chaudiere bridge we go—it is unscathed—and now we are on Chaudiere Island amidst the ruins of the McKay flour mills, the electric light works, and the Booth saw mills and lumber yard. The fire has made a clean sweep of the Booth lumber, the Booth houses, built for his employes, and even the palatial home of the great captain of industry himself, but the saw mills are safe and streams of water from Mr. Booth's own pumping house are playing on a great heap of burning coal by the roadside.

Between us and the mainland is a shapeless raffle of steel girders and stringers, once a bridge. Over these we fare, our hearts in our mouths, and we are back in Ottawa once more. Here the ruthless march of the fire around the city is open to our eye. There are many people gathering nails from the ruins. Why? we ask. Oh, they are very good nails—they have been through the fire—what you call tempered. We shall use them to build new houses. Such is the indomitable Canadian spirit.

The fire has a grim humour of its own. We notice everything consumed right up to the wall of a saloon on Duke street. It has never a blister. To-day it is coining money, for fire needs much liquid to drench it. Across the road is another groggery. At least it was there once. Now nothing is left but the license. This seems unfair. But what would you? Here is a solid stone shop burnt to the pavement, and a miserable little wooden smithy, cheek by jowl with it, bears not a scar. Here is a flimsy little shack unmarred—it has gone through four fires—and not a hundred feet away two splendid stone residences are so many heaps of rubble.

Many uproarious stories are afloat of burned whiskers and singed hair. Also there is one of a lady who weighed nearly three hundred pounds. Her husband could find nothing better than a cart in which to move her from danger. He started off jauntily up a steep hill, but the tail board came loose and the lady rolled out and down. "Stop her! stop her!" shouted the anxious husband. "Oh, no, let her slide!" came a voice from the crowd, "there are plenty more. You can get a lighter one next time."

The church of St. Jean Baptiste sits proudly on a hill. Behind this the fire did not prevail, though it strove hard to escalade. Let us thank Heaven for the hills and the everlasting girdle of rock, for it was these saved Ottawa.



KOOTENAY INDIANS, ST. EUGÈNE VILLAGE, NEAR FORT STEELE, B.C.

THE PAGAN INDIANS OF CANADA.

By Marshall Owen Scott, Press Gallery, Ottawa.

THE painted red men of the prairies and forests we still have with us. In the Sun Dance, the Potlatch and other pagan practices,—the war-whoop is heard, and the tomahawk and scalping-knife flash in the light. The revolting savagery of the Wehndigo[1] has not yet been completely stamped out, and the horrible feastings of the Hamatas[2] have not entirely ceased.

But civilization is winning its way. The best strains of Indian blood are sending in their young to be educated in ever-growing numbers. The most de-

[1] Report of Deputy Superintendent, Department of Indian Affairs, December 31, 1899, page xxix.:

"The Indians as a class are law-abiding in a marked degree, and serious crime is rare among them. In the course of the year some few of their number were charged with having taken human life. One case was the deliberate and apparently unprovoked murder of an inoffensive settler at Kamloops. The other cases were of a widely different character, and occurred among Indians far removed from civilizing influences, and the taking of life was prompted by motives of self-preservation and sanctioned by established tribal usage.

[2] The Indians put to death were what the Wood Crees call 'Wehndigos,' that is, possessed of an insane desire to kill and eat the flesh of their victims, and such cases are by no means uncommon among them. The lust to kill would not apparently differ materially from the homicidal mania which occasionally seizes upon members of any community, and the explanation of the peculiar and revolting cannibal accompaniment will no doubt be found in the direction given by insanity to the impulses of people in whose lives the main occupation and all-absorbing interest is killing in order to eat, and with whom the ideas of killing and eating are consequently inseparably connected."

based of the old pagans of inferior blood are dying out faster than men of good race who wish to improve themselves and those who are to come after them. In many tribes where paganism overwhelmingly predominates, many degrading features of their rites are being modified. Morality among the women in tribes where chastity was comparatively unknown, is increasing. There are red men to-day who, under civilized teaching, build houses and own lots, or have bank accounts in the cities of the pale-face. The wigwam and the log-cabin are seen side by side.

In the same villages are Sun Dances and the worship of the Most High. Where paganism is supreme there is sloth and foul things unspeakable. Where the prayer of the pale-face is heard, intelligence, thrift and progress



ARRIVALS AT FAIRFORD, MAN., FOR ANNUITY PAYMENTS.

appear. Tens of thousands of red men who have given up paganism for civilization, are raising cattle and grain,

[2] Trial of George Hunt, at Vancouver, B.C., (reported April 27, 1900) for taking part in an Indian potlatch, and assisting other Hamatas to carve and eat a human body:—"Vancouver, April 27.—George Hunt was tried before Justice McColl and Judge Bole, charged with taking part in an Indian celebration or potlatch, and mutilating and eating parts of a dead body. These celebrations are contrary to Section 114 of the Criminal Code. To Cop, an Indian of the To-Nak-Lak tribe, said he was at a Hamata dance, at Alert Bay, on February the 17th, and saw Hunt there. He said that a Hamata was one who dances and eats a human body. At Alert Bay, a Hamata bit a boy and two men. He cut strips of flesh from a living boy's arm with a razor, and then went out and came back with a human body. Hunt, who had been there all day, got a red cedar turban like the rest of the Hamatas wore, and danced round and round the house, singing in Indian, and then carved the body up and gave it to the dancers. They ate up all the flesh, and the bones were wrapped in a blanket and taken away. When the eating was finished, prisoner stood up and advised the people to say nothing about it, as it was a serious affair."

and industriously lifting themselves from the depths, in the same communities as pagans who, naked, painted and feathered, perform the dances and observe the rites of the savages of the plains and forests who were their forefathers.

Counting the avowed pagans of Canada, together with the red men who profess no religious belief, and are undoubtedly pagans too, they are found by the last official numbering to aggregate a fraction under thirty per cent. of the entire Indian population of Canada, some thirty pagans out of every hundred Indians.[3] Thirty pagans, against seventy souls professing some sort of religious belief may seem a large proportion, but the tide is turning, and the missionaries, the Mounted Police, aud the advancing waves of progress, with the help of Section 114 of the Criminal Code of Canada, which forbids and punishes certain pagan rites, are gaining. In a few years, at the present rate of progress, there will be comparatively few left to perform the pagan dances but the wrinkled, toothless and tottering old savages with one foot in the grave.

It has taken three hundred years, very nearly, to smash the pagan predominance and set up in its place, to the extent witnessed to-day, the worship of the Lord of heaven and earth, and the belief in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind.



AFTER ANNUITY PAYMENTS, TRADER'S TENT, LAKE MANITOBA RESERVE.

On the third day of October, 1535, Jacques Cartier, with some Indians who had brought him up from Tadousac, on the Lower St. Lawrence, to the Indian settlement of Hochelaga, made the ascension of the mountain that rises north of the present city of Montreal, to survey the surrounding

[3] Department of Indian Affairs, Annual Report for 1899, page 499. See "Pagans," and "Unknown."



FINISH OF A CANOE RACE, PENELAKUT, KUPER ISLAND, B.C.



FINISH OF BOAT SAILING RACES, PENELAKUT, KUPER ISLAND, B.C.



INDIAN PLACER MINERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE MINES NEAR GLADWIN, B.C.

country. As far as his eye reached, east, west, north and south, stretched the forest primeval, with a dancing, endless expanse of foliage in all the glory of its autumnal splendour,—bounded on the far north by the Laurentides, on the west by the setting sun ; to the south and east by the broad, sparkling St. Lawrence, at the foot of the mountain, with another great river, the Outouais (now the Ottawa) coming down into it from the northwest. Except for the blue smoke of the fires of a Huron-Iroquois settlement, there was not a sign of human life to be seen in all that vast region. Quarter of a century before, the fierce Algonkins, holding the country north of the Outouais, had scalped and tomahawked, and with flames and horrors of savage warfare, driven the Iroquois before them out of all that country, and on the south shore of the St. Lawrence the war-whoop of the Iroquois brave has never since been heard. The Algonkins went back in triumph to their wigwams with the scalps of their foes at their belts.

Cartier was there, not to save souls, but to find the high road to China and Japan, not to Christianize pagans, but to discover the fabulous kingdom of the Saguenay, with its imagined gold and silver and precious stones.[4] He had not penetrated the wilderness to hew a road for missionaries. That was to come later, when in 1603, Champlain with his Indians from the Lower St. Lawrence, pioneered the path that the servants of the Most High might follow. In 1615, Champlain painfully forced his way through forests and rapids, and around cascades, foot by foot, up the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, by Mattawin and Lake Nipissing, to the west, till he found the Huron nation. Then he rested. With him were twelve Frenchmen, ten Indians, and the Recollet Father Joseph Le Caron.

Red with the blood of savage and pale-face were the years that followed. Champlain's Indian alliances forced him to fight with the Hurons in their invasion of the Iroquois country, (1615) the Mohawk branch of the Iroquois having previously ravaged the region of the Algonkins between Quebec and Montreal on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The Iroquois league at that time included the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onandagas, Cayugas, Senecas and Delawares. Afterwards the Tuscaroras joined the league, and the five-nations confederation became the six-nations league. The confederacy, thus strengthened, formed plans to attack and subjugate all lesser tribes and force the captives to go with them on the war-path, to finally establish the supremacy of the red men over the pale-faces. The Dutch and English colonies were firmly established to the south-east of them, and the French to the north. he league occupied the vast forest areas between Vaudreuil and Kingston on the south side of the St. Lawrence. Whilst the Iroquois defeated some of the nearest tribes, other red-skin bands were fiercely exterminating each other. The bloodshed continued until 1644, when the French with their allies entered into a treaty of peace with the Iroquois ; but in 1646 the Iroquois again sounded the war cry, raised the hatchet, and attacked the French settlements and the Hurons, pillaging, killing and burning, until in 1650 all Upper Canada was practically the hunting ground of the confederacy. Thenceforth, until the victory of Wolfe at Quebec in 1759, the Iroquois proved a veritable thorn in the side to the French. After the final occupation of Canada by the British, the Indians were gradually settled in military reservations, and the savage wars of the red men ceased, it is to be hoped, forever.

From the arrival of the first French missionary, in 1615, to the acquisition of Canada by Great Britain in 1763, the Roman Catholic fathers had the field among the friendly savages to themselves. The British took hold of the government of the country, and Protestant missionaries began to appear. Results are shown, in the

[4] Sulte's "Valley of the Grand River," Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, 1898, section ii, page 108.

religious census of the Indians for 1899, just published by the Department of Indian Affairs, two hundred and eighty-four years after the advent of Père Joseph Le Caron, namely: Roman Catholic Indians, 39,784; Anglicans, 16,362; Methodists, 10,757; Presbyterians, 1,367; Baptists, 922; Congregationalists, 72; professing other forms of Christian belief, 460; pagans, 15,-147; religion unknown, (pagans, of course), 14,100. In almost every official report of Indian agents, found in the blue book for the past year, the pagans are shown to be usually ignorant, indifferent and lazy; the Christians intelligent, willing to learn, industrious and hopeful.

Before dipping into the story of the past year among the red men of Canada, it may be useful, in order to compare present conditions with those prevailing in former years, to quote from an account given by Captain John Smith, of the United Presbyterian Mission, in 1874, of Dalles Mission,[5] after the Indians had been for some time in contact with the whites. Although the mission was situated south of the Canadian boundary, the experience of workers both sides of the line wherever similar influences prevailed was very much the same. "A more degraded set of beings, I am sure," wrote Smith, "did not exist on the earth. The mind of man could not conceive that human beings could get so low in the scale of humanity as they were; and I am sure, if they had been left to the instincts of their own wild savage nature, they could never have been so low down as they were. God's holy Sabbath was set apart as a day of licentiousness and debauchery. . . . Their women were unchaste and were taught to believe that lewdness was a commendable practice, even a virtue. Diseases and death were entailed on their posterity.

Previous to Captain Smith's administration, polygamy was indulged to its fullest extent, and the women were bought and sold and used as beasts of burden, and when old they were kicked out to get their living as best they could or to die of want. All this is changed. The leaven of Christianity has been at work, polygamy is abolished, men, women and children live moral lives. In 1880, agriculture flourished, the Indians had their own flour mill, waggon shop and blacksmithy, and sixty children in the agency school could read English.

In Canada, civilized teaching among the pagans have borne similar fruits. The men of God are resolutely backed up in their civilizing labours by the men of the Canadian Government, and a fine proof of the uprising from paganism to Christianity is afforded by the work of the Anglicans and Roman Catholics among the Blackfoot Indians of Blackfoot Agency, Northwest Territories, to take one of the first instances at hand out of scores. These tribes are the Blackfeet proper. The Bloods, Peigans, and South Peigans, on the American side, who speak the same language, are branches of the Blackfoot nation. The late Chief Crowfoot was the recognized head of all the tribes during his lifetime. These Indians are mostly pagans, but the Christian priests have been holding regular services among them and nursing their sick, and quite a number of the pagans have been attending the meetings, and a large proportion have permanently joined the different denominations. The corresponding changes in social and economic conditions have been most marked. The Indians live in tents in the summer and in log houses during the winter. They have engaged in farming and raising cattle, in herding for ranchers, haying and general farm work, "giving good satisfaction to their employers." A number of the Indian women are employed by ranchers' wives, washing and housework. The men took a hay contract and received $1,397.50[6] as proceeds. They cut and stacked thirteen hundred and fifty tons of hay, besides for their own cattle, for farmers, for the Agency,

[5] "History of Indian Missions on the Pacific Coast.' Myron Eells. Page 103.

[6] Blackfoot Agency Report, Indian Affairs, 1899. Page 129.

the schools and ranchers, realized $522 by the surplus oats, and out of the proceeds of their labour purchased a self-binder and seeder. They also mined seven hundred and sixty-two tons of coal during the year and sold it to settlers, the Northwest Mounted Police, the schools, agency and so forth. They worked the drifts during the winter. They have bought four thoroughbred short-horn bulls to add to the eight they had before, and the last round-up showed a calf-crop of ninety-three. The girls especially are making good progress at the schools, speak English well, and are quite clever at knitting, washing, cooking and baking bread. New waggons and implements were bought by Yellow Horse, White Pup, Yellow Tail-Feathers, Running Marten, Running Rabbit's Son, White Eagle, Little Axe, Big-Road, Bear Chief, Many Good, The Cutter, Bad Old Man's Son, Greasy Forehead, Wolf Collar, Big Old Man, and Crow Shoe. The Indians during the year earned $7,365 from the sale of ponies, beef-cattle, and from other sources, including the amounts given above.

The Sun Dance on this Agency, it is confidently predicted by the agent, will soon die out. It was held this year in August, a later period than usual. The women, as a rule, are moral, compared with those of other tribes.

There are red men in bands that were not so long ago pagans, who own houses in the city of New Westminster, B.C., on which they pay taxes. They live chiefly by fishing, and supplying the New Westminster market with fish. They take an interest in education, attend church, and are described by their agent as an industrious, good people.

Great progress of late years has been made in the Get-an-max band, Upper Skeena River Agency. The agent describes the band as very intelligent, and in many respects equal to the whites in handiwork and accomplishments. Their services are much sought after in the mines and kindred pursuits. The wages for men working on the trails are $3.50 per diem, with board, and the pay in the mines exceeds that rate for good workmen. As an instance of an individual Indian's progress, the agent cites one Moat, who does good work as a carpenter, and is able to put up a house to order, of any ordinary description, faultlessly. Many similar examples, too numerous to enumerate, could be given. The women have proved not less apt. "Every woman not beyond middle age has become an adept in sewing, mending, knitting, washing, cooking, baking good yeast bread, and in the way of ordinary housekeeping and cleanliness."

The Kis-piox band, of the same Agency, who as pagans proved very refractory and obdurate, have become as Christains most amenable to order. A sawmill, equipped by the means and through the exertions of the Indians, has been constructed on Sic-e-dack, one of the Kis-poix reserves, at a cost of $3,700, and is doing good work in turning out lumber. The band planted their first potato patch only a few years ago, and now they have sixteen acres of garden plots.

A bright change from paganism is the experience of the Indians of the Kit-wan-gagh band in the Upper Skeena River, B.C., Agency. The agent reports that "a splendid little church," with an organ, has been constructed by the Anglican Church Missionary Society. The children are attending the church school, and the red men, under the influence of Christian teaching, are described as courteous to strangers and in favour of any movement to better their condition. Many have become quite proficient in the use of tools, and a wood-turning lathe is in operation and doing good work in beautifying the Indians' homes. They have put up frame and log houses and stables, and have some live stock. Whilst the men catch salmon, keep cattle, hunt and trap and get out cord-wood along the river, the women keep house and gather and dry berries for winter use.

Led by their religious instructors

and the government agent, the Indians of Bood Agency, Calgary, N.W. T. Inspectorate, who are largely taking to Christianity, are reported by Inspector T. P. Wadsworth to be making progress, at any rate, in material prosperity. The Indians, on the first of September last, had the large sum of $16,670 placed to their credit at the Union Bank, Macleod, in addition to their annuities. They had earned the money by cutting, stacking and selling hay to ranching companies, police, railway contractors and settlers, by teaming lumber and coal, and by other labour.

Paganism seems to have been almost obliterated among the Fort Simpson band of Indians, occupying one of the principal Tsimpsean Indian settlements on the north-west coast of British Columbia. Results: the Indians own and operate a furniture factory and shingle mill, and have four Indian trading stores, two public restaurants, a paint shop, and a glazing and blacksmithing shop. Their municipal affairs are controlled by an elective council.

One of the many bands that remains almost wholly pagan is the Oweekayno, also on the north-west coast. Missionaries have worked among them for years, but very few have become Christians, and their children are described as exceedingly dull at school. These Indians are steadily decreasing in numbers, and improving very little in any way. The same story is told of a number of tribes that have refused to embrace Christianity, and cling to their old habits.

Women are constantly prominent in the Agency reports. The Spallumcheen band, in the Okanagan district, having ceased to be pagan, now raise horses, cattle and pigs, hunt and fish, cut and sell timber and work for settlers. The women, besides their domestic work, manufacture deer-skins into buck-skins, which they sell or make into articles of clothing, moccasins, mits and gloves; they make baskets of cedar roots, mats of rushes to be used for summer tents and ground covering, and gather wild berries, and work as servants for the white settlers.

"It is not uncommon to find a woman working at a sewing machine," writes R. H. Pidcock, Indian agent of the Kwawkewlth Agency, Quathiaski cove, B.C., who are now largely Christianized. There is a great "abundance of household utensils to be seen in their houses, generally of the best quality." Many of the men are good carpenters, and there are a few workers in gold and silver.

A volume could be filled with similarly gratifying accounts of the effects of civilizing influences on the pagan red Indians of Northwestern Canada and the Pacific coast, but enough has been written for the purposes of this sketch. This portion of the subject may be fittingly concluded with an account of a novel method tried by one of the Indian agents in order to persuade his red-skinned charges to give up the pagan dances. John P. Wright, agent at Crooked Lake Agency, Eastern Assiniboia, has charge of the Sakimay Band, consisting chiefly of Salteaux, with a few Crees, nearly all pagans. He suggested that instead of paying the annuities on the four reserves, as usual, last year, he should pay all at the Agency on one day, the following day to be devoted to sports of various kinds. This was done, and a programme of twenty-five events carried out, for which seventy-five prizes were awarded. The prizes were in the shape of goods and money subscribed by the whites of the surrounding country, and the events consisted of horse-racing, foot-racing and other competitions. Over a thousand persons were present, everything went off well, and everyone went home satisfied with the first year's annual sports; and as a consequence no Sun Dances have been held in the Agency this year.

In the Touchwood Hills Agency, Assiniboia, Indian Agent S. Swinford, writing from Kutawa, on the 20th of July, 1899, says the old religious pagan festival of the Sun Dance is no longer spoken of there. Neither are so many offerings of print and cloth found

hung up in the trees as sacrifices to the spirits. He thinks none of the adult Indians will ever accept the Christian religion, but many are losing faith in their old beliefs, "and fifty years hence the few that are left will, no doubt, have adopted the religion of their missionary teachers, and will have but a slight knowledge of their ancestors' religious ceremonies."

In Central Canada, as in the far distant regions, not only are Christian influences winning converts steadily from paganism, but the character of pagan observances is becoming less objectionable. The fact was brought out by a statement made in the House of Commons by Mr. Osler, member for Toronto West, based on the Archæological Report of Ontario for 1898. Mr. Osler called attention to the assertion, among other things, that "all the old heathen rites are still continued" on the Reserve of the Six Nations Indians, in the very heart of one of the most densely settled sections of Canada. The Indian Department thereupon deputed Mr. J. A. Macrae, Inspector of Indian Agencies and Reserves, to proceed to the reserve and investigate. Mr. Macrae found the pagans on the reserve to number 918, out of a total of 3,000 to 3,500 souls, and such pagan rites as were still practiced, to be, what his informant, Mr. Hill, an Indian of the band and a Christian, described as of the simplest sort. Many of these pagans were also stated to attend Christian churches.

These pagans, like the Christians, have regular Sunday meetings in their Long-houses, when they are adressed by their head-men. The talks are upon morals and ethical matters. "They believe," says Mr. Macrae, "in the existence of God, and in future states of reward and punishment, but have not openly professed belief in our Saviour, though many are said to entertain such belief; herein alone do they differ from the Christians." They, however, continue the pagan dances, which are thus described by Mr Macrae:

The Burning of the White Dog.—This is a sacrifice to propitiate God, and appears to be similar to the offerings of the Jews. The dog is humanely killed the night before the first full moon in February. When the moon is full, the dog is burnt on a pile or pyre of wood, and the people in attendance are exhorted by the oldest and most esteemed of the chiefs. When the sacrifice is completed, the congregation adjourns to the Long-house, where it is addressed by different speakers, religious songs taking place between the speeches, with which songs the congregation marks time by bodily movements, termed a dance, but which merely consists of a movement of the feet and bending of the knees. Nothing of a reprehensible sort takes place, and the ceremony is conducted with the utmost propriety and order.

Green Corn Dance.—This is a thanksgiving service held when the corn is ripe. The Long-house is decorated with the fruits of the field, as the altars of Christian churches are on similar occasions. The speaking, singing and accompaniment with physical movements are similar to those of the Burning of the White Dog, the only difference being the burden of the speeches. Thankfulness is the note prevalent at the Green Corn dance for the bounty of the Creator; propitiatory prayer is the predominant idea connected with the White Dog ceremony.

The False Face and other dances are in no wise objectionable save in so far as they retard acceptance of the Christian religion. They are gradually falling into disuse, and unopposed, excepting by teaching and example, will before long be remembered only as a tradition instead of being actively practised.

Only two years before this, the pagan dances on the reserves were very realistic and impressive, according to a work on the Six Nations Indians, dedicated to Hon. A. S. Hardy, Premier of Ontario.[7] The writer says: "The

[7] "The Six Nations Indians in Canada." J. B. Mackenzie. Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Company, Limited. 1896.

pagan Indian still celebrates what he calls dances. Here the war whoop, energetic and abrupt at onset, with its shrill sustained *crescendo*, its uncourteous rending of the empyrean, greets the air, carrying disquiet, not to say alarm, to the uninitiated ; here the war dance, with its affluent bestowal of paint and feathers on the performers, the mixing of the grotesque with the awful in its accompaniments, with the flaming novelty, exaggerated ensemble of costumes which do duty at the function, gets free indulgence."

To appreciate the value of the uplifting of the red man from the lower planes of paganism to the brighter spheres of Christianity, it may be well to touch briefly on the pagan beliefs of the Canadian Indians in the early days of missionary effort. One who lived among the Iroquois when they were engaged in deadly warfare with the Hurons on the one hand and the French on the other, quoted by Mr. David Boyle, Archæologist of Ontario,[8] wrote on the subject as follows: "They are entire strangers to all religion. They have . . . a Genius which they put in the place of God, but they do not worship or present offerings to him ; they worship and present offerings to the Devil, whom they call Otskon or Aireskuoni." Mr. Boyle, however, objects to the latter part of the statement, and says, "It is well known that the Oskons, Ottikons or Okies of the Iroquois and Hurons correspond very closely to the Manitous of the Algonkins, comprehending all forms of supernatural being, from the highest to the lowest, with the exception, possibly, of certain diminutive fairies or hobgoblins, and certain giants and anomalous monsters, who appear under various forms, grotesque and horrible, in the Indian fireside legends."

Another writer[9] says they had no religion, having neither altars, priests, temples nor oblations, and whatever idea they had of God was so hazy and obscure that it comes not within the range of definition. They, however, believed in the existence of good and bad spirits, and to appease the one and draw upon themselves the favour of the other, offered sacrifices on the slightest provocation. Tobacco was thrown into the fire with the hope that its smoke would be pleasing to an Oki, and oil poured upon the water when a storm threatened, with an appeal to the Manitou to have pity on them." Elsewhere, Dean Harris writes: "They had no idea of God as we understand the word. The sighing of the winds, the melancholy moan of the midnight forest, the clash of thunder, the gleam of lightning, were the voices of the shadow-phantoms that hovered in the air around them. Every lake, stream and waterfall," the account goes on to state, "every rock, cliff and mountain, every object even of their own handiwork had its spirit. Asleep or awake, and always, the Indian was in close contact with the spirit world. Besides these, he had a guardian Oki or Manitou to whom he attributed power to protect him and to bring him good luck when engaged in warfare or hunting. Such an Oki was usually that of some animal that appeared to him during one of his voluntarily prolonged fasts during boyhood undertaken for the express purpose of seeing something." If a bear, he henceforth carried a bear's claw as his medicine or fetich ; if a wolf, its tail or its tooth ; if a hawk or a woodpecker one or more of the feathers. The red man's ideas of immortality were peculiar. Not only would he himself reach the happy hunting ground of the departed, but there he hoped to find the ghosts of everything earthly—woods, rivers, beasts, birds and fish, clubs, knives, bows and arrows, wampum and clay pots."

So much for the pagan Indians of the early days of Canada. The present conditions of the red man of the Six Nations Reserve, who is still a pagan,

[8] "Notes on Primitive Man in Ontario." David Boyle, Archæologist of Ontario. 1895.

[9] "History of the Early Missions in Western Canada," by Very Rev. W. R. Harris, pp. 41, 42. Toronto. 1893.

is different. "He remains," to quote once more from Mr. Mackenzie,[10] "deplore it as we may, an invincible devotee of Manitou, the Great Spirit, at once stringent and regular in his observance of the rites the relation imposes. There has been an undoubted decline in, if not a positive discontinuance of, his once pronounced veneration, falling short, in the case of the Six Nations, of the revolting worship of images as symbolic of some ultra-marvellous virtue, that was thought capable, at their caprice, of being enlisted in their service; of some extravagant power, through their meditation, forced to react upon, human affairs . . . Resisting the mutations of time, however, there linger memories of his gloomy tenets; there are, at the expenditure of much and careful effort, but too frequently, erected, monuments to fatuousness and credulity, in the designs that decorate specimens of his handiwork. . . It is no novel exercise for him, when perfecting samples of the elaborate wood carving in which he is so strikingly proficient, to engrave as the central feature of his production, some unnatural human figure, planned evidently to represent one of the aforetime conjurors with Indian destinies, one of those mystic wielders, deft controllers, of spells and charms. Can it fail to excite wonder that such refinements upon hideousness and repulsiveness as are these effigies, should to the comprehension of any, have stood for transcendent efficacy, betokened an overruling might!"

To sum up, the story of the pagans of Canada, black and awful and dyed with blood as it has been in the past, is full of cheerful hope for the future. The Queen's representatives in Canada have known how to keep faith with and earn the confidence of the red men, and the servants of the Most High have shrunk from no sacrifice to perform their self-imposed duty of winning the pagans. There are still roving bands of red men of the plains and forest of the far Northwest, who sullenly hold back from improvement, but for every tribe that resists, a dozen or more have turned to the light. Where a hundred red men refuse to allow their children to be educated in the language and ways of the pale-face, a thousand now gladly welcome the school, the hospital and the rewards of advancing civilization. Another decade of progress such as the past decade has witnessed and the pagan dances will be numbered to a great extent among the memories of the past, and the Indians in the mass will scarcely be distinguished from the rest of the labouring population in anything but the name and the hereditary outward stamp of their race.

[10] The Six-Nations Indians in Canada. J. B. Mackenzie. Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Company, Ltd. 1896.

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THE SALVAGE OF THE SANTA MARIA.

By W. A. Fraser, Author of "The Eye of a God," Etc.

A FEW thousand years ago the Atlantic battered a pocket into the rock coast of New Brunswick, and long after, when men found this arm of the sea, they called it the Bay of Fundy. Then they started a city, and named it St. John.

St. John was founded for the glorification of Nathan Weller, and to the end that he might become rich. He firmly believed this, and shaped his life accordingly. That was the only thing he did believe in ; that and Old Man Weller. Ships and tugs and loading gear and the souls of men of the sea were all his.

He was as hard as a dry salt cod. When his sailors were drowned, that was their lookout ; and the underwriters paid for the boats. When they came back into port with cargoes of much profit, it was all his, and to the glory of his extreme cleverness.

Much of this sort of thing makes a man like—like—Old Man Weller.

If Weller could have hired Satan, he would have had him and kept him in his place, too, but Satan was not in the labour market, at least not his entire services, so Old Man Weller had to be content with Jim Lester.

When Weller sent Lester to Liverpool, Captain Bell, who was given to psychological research, said : "What the devil's up now? There's some quare work to be did over there." But wondering and finding out were two quite different things, and nobody knew except Weller and Lester, until as it is written at the end of this tale.

Lester bought the Santa Maria, a sailing ship of 600 tons register. She was an old hulk, but Lester had not gone to Liverpool to make mistakes. She was overhauled, and her name altered to Dumfries Castle. When she cleared from Liverpool the underwriters had been touched for every shilling they would risk on hulk and cargo.

Now Lester's correspondence to Old Man Weller anent the ship was circumspect to a degree. No suspicion of obliquity could be read in or between the lines ; simply the new ship, Dumfries Castle, had cleared with a full cargo all duly insured. He even omitted to mention her original name.

It was Christmas morning in St. John when Old Weller said to Captain Bell :

"The tug Lion, that went down the bay after a wreck, has blowed a hole in her boiler. She's a crazy thing anyway—worse than a rickety old woman. She's lyin' down there rollin' about like a jellyfish, an' eatin' into the profits at the rate of twenty dollars a day."

"That's bad, sir," said Captain Bell, thinking of the soft job the boys aboard had, but wishing to mollify the rapacious owner. "She ought to have a new boiler in her."

"Boiler be hanged ! " cursed the old man ; "you're all happy schemin' to pile up expenses on your owners. Get you the Jane Ann out, an' away down an' bring the rotten tub in. I'll discharge every mother's son of the lazy crew."

Captain Bell cast a net for his men and, getting up steam on the tug, started down the bay. Just as he was clearing from the wharf Pilot Carey asked for a free passage down in hope that he might pick up a ship needing his services. "Of coorse," assented Bell. "Get aboord."

About fifteen miles out he met the Lion coming along under full steam with her ship in tow. By some means they had patched up her boiler, and were making for port. The Jane Ann stopped her engines, reversed, and slowly drifted as the Lion passed close.

"Where are you bound ? " sang out Bailey from the Lion.

"Came down after you," answered Bell. "The ould man heard you'd broke down, an' he's pinin' away over the loss. D'ye want help?"

"No."

"Well, I'll away down the bay then to the south'ard, an' look for a bite," answered Bell. "Tell the ould man."

The bell tinkled full steam ahead, and the Jane Ann swung her nose seaward on a prospecting tour for ships needing a tow up. Being under steam and that far out, the Captain reasoned that it would be good management to try to pick up something to pay expenses.

Two hours' steady steaming, when suddenly the Captain descried something on his starboard bow looking very much like a ship on the rocks. "I believe that's a wreck," he said to the pilot, who was at his elbow.

The latter took the glass from the Captain's hand, looked long and earnestly, and answered: "Right you are. It's a ship high and dry."

The wheel was put over a bit; the engine chucked and thumped in its worn bearings, and the Jane Ann steadily crawled close to the thing they had seen.

"She's not on the rocks at all," remarked the Captain, eyeing her critically; she's just ridin' to the two anchors as quiet as a duck."

"There's not a soul on her decks," exclaimed the pilot, much wonder in his voice.

"Blow the whistle, Billy," cried the Captain to one of the tug hands; "perhaps they're eatin' their Christmas dinner."

The shrill whistle of the tug called to the great ship, but there was no answer—no sign of life.

"Gad! it's like a ghost ship," said Bell with a touch of awe in his voice. "Give her another toot, Billy."

Again the steam screamed and struggled through the brass dome of the whistle, but still there was no response.

"She's abandoned," remarked the Captain.

"She's like a graveyard," echoed the pilot.

"I believe it's a ha'nted ship, sir," hazarded Billy.

"Work the Jane alongside," commanded Bell, "an' we'll soon see."

When they were close enough Billy threw a line across the bow of the ship. Bell watched this performance critically.

"She's solid," he ejaculated with a sigh of relief. "I half expected to see the line go clean through her an' down into the water. She's like a spirit ship, she's that quiet. Up you go, Billy, an' make fast," he ordered.

As the man clambered over the rail and snubbed the line, Pilot Carey followed eagerly; and before the Captain well realized what his mission was, this wide awake mariner was screeching, "I claim salvage on this ship!"

This galvanized Bell into action and, ranging himself alongside of the man who had sought to forestall him, he called out: "I'm with you, my smart buck; I claim salvage for myself, an' the men, an' the tug."

It was an extraordinary spectacle: the great ship riding quietly at anchor, with six inches of snow all over her deck, and her stern almost brushing against the rocks that arose out of the sea not half a cable-length away.

They were all wrangling as to who was entitled to salvage—who was first and who was last—when the engineer, Jack O'Brien, made a discovery. "None of youse'll get salvage, I'm thinkin'," he said; "here's a cat-track in the snow; and while there's life on the ship there's no salvage, for she's not abandoned, accordin' to the coorts."

"That's right," echoed the pilot; "Billy's right. If there's a parrot or a cat, or even a pig on the ship, we're done for. But in the name o' Heaven, where's all the crew gone—there's nothing wrong with the ship?"

"Perhaps there in the cabin," ventured Billy; "anyway, the cat'll be there."

"Let's go down an' see," said Bell to the pilot. The latter didn't relish the invitation overmuch; the cabin might be full of dead men, or ghosts.

or almost anything. All the weird sea tales he had ever heard about murdered ship's crews came thronging in upon his excited imagination; but still he couldn't well remain behind. The Captain might steal a march on him over the salvage question.

"Lead on," he said valiantly to Bell; "we must investigate this."

His legs felt hopelessly inadequate as he followed the Captain cautiously down the companion-way. Billy and Jack O'Brien were at his elbow. The cabin, dimly lighted, was as silent as a tomb; nothing moved, no one spoke; no challenging voice demanded what they wanted; if a voice had suddenly broken the eerie stillness it is certain they would have fled up the stairs. The Captain surreptitiously pinched his leg to make sure it was not all a dream.

"Look, man! what's that?" exclaimed the pilot in a voice of intense fright.

"What's what?" asked the Captain.

"There!" and Carey pointed with outstretched finger to the farther end of the table. A pair of great yellow, baleful eyes was glaring at them from the Captain's chair. They stood for an instant, constrictive little gripings clutching at the skin over their backbones, when suddenly the thing "meowed."

"It's the blasted cat!" ejaculated Billy in a tone of disgust.

"Heave him overboard," said Bell to the pilot, "if you hope to get salvage."

"I can't," answered Carey, "do it yourself."

Just then Jack O'Brien made a rush for the cat. There was a demoniac scramble; the table went over with a crash; chairs were banged about; the pilot was upset by something or somebody; unearthly screams rang through the cabin, and the Captain swore afterward that he smelt brimstone. At any rate, in eight seconds Bell found himself standing in the snow on the deck, and the pilot half over the rail on his way to the tug.

"Come back—where are you going?" the Captain called.

"It's a devil-ship," gasped Carey, turning a face the colour of a soapstoned canvas toward his friend.

O'Brien was standing on the deck laughing.

"Where's the cat?" asked the commander.

"The divil flew away wid her, I think," answered O'Brien, "for she's not on the ship now."

"That settles it, then," asserted his officer; "I claim salvage for all hands."

Haunted or not haunted, he reasoned that the ship was solid enough; and visions of great prize money passed through his mind.

Again they ventured down into the cabin and searched diligently, but there was not a soul on the ship.

"What's the name of her?" asked the Captain, a thought striking him suddenly.

"The Santa Maria," answered the pilot, who had been rummaging in a cabin. "Here it is marked on a lifebuoy."

"Well," said Bell cheerfully, "it's a big haul, b'ys; an' now we've got to get her out of here before anybody appears or a blow comes up."

But this latter proposition presented an unexpectedly serious problem. They were too short-handed to man the ship and get her anchors up. But the commander was equal to the new emergency. "Billy," he said "you an' the pilot stay here an' hold the ship, an' we'll away down to Irishtown with the tug, for a dozen, big, lusty Irishmen to help us out."

It was ten miles to Irishtown, and when the tug returned with twelve rough fishermen aboard, ready for anything, her Captain got a surprise. As the Jane Ann rolled clumsily around the rock headland, beyond which was the little cove wherein rested the prize-ship, he saw something which brought him to the rail with a proper mariner's adjective on his lips.

On board the ship a battle was being waged. Five men were industriously striving to deposit Billy and the

pilot in the sea. The two were fighting valiantly, but the tug pulled alongside just in the nick of time.

As she rubbed saucily against the wooden sides of the Santa Maria, a big, red-faced man stepped to the rail and said: "Sheer off! What the devil do you want here?"

"Who the thunder are you?" roared back the commander of the tug.

"I'm the Captain," snorted the red-faced man; "and I forbid ye to come aboard."

"Captain nothing"! retorted Bell. "The Captain an' crew of this ship is all drowned."

"Not much! I'm the Captain, an' this is the crew," asserted the other.

"A Captain an' his crew don't desert their ship," declared Bell logically. "I tell you they are all dead; an' if they're not they soon will be. Up, boys"! he exclaimed to his recruits, "an' if anybody opens his mouth, throw him overboard."

His men swarmed over the rail and joined Billy and the pilot. The others massed back on the poop of the ship, standing sullenly, waiting for commands from their leader.

"Where did these tramps come from, Robinson?" asked Captain Bell.

"From the shore, sir," Billy answered.

"Yes," broke in the red-faced man; "we dragged our anchors in a blow last night, an' thought the ship was goin' to pieces. We couldn't save her by sticking to her, so we got ashore in a boat."

"That's all in me eye, Biddy Martin," answered Captain Bell derisively; "we salvaged this ship when she was abandoned, an' the Captain an' crew all drowned. If you're to stand up an' argue the matter there, we'll just have to make it sure, that's all."

"What do you propose doin' with the ship?" asked the red-faced man, beginning to weaken in the face of superior numbers. "We'll tow her in to St. John, an' if you behave yourselves we'll give you a lift that far, but we're in charge, mind you—in possession—an' we'll just turn the key on your riff-raff in the fo'c's'le to keep you quiet like, an' to show that the ship's ours!"

A hawser was run out, the wheezing Jane Ann put her shoulders lazily to the trace, and, as the big ship strained away from the rocks, the anchors were weighed, and the procession started for St. John.

Just where that particular degree of latitude bisected its angle of longitude was the happiest group of mortals on the face of the waters. All except the red-faced man and his companions. The pilot was in charge of the Santa Maria. Pompously he strode up and down the quarter-deck, turning over in his mind the value of the ship and cargo, and how much of it would come to him because of the salvage.

Captain Bell eyed the great wooden prize proudly as she surged along in the wake of the black, grimy Jane Ann. "Lord knows what it will lead to," he mused. "Ould Man Weller'll be that pleased he'll put me in one of his big ships, I do believe. It was the luckiest thing I ever did in me life, goin' down the bay this mornin'. This is a Christmas box with a rush."

"Then he scowled ferociously. The big moon-face of the man who claimed to be Captain leered at him over the rail of the ship. "I'll lock that gossoon in a cabin when we get into port," he said. "I don't like the look of him."

It was black night when they got into St. John.

The big anchor of the Santa Maria was dropped, the heavy link cable scuttled noisily through her bow, and she swung majestically, head on, to the rising tide; the tug stole sleepily into her berth beside the dripping, evil-smelling wharf, and her petulant, worn engine sighed wearily as the last wet puff of steam was let off through the pet-cocks.

The pilot and the men remained aboard of the salvaged ship. Captain Bell went home to the wife to tell her the good news. Neither of them slept a wink. Over and over the excited

Captain told the tale of how something had whispered to him to go on down the bay after meeting the old Lion.

"It was Santa Claus," ventured the wife; "or, perhaps, Providence."

"It must have been Santa Claus then," retorted the husband, "for Providence doesn't bother much with seadogs. Look at the hungry orphans all over the town, an' the fathers that should be feedin' them linin' the stomach of some shark. We'll buy a little craft of our own out of our share," he assured the wife, "an' make money be the barrel, just like the ould man does."

In the morning Bell was down at the office, waiting for his employer. "I'll be the first to tell him the good news," he thought.

"Old jelly-fish'll soon be down," said a red-headed, roustabout clerk whose business it was to attend to everything from codfish to insurance. "He'll be down early this morning, for fear Christmas has upset some of us a bit."

"Tut, tut!" said the Captain, "you shouldn't call the ould man 'jelly-fish'; that's mutiny; he's not a bad sort."

The red-headed man was pouring a scuttle of coal in the stove. He looked in blank, utter amazement at his companion, and the coal, diverted from the hole, pattered over the floor. That anybody should defend Old Weller's character—that one of his employees should speak well of him—was a revelation.

"What's come over you?" he gasped. "Has the old man given you a ship?"

"Never mind, never mind," answered Bell soothingly.

At that moment a heavy step sounded, the latch lifted with a vicious rasp, and burly Old Man Weller stepped into the office. His cold, fishy eyes searched the room for signs of something leading up to business.

"Good mornin', sir," cheerily called out the Captain; "compliments of the season."

"Huh!" grunted Weller. "What did you do yesterday after you passed the Lion?—burnt up coal, I suppose."

"We had great luck, sir," exclaimed the Captain blithely.

"Got back without being towed, eh?" sneered the other.

"We salvaged a big ship."

"You what?"

"Salvaged a ship," repeated the Captain, "and towed her into port last night. The b'ys are aboord of her now."

The big man's face brightened until it became almost congenial. It was little things of this sort that touched his heart.

Nothing softened him so much as the making of a few thousand dollars, and it had been gained in a single day.

He became almost human.

"I'm proud of you, Captain," he said, holding out his hand.

"Faith, I'm proud of meself!" ejaculated Bell ingenuously.

"What's her name?" asked Weller.

"The Santa Maria."

"She's a Spaniard, with that name. There may be Spanish gold in her."

"God knows!" replied the Captain; "she's full of something. I'm sure it's a valuable cargo."

"How is the salvage fixed?" queried Weller. "Were you first aboard, and did you claim it in the name of the tug an' her owner? Is she salvaged in my name?"

The Captain explained the thing fully.

"And who's this pilot you're crackin' about?" the owner asked.

Bell explained.

"Curse his meddlin' hide!" exclaimed Weller. "Will he be claimin' a bit of the salvage, too?"

"That he will," answered the Captain. "I felt like throwin' him overboord."

"It would have been a good riddance," snapped the great man, pacing impatiently up and down the office. "Where's the ship now?"

"Ridin' at anchor as sweet as a babe, off Nelson's dock."

"Come along, an' let's have a look at her. We can have a tot of something to warm us up on the way down," said Weller.

"My Aunt!" muttered the clerk, as the two disappeared through the door; "the old jelly-fish is getting generous."

From Nelson's dock they got a good view of the Santa Maria. It gladdened the avaricious heart of the rich man; it also set him thinking. If the cargo were as good as the hulk the salvage would be something terrific. It would be cruel to pay out so much good prize money to a worthless lot of fellows who would drink it up and be unfit for work in the meantime.

His big brain hammered away at this point until it developed a plan.

"Huh!" he said, thoughtfully; "we'll never get a dollar of salvage on yon ship. The owners will fight it in court till we're all in our graves. I know what that's like."

Bell's face fell. Courts are the terror of all mariners. There was some dependence to be placed in a raging storm; one could tell pretty near what it was going to do; but a law court, with solemn judges and fierce, questioning lawyers—that was terrible in its uncertainty!

Twice the Captain had been in the courts, each time for battering mutinous sailors over the head with a belaying pin, and each time he had been roasted and toasted by a shrill-voiced attorney until he had wished to Heaven that he had been at the other end of the belaying-pin himself. He fairly envied the men with the mashed heads; their punishment had been light compared with the tortures of the court inquisition. In the end he had been fined; also assured by the Judge that he had just missed going to jail.

"The courts are the very devil," continued the owner.

"They're that, sir!" fervently echoed the Captain. "I'd rather be in a cyclone in the Jane Ann, an' that's bad enough."

"The Jane Ann's a good sea-boat," exclaimed Weller, angrily.

Bell said nothing, and the big man continued in a soft voice: "Come up to the office till we talk this thing over."

On the way he invited the Captain into the Mariner's Rest again, and treated him to two diplomatic toddies. At the office he unburdened his mind.

"It'll be a big fight over that salvage. I don't think it'll be good enough to risk. Have you an' the boys money to pay for the litigation?"

"Money for law!" exclaimed the Captain. "Money with the b'ys fer law! Sure they're all overdrawn in the slop chest."

"An' you'll expect me to pay the big court fees, eh? I'll not do it—not a blasted penny!"

The Captain's heart was in his boots. He knew the old man would lose a hundred dollars rather than see one of them make fifty, he was that selfish.

"But, sir," said Bell, despondently, "I think the coorts would give it to us."

"When you are in your graves," snapped the big man; "an' then if the owners said they'd had enough. They'll never say that, though. I know them. I'll tell you what I'll do, Bell"—the red-headed clerk pricked up his ears as he stood beside his desk, listening to the inquisition. "You've always been a faithful servant to me—a good man—an' I never go back on a faithful servant."

The clerk smiled sardonically as he bent his head close down over the men's time sheets, where he had been busy cutting from their pay the slop-chest account.

"I'll help you out of this matter if you'll deal fair. If you'll sign off your own claim, an' get the men to sign off I'll give every one of them twenty pounds, an' you fifty for your trouble."

"You'll never get them to agree to that, sir," said Bell, decisively; "they're that built up over it."

"Then they'll not get the price of a red herring out of it," exclaimed Weller, angrily. "I'll discharge every mother's son of you for disobeyin' orders in goin' down the bay."

He filled a black-bottomed clay pipe and sat sullenly sucking the rank smoke through its strong stem. Bell knew that mood; it meant unreasoning ob-

stinacy. Right or wrong didn't matter; it was the power of money and influence behind a selfish, grasping nature.

Men said that Weller was entirely bloodless—that he considered his fellows simply as tools to be used in building up his edifice of wealth. They were absolutely right.

"I couldn't go to them with that offer, sir," said the Captain, breaking the ominous silence. "They'd never take it."

"I should think not," muttered the clerk to himself, dabbing his pen viciously in the ink. "The old shark!"

Weller didn't answer at once, but sat with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as though the whole matter were one of complete indifference to him.

"Where are the men you said boarded the ship an' claimed to be the crew? I ought to hear their story before I pay out even twenty pounds apiece. I might lose it all."

This was a veiled threat; Bell knew that.

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose they're somewhere about." He knew right enough, but he had no intention of playing the old man's game if he could help it.

"Never mind," exclaimed Weller magnanimously; "I don't want to be hard."

"Of course not, of course not!" muttered the clerk; you're soft as granite."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make it *fifty* pounds apiece, an' give you a hundred for yourself. Go an' see the boys, an' if they'll sign off all claims for that I'll pay them cash out of hand an' take my chances, win or lose, in the courts with the owners. If they don't agree, I'll fight on the other side, an' we'll see who comes out on top."

He rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe with sharp, vicious taps on the top of the stove, buttoned up his pea-jacket, and, with his square jaw set like a capstan, put his hand on the latch and, as he opened the door, said: "I'm going home to dinner; I'll be back in an hour. If the boys are willing to take the good offer I've made, have them here, an' we'll settle the thing in five minutes. If they're not willing, tell them to clear out of the ship, or I'll send the police aboard to remove them."

His burly figure rolled out of the door and, as it slammed to, the clerk put his pen behind his ear, came around the rough pine desk and standing opposite the Captain, said mockingly, "The old man's not a bad sort."

"He's as hard as a second-hand clothes-dealer," muttered Bell, staring moodily into the fire. "The b'ys'll not take it."

"Then they'll take nothing," exclaimed Red Head. "It's fair robbery, but they can't fight against that sort of thing. It's your choice between the devil and the deep sea. He'll hunt up that scab crew and break every one of you. I know him. He's a beastly bad sort, that's what he is."

"You think I'd better advise the boys to take the fifty pounds?"

I *think* nothing—but it's all they'll ever get; and they'll have to look sharp that he doesn't skin them out of that."

"I believe you're right, Bankes," said the Captain. "I'll go off an' tell them to take it."

"Wait a bit—try for more. Agree to that, with another fifty all around and a hundred for yourself if the old man secures the salvage. Have it hard and fast in writing. Get a lawyer to draw it up."

"I'll have to hurry," exclaimed Bell, "to be back on time."

In an hour the Captain and the crew of the Jane Ann were back in the office, and, sharp on time, the owner brusqued in.

"Good day to you, boys," he said, friendly enough. "Good day, sir!" they responded, cap in hand. "You had rare fishin' yesterday," he continued with forced geniality.

"Yes, sir."

"Well?" he asked, looking interrogatively at Captain Bell. The Captain coughed to clear his throat, pulled the lining in and out of his cap nervously,

and stammered : "We've been talkin' it over, sir."

"That's right," snapped Weller encouragingly.

"We've been talking it over, an' the boys think it's not enough, sir."

"What are they doing here, then?"

"Well, we thought, sir, that we'd like to make an offer that appeared fair, not wantin' to be hard like on our side."

The clerk nodded encouragingly at the speaker, who was watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Didn't I tell you—never mind; spit it out! Let's have it! You have queer ideas of what's fair, I've no doubt."

"Well, sir, the boys'll take fifty pounds apiece, as you offered, an' I'll take a hundred ; an' if you get the salvage, they're to have another fifty, an' I'm to have another hundred."

There was silence for a minute, like the lull before a storm.

Weller scowled viciously at the men, who shifted uneasily. All at once he made a discovery.

"Where's the pilot—I don't see him?"

"He wouldn't agree to it, sir. He says he'll have the salvage or nothing, so we left him behind."

"Where is he?"

"On the ship."

"I'll fix him!" said the big man fiercely ; "an' I'll just show him what he's missed. Come here, Bankes!" he commanded the clerk. "Draw up an agreement with these men an' the Captain in accordance with the bargain you've just heard. I'll show Mr. Pilot —he'll not get a blasted penny."

"Thank you, sir," said the Captain. "Thank you, sir," chimed the others, individually and in chorus.

"An' make out checks to pay the amounts," Weller added. In an hour it was all settled.

"I've done a great stroke of business this day," muttered the ship king to himself when the men had gone. "I've only one to fight; I'll break him."

"Get me a boat," he ordered the clerk ; "an' come away aboard ship till I see what she's like, an' settle this pilot."

As Weller clambered like a great bear over the rail of the ship, he saw a big red-faced man walking impatiently up and down the deck.

"Who are you, my good fellow?" he asked.

"I'm the Captain of the ship Dumfries Castle," the man answered touching his cap.

"The Dumfries Castle? That's my ship. Where is she—gone to the bottom?"

"No, sir, this is the Dumfries Castle."

Weller looked at the red-faced man furiously. He wasn't drunk; he must be mad.

"This is the Santa Maria," he exclaimed angrily.

"Yes, sir, she was the Santa Maria before we went to Liverpool ; but she changed owners there, and they named her the Dumfries Castle."

A sense of desolation came over the hard, grasping ship owner—and no wonder—for he realized that the Santa Maria was his own ship, salvaged by his own men. And not two hours since he had paid them heavily for thwarting the very scheme he had tried to carry through with the help of his hired villain in Liverpool.

He understood it all now. The Santa Maria was to have been battered on those rocks by the first storm. His meddling crew had spoiled that.

Also the red-faced Captain knew. He had had his instructions from the agent in Liverpool, and this was the owner who was to have paid him much good money for something.

He looked in the eyes of the ship king and Weller looked back into his —and they both knew.

The money Weller had just paid out was gone hopelessly ; the insurance would not come his way ; and there was the pilot to settle with. He was mad clean through. He would fight the pilot anyway ; and he did.

The pilot carried the case into court. The crew of the tug were called as witnesses.

It was going against Old Weller. There was no doubt that they had salvaged the ship, whoever owned it.

Billy Robinson was in the witness-box.

Suddenly the old man's lawyer, a vicious, ferret-faced little man, turning fiercely on the witness, said: "Now, Mr. Robinson, you're not telling the truth; there was a live cat on the ship and you threw her overboard?"

Thrown off his guard by this sudden accusation, Billy answered angrily: "That's a lie! Jack O'Brien threw her over the side."

A roar of laughter followed this break, but the admission destroyed the pilot's claim.

There was no salvage on the Santa Maria.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XV.—THE REVEREND T. C. S. MACKLEM, M.A., LL.D.

IN a low, rambling house on the left bank of the Welland River, locally known as Chippawa Creek, the new Provost of Trinity College and Vice-Chancellor of Trinity University was born. From the verandahs one got a view of the Niagara River near by as it widens to form the rapids which have hurried many a boat and its crew to destruction as they tried without avail to make the mouth of the creek.

Before the Welland Canal and the railroads had cut off its carrying trade, Chippawa, like Queenston, flourished, was populous and wealthy, and received honourable mention in the war of 1813. Any trade which was left to it was finally destroyed by the Fenian Raid in 1866, and the town became a veritable deserted village till fire swept away large numbers of empty houses and thus relieved the loneliness. So it came to pass that only a few substantial dwellings, belonging mainly to the estate of the Bank of Upper Canada, alone remained to testify to the former prosperity of the town, until the electric railway from Queenston brought tourists once more and, with them, renewed life.

Any one who has gone by car or on foot through Victoria Park must remember, at the rapids, the beautiful Dufferin Islands with the swirling water rushing in and out among them. In earlier days they were called the Clark Hill Islands, after Colonel Clark, their original owner. By him they were given to the Street family, a name not unknown in the legislative history of this province, and remembered among the benefactors of Trinity University in connection with the building of Convocation Hall. To this same family belonged the Provost's mother, through whom and, if I mistake not, through his father also, he claims the proud distinction of U. E. Loyalist descent.

It matters much where and in what circumstances a man was born—how much he alone can tell in after years when revisiting the scenes of his boyhood. If one could choose his birthplace, I can imagine none more attractive or more likely to leave its impress upon the character than this neighbourhood of three or four of our most famous battlefields, from which the invaders were driven back over the border. There, too, Niagara Falls roll on in beauty and grandeur, varying with the season or the play of light, and make their mighty music, sometimes as soft as a mother's lullaby, sometimes as sad and solemn as a march for the dead. And the spray rises light, fleecy, and soft from the Horseshoe in June, but weeps drearily and disconsolately in November like some living creature that can never find comfort anywhere.

All these scenes, and the pretty

church in whose yard his forefathers sleep, were exchanged in due time for Toronto and school. The school selected was Upper Canada College, which, having already furnished the University of Toronto with its present Head, not to mention other members of its staff, has now done a like service for Trinity. In Trinity three of us, besides the Provost, are striving to put to good use what we learned in the old buildings in King St. while we are always proud to remember that, before our time, our honoured Chancellor also was an "Old Boy," as we sons of Upper Canada College call ourselves.



PHOTO. BY BRYCE, TORONTO.

T. C. S. MACKLEM, LL.D.

The First Canadian Provost of Trinity College, Toronto.

Not to indulge in reminiscences of schooldays that could hardly interest the general public, I must pay a tribute to the men who are now living in retirement or who have done with life altogether, but who stood *in loco parentis* to generation after generation of us—Messrs. Cockburn, Buchan, Wedd, Martland, Brown, and others. To Mr. Buchan, perhaps more than to any one else who had to do with his school life, Dr. Macklem would acknowledge his indebtedness. His nobility of soul, his kindliness, consideration, justice, and aptness to teach make his influence a living thing to this day. Mr. Cockburn's business ability, energy, and capacity for ruling; Mr. Martland's character as a man of the world, devotion to duty, and unostentatious helpfulness; Mr. Wedd's cheerful and sunny disposition, his scholarship and unaffected goodness; Mr. Brown's profound learning and his patience in trying to make the unmathematical mind comprehend the mysteries of mathematics—they all call up grateful memories and make one long to emulate their good example in training men.

In October, 1881, there was a change in the principalship, and boylike we took advantage of the fact to bring about other changes if possible. The *College Times* had been twice suppressed, once for reasons best known to Mr. Cockburn and the proprietor of the *Evening Telegram*, and again, some years later, for causes somewhat similar. Inspired by a desire to express their thoughts in print and urged on by "Old Boys" at Varsity, some of the seniors asked for permission to revive the paper. After "considering the matter" the Principal consented and the paper appeared with T. C. S. Macklem as editor. A better edited school paper I have never seen, and I have seen many.

Too soon the delightful year in the Sixth, with its interesting studies, games, squabbles, and standing up for old institutions, its "at-homes," and all the rest of it, came to an end and we took our several paths, some to business, some to universities. One crossed the ocean and entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, which has already given a Provost and two or more professors to Trinity. There he studied, rowed, wheeled, and took his degree, returning to Canada to be ordained and to become curate at All Saints' Church, Toronto. Eighteen months after his return he received the appointment to the newly erected parish of St. Simon and built the church now in use. Two years since he was elected to the oversight of the missions in the Diocese of Toronto and a few months ago to the office of Rural Dean of Toronto. Both of these responsible positions he declined, and now he is Provost of Trinity College.

As a member of Synod and its committees, the Provost has displayed tact, statesmanship, ability to lead, and a concilitory spirit. These qualities, together with an aptitude for finance and a decision of character indispensable in a ruler, admirably fit him for his new position.

Canadians are glad to see one of themselves called to the discharge of duties so important as those devolving upon the Head of a University, and many would say that his being a Canadian is not the least of the Provost's qualifications. Nativism may run mad, —it has run mad when people have begun to cry "Canada for the Canadians." This cry is as foolish and harmful as that other which has been heard at times, "No native need apply." Coming years will give us wealth and consequently greater opportunities for acquiring the culture and grace of the older lands. Our conditions hitherto have made life and manners cruder and rougher than our forefathers' life and manners were when they landed in the country. To regain what we have lost we must now and then bring men from abroad. The plan Trinity has followed this time is the best—to get a Canadian possessed of European training and experience.

Character is the main consideration in the universities of Europe, learning and research being made to take the second place. To mould the characters of men and women is the noblest work a man can be given to do. Could fathers and mothers do it unaided, it were better perhaps to leave it to them. But, as they cannot, we take their sons and daughters for three years or four and stand in the place of parents to them throughout their course. We cannot forget, then, that we owe to this foster family of ours duties far beyond the lectures delivered in the classrooms. The moral and spiritual part must be cultivated as well as the intellectual. Trinity stands for the discharge of duties such as these and, through her residences, for training students to live together as members of a society and to have respect for one another's rights. The Provost did well to remember these aims which Trinity has faithfully pursued for forty-eight years when he was stating his views about the future. She cannot give them up for temporal advantage, and he, I am sure, will guide her wisely.

A. H. Young.

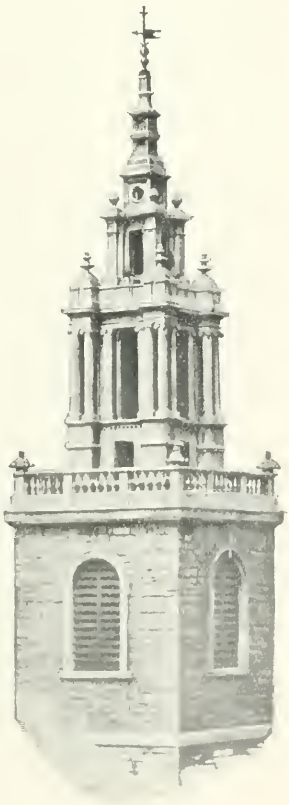
ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK—WREN'S FINEST CHURCH.

By H. C. Shelley.

WHEN Charlotte and Anne Bronté found themselves unexpectedly in London one Sunday, their first thought was to devote the morning of that day to hearing Dr. George Croly preach. Forgotten to-day in the stress of newer reputations of an equally fleeting kind, that clerical poet and romancer was a prominent figure in the literary firmament of fifty years ago; and his fame had made so deep an impression in the solitary parsonage at Haworth that it was natural for the two sisters to desire to gaze upon his features and hear his voice. So, from the quaint old Chapter Coffee House in Paternoster Row, they wended their way to St. Stephen's, Walbrook, wholly indifferent to the attractions of the huge cathedral of St. Paul's, under the very shadow of which they had fixed their temporary home.

But a disappointment was in store for the Bronté sisters; Dr. Croly was absent from his pulpit that day. It is probable, however, that the two novelists were somewhat compensated for their disappointment by the beauty of the building in which they found themselves; and if they had felt any regret that they had not visited St. Paul's instead, they might, had they known it, have taken comfort from the fact that they were worshipping in a temple which was Sir Christopher Wren's first study for his famous masterpiece.

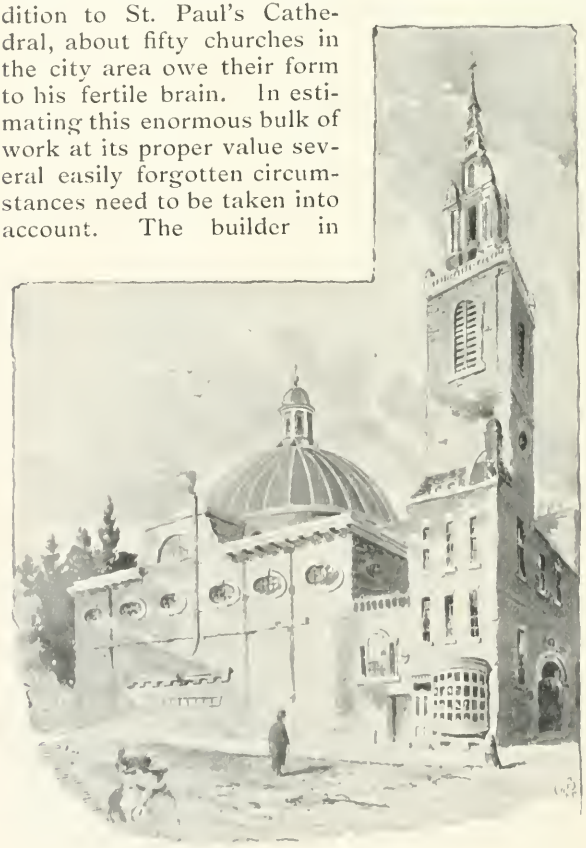
Walbrook, a narrow thoroughfare leading from the Mansion House to Canon Street, perpetuates the fact that this street was, in the early days of London, the channel of a small stream of that name, which entered the city through the wall between Bishopgate and Moorgate, flowed down this lane, and emptied itself into the Thames at Dowgate. So long ago as 1135 a church was built in this street to the honour of St. Stephen, but that structure was situated on the west side of Walbrook. Three hundred years later a mayor of London purchased the site on which the present building stands, and by 1439 a new church was erected to take the place of that which had been demolished on the opposite side of the street. Restored during the reign of the first Charles at a cost of over £500, this fifteenth century structure was one of the eighty-five churches destroyed by the fire of London—a conflagration which spared only a dozen out of the ninety-seven Christian temples situated within the city walls.



On the charred ruins of the Great Fire of 1666 Sir Christopher Wren laid the foundations of the solid structure of his fame. Never in the history of the world has an architect had such an oppor-

tunity of making posterity his debtor; and it is not Wren's fault that the London of to-day requires such constant demolition and reconstruction to make it better fitted to discharge the functions of the most important city of the modern world. His plans for the entire rebuilding of the devastated city embraced wide streets, magnificent quays along the banks of the river, and numerous other well considered improvements. Few of his recommendations, however, were adopted and consequently the nineteenth century has to grapple with work which might have been done more effectually in the seventeenth.

Prevented from being the architect of London city, Wren fell heir to the almost equal distinction of being the architect of London churches. In addition to St. Paul's Cathedral, about fifty churches in the city area owe their form to his fertile brain. In estimating this enormous bulk of work at its proper value several easily forgotten circumstances need to be taken into account. The builder in those times was, to a far greater extent than now, the interpreter of the architect; and the vast amount of work which the Great Fire caused speedily drained the market of the most capable builders. A year after the fire, an Act of Parliament was actually passed for the purpose of inviting artificers to London to rebuild the city. Again, in view of the many churches requiring to be rebuilt at the same time, the monetary question must have assumed an unusual importance. For two or three churches there might have been ample funds forthcoming; half a hundred must have been a distressing tax upon even the most generous benevolence. This is a fact, then, which has to be considered in judging the structures which Wren raised, for it cannot but have handicapped him very seriously in many ways. More than that, let it ever be remembered to the glory of the great architect that the laborious work he discharged in rebuilding the churches of London was carried out for the paltry remuneration of £100 a year. Some of the church authorities, however, had the grace to recognize that their debt to the architect was not discharged by their proportionate share of that meagre salary; and it is pleasant to find the following entry in the vestry book of St. Stephen's, Walbrook: "Ordered that a present of twenty guineas be made to the lady of Sir Christopher Wren, as a testimony of the regard the parish has for the great care and skill that Sir Christopher Wren showed in the rebuilding of our church."



ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

It was in October, 1672, six years after the Great Fire, that the foundation stone of the present church was laid; and when it had been



ST. STEPHEN'S—THE INTERIOR.

brought to completion, in 1679, the total sum of £7,652 had been expended. The bulk of that sum was raised by public subscription; but the Grocers' Company defrayed the cost of the substantial wainscoting, which was removed in 1888. Even in the seventeenth century, St. Stephen's, Walbrook, was evidently regarded as one of the most important churches in the city, for the foundation stone was laid in the presence of the Lord Mayor, several members of the Grocers' Company, the Surveyor-General and other persons of distinction.

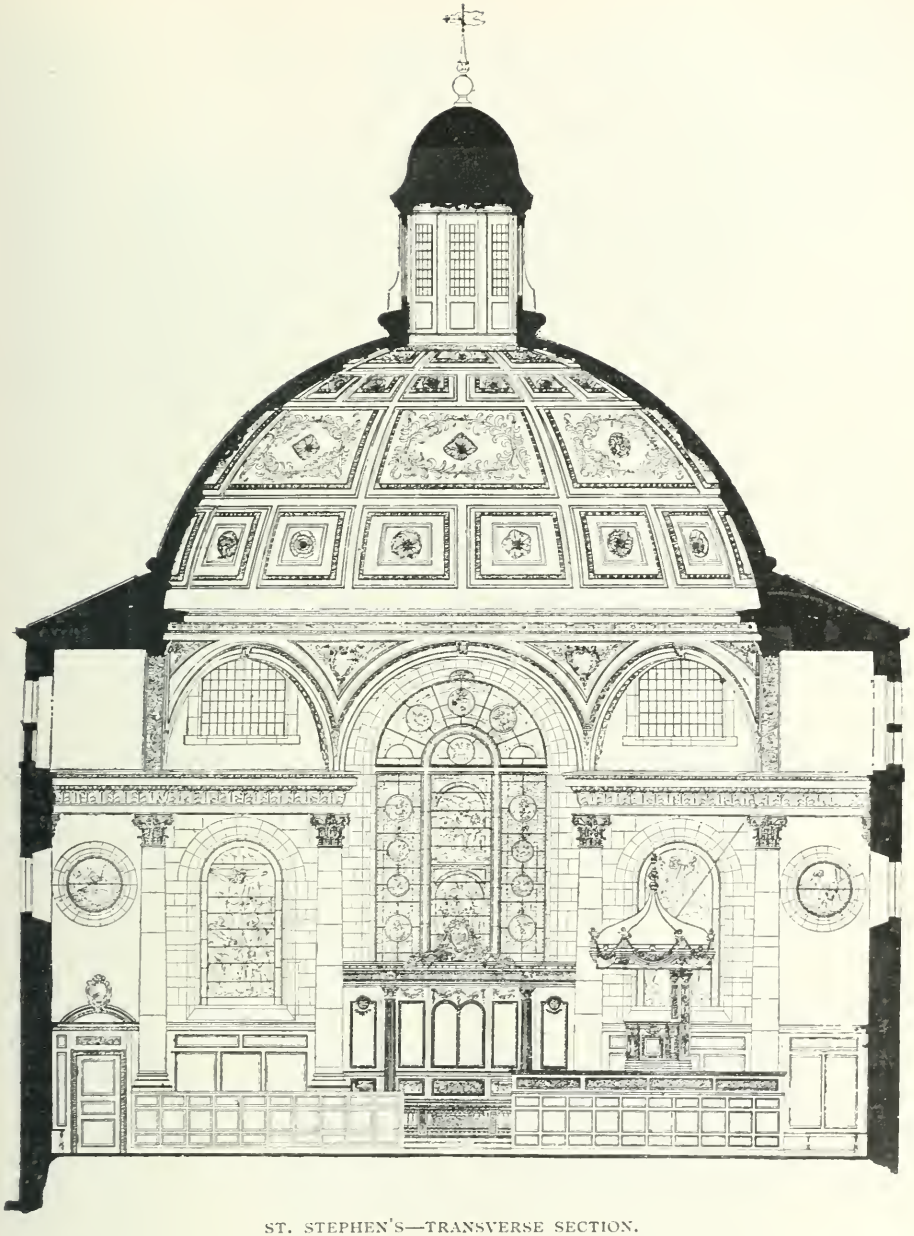
Before remarking on the peculiar features of the church, justice demands that brief mention be made of its builder. Thomas Strong was the son of a Hertfordshire mason named Valentine Strong, whose memory is enshrined in this curious epitaph:



ST. STEPHEN'S—THE ORGAN.

"Here's one that was an able workman long,
Who divers houses built, both fair and strong;
Though Strong he was, a stronger came than he,
And robb'd him of his life and fame, we see:
Moving an old house a new one for to rear,
Death met him by the way, and laid him here."

Thomas Strong was one of the builders who were attracted to London by the Act of Parliament mentioned above. He took a great many workmen with him, and that he had no reason for regretting the step may be inferred from the fact that he laid the first stone in the foundation of St. Paul's Cathedral in his capacity as a contractor for the rebuilding of that structure. As St. Stephen's was begun three years before St. Paul's, it may well be that the mason as well as the architect derived not a little advantage from working out in the smaller building some of the ideas which are repeated in the larger structure. Not, however, that there is anything experimental about the work which Thomas Strong put into St. Stephen's Church; on the contrary, that building has all the appearance of having been the final



ST. STEPHEN'S—TRANSVERSE SECTION.

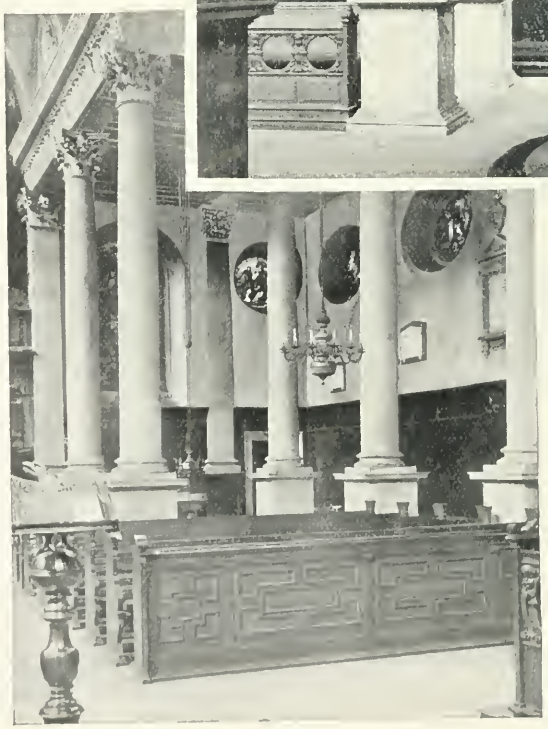
effort of a ripe experience, and is no discredit to the son of that Hertfordshire mason who built his houses "fair and strong."

All competent critics agree in praising the architectural beauties of St. Stephen's Church. Canova was greatly impressed by the building, and is credited with the declaration that he would gladly pay another visit to England to see again St. Paul's, Somerset House, and St. Stephen's. "It is not only said," affirms one authority, "to be Sir Christopher's masterpiece, but that Italy cannot produce a modern edifice equal to

this in taste, proportion and beauty."

One reservation, however, has to be made; the beauties of St. Stephen's must be sought within rather than without. In truth, the exterior gives no clew to the riches within. Of all Wren's numerous London churches, this is decidedly the least attractive when viewed from without. Handicapped by the exigencies of a very narrow thoroughfare, the great architect wisely resolved to lavish all his skill upon the interior of the building; and the present surroundings of the church justify his resolve. It is closely crowded in on all sides by business premises, and there is absolutely no standpoint from which one could admire its exterior beauties, if it had any.

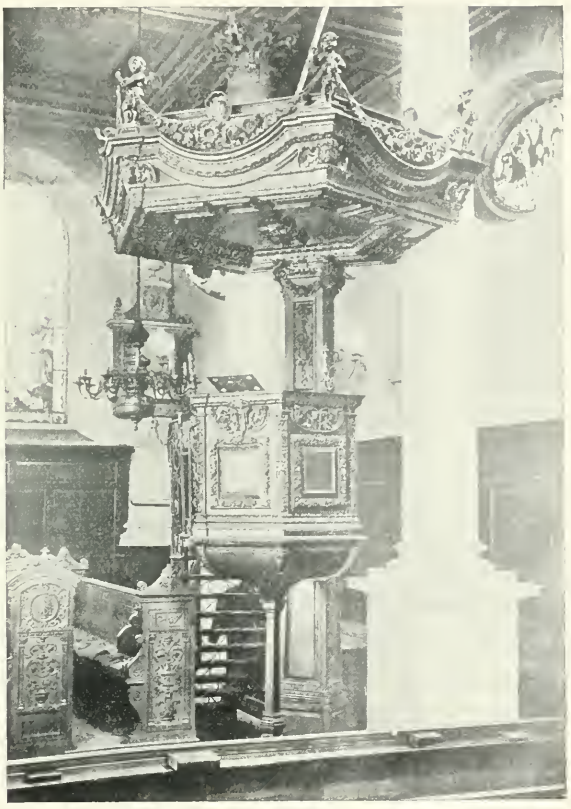




As to the charm of the interior of St. Stephen's, let Mr. J. Elmes, the biographer of the architect, speak: "The beauty of the interior of this church arises from its lightness and elegance. On entering from the street, by about a dozen or more of steps, through a vestibule of dubious obscurity, on opening the handsome folding wainscot doors, a halo of dazzling light flashes at once upon the eye, and a lovely band of Corinthian columns, of beauteous proportions appear in magic mazes before you. The expansive cupola and supporting arches expand their airy shapes like gossamer; and the sweetly proportioned embellished architrave cornice, of original lightness and application, completes the charm. On a second look, the columns slide into complete order, like a band of young and elegant dancers at the close of a quadrille. Then the pedestals concealed by the elaborate pewings, which are sculptured into the form of a solid stylobate, opening up the nave under the cupola to the great recess which contains the altar, and West's fine historical picture of the stoning of St. Stephen, lift up the entire column to the level of the eye,

their brown and brawny solids supporting the delicate white forms of the entire order....He who doubts the excellencies of Wren as an architect of the first order should deeply study this jewel of the art—find fault if he can; but first qualify himself by trying to surpass it."

Something of the old charm of the church disappeared with the removal, in 1888, of much of the wainscoting and all the ancient pews; but it may be questioned whether Sir Christopher contemplated fixed seats of any kind in the building. Certainly most of the old prints of the interior show it devoid of any seating accommodation; and if those prints distort the perspective of the building somewhat, they at the same time do fuller justice to the conception of the architect than any view obstructed by pews. As will be seen by the picture which shows the view of the church obtained from the pulpit, the old heavy pews have been replaced by seats of a more open character, and these impede far less than their predecessors the harmonious beauty of Wren's design. No matter, then, from what standpoint the interior is studied, one cannot fail to be struck by that "lightness and elegance" upon which Elmes laid so much stress.



ST. STEPHEN'S—THE PULPIT.

St. Stephen's is particularly rich in exquisite carving, the bulk of which is the work of "that incomparable young man Gibbon," whom John Evelyn unearthed at Deptford in such a tragic manner. Grinling Gibbon did not gain much from Evelyn's introduction of him to Charles II, but he profited largely from being brought to Wren's notice by the famous diarist. Hence the plethora of his work in Wren's churches—work which is seen at its best in St. Stephen's. The pulpit, the font cover and the organ case were all wrought by Gibbon's deft hand, and these carvings have all the merits and fewest of the defects of his best productions. Apart from these carvings, St. Stephen's has few added beauties to boast of. The mural monuments are not particularly striking, and the stained glass window to Dr. Croly is not an overwhelming success. But on the whole, no one will regret the absence of extraneous attractions in St. Stephen's, Walbrook; it is glory enough for any building to be sealed as the master effort of Sir Christopher Wren.

ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

From "Inigo Jones and Wren," by W. J. Loftie.

"St. Stephen's had the good or ill fortune to belong to the Grocers' Com-

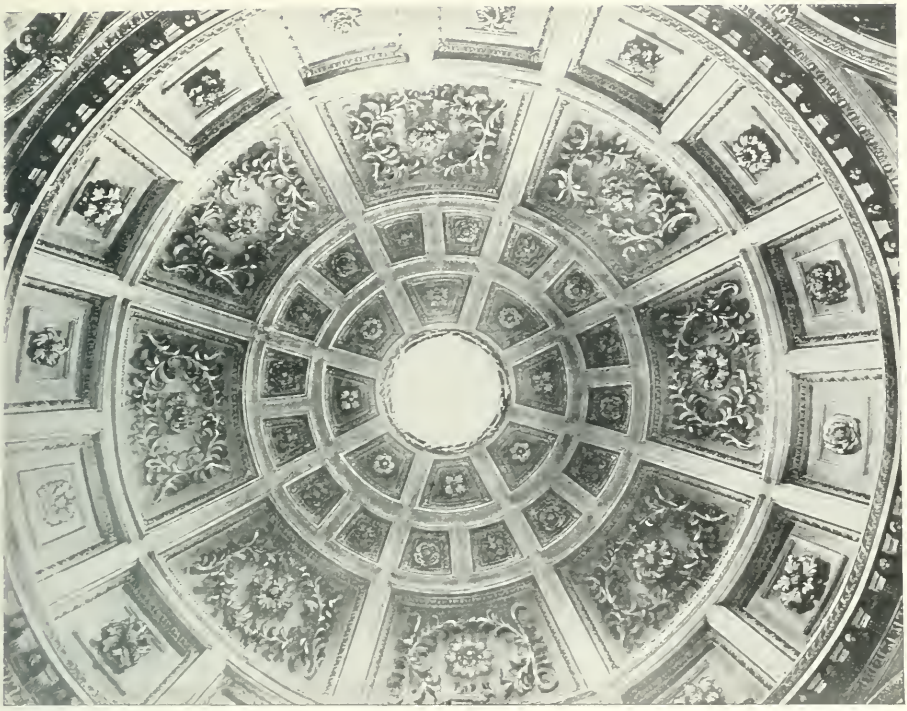
pany. The consequence is both that the authorities were able to incur a little extra expense in the original design, and also that ever since, with every changing caprice of architectural taste, they have done their best to obliterate Wren's handiwork. The church is very well known, and visitors are fortunate who saw it before the last alteration. The part of the curious passage from Elmes [already quoted] relating to the pewings should be specially noted. The arrangement of the dark oak wainscoting produced a most interesting scenic effect. When you entered from below, the church seemed to rise above you. All its architectural features began to show, so to speak, above the level of the tall sombre pews. The size, and especially the height of the church, were so enhanced that it was impossible to believe that it was only 87 feet 10 inches by 64 feet 10 inches, with 63 feet to the top of the highest part of the dome. Fergusson, who was no enthusiastic admirer of Wren, says that here he produced the most pleasing interior of any Renaissance church, which has yet been erected. Farther on he repeats: 'There is a cheerful ness, an elegance and appropriateness about the interior which pleases every one.' The leading idea of the architect was to place 'a circular dome on an octagonal base, supported by eight pillars,' and Mr. Fergusson considered this was an early and long a favourite mode of roofing in the East, and the consequent variety obtained by making the diverging aisles respectively in the ratio of 7 to 10, infinitely more pleasing than the Gothic plan of doubling them, unless the height was doubled at the same time.' What Fergusson meant by 'the East,' I do not know. There was nothing to compare to St. Stephen's in India, Syria or Egypt before the time of Wren, whose design, in any case, must be accounted wholly original.



THE BAPTISMAL FONT.

"This church has always laboured under the same disadvantage as St. Paul's. The authorities concerned with it have always had too much money. I have not heard that St. Stephen's has been scheduled for destruction by the committee; but after the 'restoration,' we may regard its ruin with comparative equanimity. The great scenic charm of the interior has been carefully and elaborately removed. It no longer bursts upon the view as we ascend from what Elmes calls 'the vestibule of dubious obscurity.' The interior has been gutted. The panelling which had such a magic effect has been removed. The floor has been laid down with coarse mosaic. The pedestals of the pillars are exposed, with a disastrous result; and in the centre a few yellow oak seats, fresh from Tottenham Court Road, have been placed, as if to accentuate the smallness of the congregation. We all admire courage, and perhaps some readers would like to know the name of the gentleman who ventured so boldly to improve upon Wren's masterpiece. It is Peebles, and he is understood to be a very accomplished architect.

"Mr. Wheatley says that Wren was averse to the use of these panellings, and that they vere forced upon him by the Grocers' Company, and Miss Phillimore speaks of 'the disfiguring



ST. STEPHEN'S—THE DOME.

pews' which she desired to see removed. Neither of these writers apparently understood that even if they were forced upon Wren, which I must take leave to doubt, he used them in such a way as to make them an integral part of the design. Tinkering of all kinds has gone on for many years, and the 'restoration' of Mr. Peebles was only the final step in a long series of such ruinous operations. Among the first was a frightful vandalism, the insertion of mock mediæval stained glass in the windows. But the treatment of this little gem of architecture is not a subject pleasant enough to be dwelt on here. It has always been very difficult to obtain access to the interior on a week day; and the visitor need not now go to the trouble which in Canova's time and later was necessary before the key could be found.

"It has often been remarked by architectural writers that St. Stephen's would form an admirable model for a modern church. Several attempts in this direction have resulted in failure. The reason is easily found. If an imitator either enlarged or diminished St. Stephen's, the proportions would be lost. A St. Stephen's double the size would have a wholly different effect. It is so small that the imitators have generally tried to build something larger; but there would be great difficulty in making the needful calculation. It cannot be done by rule of thumb. It may be worth while here to mention that some admirable drawings of St. Stephen's, by Mr. Edmund H. Sedding, were engraved in the *Builder* on 3rd January, 1885, having gained the Royal Academy medal in 1884. The drawings were made before the church was 'restored.'" [One of these drawings is reproduced with the present article.]

A ROMANCE THAT FAILED.

By William R. Stewart.

THERE was really no reason in the world why Frederick Goodwin should have answered "No" when asked if he was a married man. For he certainly was married, and had always been quite willing that people should know it. Indeed, he was rather proud of his wife, who was stylish and good-looking and very good company too.

And yet he did say "No," and although it was not a prompt, emphatic "No," but came from him in a halting, hesitating tone, and in two syllables, thus: "N-no," necessitating an "Oh, no" immediately afterwards to make it effective, still the fact remained that it was said, and said more or less deliberately.

Of course, it is not strictly accurate to say there was no reason for this denial; and yet, the next minute he was rather sorry for it, in a way, and was sorry the next day as well, and would have unsaid it a hundred times before the voyage was over had he had the courage to do so, which he hadn't.

The fact was, he was not paying much attention at the time, and had spoken before he really considered what he was saying. And then when Mrs. Portman and the Misses Portman looked at him so curiously as he lisped out the "N-no," he instinctively felt that the denial was doubted, and followed it up with quite an emphatic "Oh, no". And thus once said and asseverated there was nothing for it but to stick to it.

But do not imagine that Frederick Goodwin was by nature prone to habitual wanderings from the paths of truth. The present occasion had its mitigating circumstances; or rather, they were tantalizing circumstances, such as any man might fall a victim to, and Fred was never very strong at resisting temptations, anyway.

To begin with, it happened at sea; which of itself was a point to be considered, for the customs of the promenade deck are not so rigid as the etiquette of the drawing-room. And the Misses Portman were very pretty young ladies—almost the only pretty ones on board, in fact—and what interest could they be supposed likely to take in Fred if he were a married man? He liked young ladies' society, too, Fred did, if he was married—he was only twenty-nine at that—and six or seven days at sea passed only in the company of other men and married women was not half so pleasing a prospect as a little harmless flirtation with the Misses Portman.

The passenger list was not a very large one that voyage. It was the winter season, when folks travel south rather than west, and the weather for some time back had been cold and stormy. It was thus it happened, as already related, that the Misses Portman—Fannie and Jennie were their other names—were almost the only really pretty young ladies on board. And it was under such circumstances too, that, as also already related, when Mrs. Portman, on the second day out from Southampton for New York, asked: "Are you a married man, Mr. Goodwin?" Mr. Goodwin said "N-no. Oh, no."

It was astonishing how quickly Fred and Fannie—to call them by more formal names were quite impossible, even though Fred was married, which Fannie didn't know—it was astonishing, be it said, how quickly they seemed to take to each other, and how fond they grew of each other. Mrs. Portman noticed it, the other Miss Portman noticed it, the passengers noticed it. It began before breakfast, when they were the earliest of the passengers on deck for a morn-



ing constitutional; it continued all forenoon, when they sauntered about the ship, and read and talked to each other; in the afternoon, when they did the same, and ended only when they retired at night, which was never very early and sometimes quite late.

It is wonderful what pranks Cupid can play with two young hearts at sea, especially in the long quiet evenings, when the great solitude of the vast ocean rolling majestically on every side, and the pathetic loneliness of the moon, as it shines over the heaving billows, give to everything an air and aspect if not utterly unreal at least of complete dissimilarity to the material world to which we are accustomed. The world! What is the world? The ship we're sailing in, and we its only inhabitants; the only life the present one.

And so Fred Goodwin allowed himself to dream on—it was a very pleasant dream, why should he spoil it?—and nothing was farther from his mind than doing anything particularly wrong. He would have even become quite indignant had anybody intimated that he was not acting just like the good, noble men in the books which he hadn't read much since his Sunday-School days. Still—well, the passengers every one of them said it was a love-match pure and simple, so there must have been something going on that Mrs. Fred at home would not have approved of, and that Miss Portman at sea would not have permitted had she known that a Mrs. Fred existed.

Now, when Fred Goodwin said "N-no; Oh, no!" (in the manner and under the circumstances already narrated) he fully intended to make amends, later on, for the little discrepancy between fact and statement into which he had so unpremeditatedly stumbled. A simple and easy way of accomplishing the reparation, he reasoned, would be by making it known to the Portmans, in a seemingly off-hand manner, that he was engaged to be married—that, in fact, the nuptial knot constituting him a Benedict was to be tied soon after his return. "An engaged man is as uninteresting as an actually married one,"

he said to himself, "and that will set matters right again. I don't want to do any deceiving, even if nobody is likely to care two straws whether I'm married or not."

But somehow the opportunity to set matters right had a way of not presenting itself which was quite remarkable. Every morning Fred arose with the laudable resolution that another sun should not set before every compunction of conscience and qualm of honour were satisfied by the confession —or rather, the half confession which he had figured out to be about equal to a whole one—that he would make.

Of course, before breakfast was not a good time to introduce the subject, for people only talked about the prospects for the day's weather then, and how many knots the ship had made during the twenty-four hours, how each had slept during the night, and such like topics of casual import.

Then, after breakfast seemed to be just as bad. The days were so pleasant and sunshiny, and Fannie such good company, and so many other topics of conversation *would* keep cropping up, that Fred was perforce obliged to postpone it till the afternoon.

The afternoon was no better. Indeed it seemed to be distinctly worse, for whereas in the morning he was a number of times on the very verge of dragging this confession of his into the midst of most inopportune topics, in the afternoon he never once felt the impulse to refer to it at all, if, indeed, he did not forget the resolve of the early morning.

The evening was worse still. He did make one desperate effort after the sun had gone down, but it resulted in a miserable failure. It was a particularly beautiful evening. The full moon was shedding its soft white rays over all the expanse of scarcely rippled ocean; a balmy warmth was in the listless air that was not the sultriness of heat-parched brick and stone and pavement; occasional seagulls sailed and darted round and above the ship, while the steady, monotonous churn of the engines down below, and the scarcely audible hum of distant conversation, all combined to make Fred, who was standing alone on the deck and leaning over the railing, feel sentimental. His thoughts strayed from the sea to the land, to the cosy little home where Mrs. Fred and the children were—for he had children, too, had Fred, a couple of them—and even in the half-light of the ended day, and with none else around, Fred could not help blushing just a bit.

It was while the blush was yet suffusing Fred's rather prepossessing countenance that Fannie, who had been down below for some time, came on deck and joined him at the railing. Fred was still feeling sentimental, for his thoughts were still on land, and he decided that the moment had come.

"Fannie," he said, and being slightly embarrassed by uncertainty as to how best to go about it, he absent-mindedly took her hand in his, "Fannie—"

Now, anybody of common sense knows that a confession of the kind Fred had in mind simply could not be made standing alone on deck with a pretty girl, her hand in his, the moon shining placidly down, the waves rippling gently, the seagulls sailing almost motionless, the engines churning a soothing accompaniment, and all the rest of it just as we have described it as being on the evening in question.

Fannie looked up quite surprised, for there was something in Fred's manner that was a departure from the even tenor of their previous flirtation. Still, Fannie did not withdraw her hand, though, to do her justice, it must be admitted she did not return Fred's spasmodic pressure.

"Fannie," repeated Fred, and again stopped.

"Well?" replied Fannie, after an unduly long pause on Fred's part.

"Do you know, Fannie, and by this time Fred had sufficiently recovered himself to relax the warmth of his clasp on the unresisting but unresponsive fingers, "do you know that

I was just thinking of home. I couldn't help feeling a little homesick —well, no, not homesick," he corrected himself as he thought he noticed an offended movement on Fannie's part, "but just a bit, you know, sort of sentimental. And, you know, when a fellow has a—a—mother, and—sister, and a—good mother and sister too,—and—and—you know—the boys at home—why, a fellow can't help feeling a little lonesome for them at times, can he?"

The next day Fred made no effort to carry out his resolution whatever. The day following he thought about it but did nothing, and, in short, when the big steamer steamed into New York harbour and finally tied up at her berth the setting right had still to be done.

At Albany the paths of Fred Goodwin and the Portmans divided: Fred went to Montreal, the Portmans to Buffalo. Let us exercise our privilege of author, and draw a veil over



DRAWN BY D. C. HUTCHISON.

"FRED GOODWIN FRAMED AND MATURED HIS PLAN."

"No, indeed, one cannot," responded Fannie, and, would you believe it? she actually squeezed Fred's fingers for just one little instant, while a far-away look crept into her pretty eyes which Fred couldn't see in the gloaming.

At any rate, it was all up with Fred's attempted confession. He couldn't have told it to save a kingdom, and—it was even a later hour than usual when they separated that evening.

the parting of Fred and Fannie. We do this partly out of consideration for Mrs. Fred at home, who might reasonably have objected to the warm pressure of hands and mutual promises to write soon, and partly out of consideration for those of our readers who have straight views on such matters and would object even more strongly than Mrs. Fred, who knew Fred better than they do, and knew Fred's little weaknesses, and that at bottom



DRAWN BY D. C. HUTCHISON.

"WAS IT AN APPARITION?"

he wasn't such a bad sort after all.

There was a short wait at Albany before Fred's train continued on its journey to Montreal, and he went out and walked about, and thought the situation over, and wondered what was to be done. There was Fannie going to write to him, and he had promised to write to her, and—and—well, he certainly had said things during those past eight days that she might have misinterpreted, and he supposed there was no doubt she was really in love with him and believed that he entertained similar tender sentiments with respect to herself. There was certainly trouble in the prospect, and just how to get out of it, with honour to himself and consideration for Miss Portman, was the problem which occupied his thoughts pretty much to the exclusion of everything else.

Indeed, with such intentness was Mr. Fred Goodwin engaged in its consideration, and so little did the merely material affair of where he was walking engross his attention, that he walked out of the railway shed and fell down an embankment of some twenty feet or so into a lot of coal dust and tin cans and other equally unpleasant debris to tumble amongst. But he felt more comfortable after that, for it gave him something to swear at, which is always a relief in such circumstances.

When Fred Goodwin reached Montreal his wife was at the station to meet him, with the children, and for the time Miss Fannie Portman was forgotten. But she came back to perplex him the next day, and occupied his thoughts fully as much as the business duties of the office.

There seemed but one way out of the difficulty—suicide. But Fred was not yet tired of living, nor altogether prepared to die, and he resolved to cease to exist only with respect to Miss Fannie Portman, of Buffalo, N.Y., and, of course, such friends of the latter to whom she might convey the sad intelligence.

So Fred Goodwin framed and matured his plan. When it was fully developed he looked upon it and pronounced it good and proceeded to carry it into execution. He needed an accomplice, and the accomplice was procured. The latter was a printer, and between them the following death notice resolved itself into type, to be in due time mailed to Miss Portman :

> DIED—In this city, on the 13th inst., Frederick George Goodwin, accountant, aged 29 years. Funeral from his late residence, Union ave., on Wednesday, the 15th inst., at 3 p.m., to Mount Royal Cemetery.

Now Frederick George Goodwin, as already related, had no intention whatever of departing this life so far as the world outside of the immediate circle of the Portmans, of Buffalo, was concerned, and he consequently did not have the above notice inserted in a newspaper. This was where the services of the printer accomplice came in, for the latter set the notice up in type, and ruled it off in the regular way, and set up other type round about it, and ran the reverse over some standing matter in one of the forms, and, behold ! the result was for all the world like an ordinary newspaper clipping, torn out rather carelessly, with the notice of the death of Frederick George Goodwin marked with X's in pen and ink at the top corners, and fragments of other printed matter at the sides and top and bottom and on the other side as well.

This brief and mournful announcement was sent to Miss Fannie Portman, 801 Swan Street, Buffalo, accompanied by a much longer, but quite equally mournful pen-and-ink corroboration by the accomplice, in which it was stated that the departed had died very suddenly ; that he had contracted a severe cold on the train from New York, which had developed into congestion of the lungs, and ended fatally within two days. As the end approached, added the letter (and even the cold ink seemed to grow soft and tearful-looking in sympathy)—as the end approached and the deceased realized that his moments were numbered, he had sent for the friend whose sad duty

it was now to pen these lines. To him he had confided the deep attachment he had formed for Miss Portman, and had charged him to faithfully convey to her his dying blessing and to tell her that his last thoughts, as his last words, were of his dearest Fannie.

"That ought to fix it," said Fred, as he and the accomplice completed the note and despatched it upon its way. "The poor girl will feel pretty bad for a time, I suppose, but it was the best thing to do under the circumstances. Anyway, she knew me for only a week, and will get over it after a while."

"Oh, she'll get over it, don't worry," comfortingly assured the accomplice, whose faith in the constancy of woman was not great.

But the next day it occurred to Fred that it was not all right yet, and that there remained something else to be attended to. What if Fannie, inconsolable, should want to come to Montreal to strew a flower or two on his grave and mingle her tears with those of his bereaved mother, and so should write to that mother (Fred had told her he had a mother living), or should write to some other of his relatives, whose addresses she might easily obtain through the medium of the directory! Here were portentous possibilities, which demanded attention. He had already committed suicide; he must commit murder as well.

So Fred sat down and deliberately killed off his poor old mother—and she had been a good mother to him—and assassinated his uncle, and quietly removed his aunts and cousins, and left himself without a solitary relation in the wide world. Then he called in the accomplice again, and the latter copied it out into another letter to Fannie and told her, delicately, and in a manner full of sympathetic sadness, how it had occurred to him that Miss Portman might possibly desire to communicate with some of the late Mr. Goodwin's relatives. Unfortunately, Mr. Goodwin had no relatives living, at least none that the writer knew of. His father had died several years before, and his mother had succumbed, quite unexpectedly, to heart disease only a few days ago—while, in fact, Mr. Goodwin was crossing the ocean. (The letter hinted that it might have been partly due to the shock of his mother's death that Mr. Goodwin's own ailment had ended fatally as it had.) An uncle of the deceased who had lived in Montreal, had recently died, and any other living relatives that he might have had were not now in Montreal, and were not known to the writer.

"There," said Fred, relieved, "that'll settle it anyway. It's not pleasant to have to kill so many people, but what else was there to be done?" And with this utilitarian consolation he slept better that night.

With all the threatening features of his little romance on the Atlantic thus happily disposed of, Fred proceeded to forget the incident, recalling it only in his lighter moments, and at such times only to smile quietly to himself over it and think what a tremendous fellow he could be among the women if he only tried. But of course he had no intention of trying; he was too loyal to Mrs. Fred for that. He did hope, though, that Fannie had not cut up too much over his death, and taken it to heart; for he was a sensitive and kindly man, was Fred, and could not endure the thought of another suffering on account of him.

It was perhaps a matter of two weeks after his return to Montreal that Fred stood one evening in the waiting-room of the Bonaventure depot in that city. He had escorted thither Mrs. Fred, who went to see a friend off on the Toronto train, and having stopped to say a word or two to a male acquaintance, had become momentarily separated from his better half and her companion.

He had finished his conversation and was turning around to rejoin them when—was it an apparition?—there was Fannie Portman walking directly towards him. She was accompanied by a tall, dark gentleman, and they

had evidently just alighted from the western express.

In another moment she had seen him, and though she blushed slightly, and showed a momentary embarrassment, she came forward smiling with out-stretched hand.

"Why, Mr. Goodwin, how are you? I scarcely expected the pleasure of meeting an acquaintance so soon in a strange city." Whatever embarrassment she might have felt, none showed itself in her voice and smile.

Fred shook the proferred hand automatically, and automatically raised his hat and bowed. Automatically, too, he said "How do you do?" and never felt quite so uncomfortable in his life. It certainly was just a trifle embarrassing to be found alive after one's death notice had been sent out.

"You'll come around and see us, won't you, and show us around your city, Mr. Goodwin," she continued. "You know strangers are at a disadvantage in a new place. We shall be staying at the Queen's."

Fred promised he would, but without enthusiasm.

"Oh, I was forgetting. My husband—Mr. Wetmore—Mr. Goodwin. Mr. Goodwin came over with us on the *Germanic*, Jack. You remember Jessie speaking about him."

Mr. Wetmore did not remember, but was very glad, indeed, to make Mr. Goodwin's acquaintance, and hoped he would come and take dinner with them at the hotel the next evening, if he had no other appointment.

Unfortunately Fred had another appointment, but would be pleased to call some other time.

"Married!" mused Fred to himself after they had parted. Then he glanced quickly round for Mrs. Fred. Why hadn't he thought of it before, and got even by introducing his wife? It was too late now, however.

As Fred walked home that evening with the sharer of his joys and sorrows —such of them at least as he confided to her, the latter remarked upon his unaccustomed preoccupation. He was strangely plunged in silent cogitations, spoke little, and every now and then a perplexed half-smile passed over his countenance and marked the presence of unspoken thoughts of more than usual seriousness.

As Fred sat in his little smoking room that evening, a sanctum into which Mrs. Fred seldom intruded, smoking his pipe with an earnestness which he seldom displayed at that or any other occupation, there rang at his door bell, and a minute or two later was ushered into his presence, his accomplice of the printing house. To Fred, absorbed in thoughts of Mrs. Wetmore—Miss Fannie Portman that was—there seemed a strange coincidence in this visit so soon after the meeting at the depot.

"Here's something that will interest you, Fred," announced the accomplice, smiling. "The fair Fannie of your ocean voyage is still waiting for the letter you promised her. She'll probably be writing herself soon to see what's the matter."

"I think not," said Fred quietly.

"Well, here is all our correspondence back again, anyway," continued the accomplice, "death notice, letter of condolence and all. 'Returned for better address. Not at 801 Swan Street' is stamped across the envelope, which seems to have been sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington and opened. Sure Miss Portman told you 801 Swan street?"

Fred looked up his notebook and found upon examination that the address was 301, not 801. And as the Portmans did not live in Buffalo, but were simply visiting friends there, and accordingly were not known, the explanation of the returned letters was easy.

Then Fred laughed. And when the accomplice had been told the story of the Bonaventure depot *he* laughed. After which both—particularly Fred—had many things to say of woman's fickleness and infidelity, of how a poor chap could never know when he was not being taken in and made game of, and of how Miss Fannie Portman must have been engaged to that other chap

all along, and was only amusing herself with Fred as a convenient means of pastime. Though on this latter point Fred was not so enthusiastic as the accomplice, for he had been taking some quiet pride in thinking, as has been mentioned, what a tremendous fellow among the women he might be if he tried.

The next day Fred left his card at the Queen's for Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore, who, as it happened, were out when he called (which he had taken good care to see would happen). And some days afterwards, in a burst of confidence, he could not help telling the whole story to Mrs. Fred (with such few variations and embellishments as he considered essential to her full enjoyment of the narrative), and Mrs. Fred thought it was a capital joke indeed.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

FROM ITS OWN POINT OF VIEW.

By Rev. Professor E. W. Huntingford, Trinity College.

WHEN an election is taking place the men who have the votes to give are usually spoken of as the "free and independent" electors. The words may be used with a certain amount of mental reservation, there may be a good deal of mockery lurking in them; but, whether they are called so in express terms or not, electors do like to think themselves free and independent. Of course they are not. Everyone knows that they are not, and they know it themselves; but it sounds well. There is no such thing as absolute liberty upon this earth any more than there is equality; and fraternity does not improve its chances. Anyone who yearns to be entirely free had better set up for himself upon a desert island where he can be like Robinson Crusoe or Alexander Selkirk, "monarch of all he surveys,"—a style of living which approaches remarkably near to the luxury of penal servitude, to such an extent do extremes meet. The conventionalities of the world, the usages of society, the opinions and wishes of the rest of mankind curtail everyone's freedom to some extent; and in politics men depend to a very large extent upon party platforms which are built for them by others. They think they make their own opinions for themselves, but very few do, any more than they make their own clothes; they put them on ready made, and they don't always fit.

Would it do to have no party platforms? Would things get on any better if there was no such thing as party organization or canvassing? Supposing it were possible for an election to be suddenly sprung upon an unprepared community; supposing a certain number of candidates were presented to the people, whose personal characters were better known to them than their politics, and each free and independent voted according to the promptings of his own inner consciousness, would the electors know which way their representative would go on any particular question? and would the representative know which way his constituents expected him to go? And in a House composed of members thus elected, what difficulties there would be in forming well defined parties! They would divide one way upon one question and another upon another, and the Government would be hard put to it to know whether they had the confidence of the House or not, and whether the House had the confidence of the country or not.

In some primitive states of society

rival candidates have settled their claims by a free fight. This occasionally happened in ancient Rome, the State which laid the foundation of modern social systems, and it has not been absolutely unknown in Ireland. There have been times when the results of elections depended upon sentiment, when the issue turned upon personal feeling, the liking for this or that man's ways and private character.

But such things are getting rather out of date ; in these days the real interest is money. When all is said and done, the practical issue in the mind of each voter is " which party will bring most grist to my mill if it is in power ? " If he thinks that one platform has a tendency to put more dollars and cents in his pocket, then he votes for that party ; if the other party can persuade him that they can make him richer, then he gives his vote to them. And what is to settle his decision ? The most practical considerations, of course. When a man comes to you and says, " I have here an invention which enables me to control the riches of the world," and offers you a share in his discovery and the benefits which ensue from it, you will perhaps begin to thank him, with that warmth of emotion which characterizes you, for his extreme kindness and liberality to an entire stranger. But when he suggests that all that is needed is a little financial support from yourself to put the scheme into working order, the hard and suspicious side of your human nature comes into play and you begin to think. You notice that his pants bag at the knees, that his coat is just a trifle shiny in parts, and that his linen is not quite so clean as what a Crœsus might be expected to wear. Unworthy suspicion ! Perhaps such a man has a soul above mere smartness of apparel ! But the suspicion sticks ; you put yourself in his place ; you imagine what you would do yourself if you had come into possession of the secret key to unlimited wealth. You know very well that you would keep it to yourself ; you wouldn't give it away to the first man you met on the street, at all events ; you would work it for yourself first, and so prove to the world that there was something in it. What is the use of promises ? You want proofs, proofs that you can understand and see.

A political party makes its appeal to the voter much in this way. They come and say to him, " Put us into power and we will enable you to make money." He thinks, " Stop a moment, have you made any yourselves ? Because, if you haven't, I don't feel like trusting myself to you for the business."

But if the politician says to him, " Look here, we know how to get the dollars ; put us into power and we will enable you to get them too. Is it proofs you want ? Here's a ten dollar bill for you."

" I believe you," says he ; " I'll vote for you."

Presently another comes along and says, " What that fellow was telling you is all nonsense. My party knows a good deal more about enriching the country than his does, and we have done better for ourselves, too. What do you think of this ? " and he gives him a twenty dollar bill.

" Well," says the voter, " that seems to alter the case, I'll vote for you ! "

It is quite possible that some people would condemn a transaction of this sort, and that they would even use hard and unsparing words of it. In England boroughs have even been disfranchised for such trifles. That only shows how absolutely some people can miss the bearings of things. They talk about dishonesty, about corruption ; as if it was dishonesty to do a man a good turn when he does you one ! as if it was dishonesty to put into power the party who you are convinced can do best for you ! as if it was corruption to listen to a solid argument, the only kind of argument which is of any real value—except, of course, bullets ; but they have the disadvantage that a man thoroughly convinced by them loses his vote *ipso facto*, as a rule.

We have been looking at this matter from the elector's point of view ;

let us look at it also from the point of view of the candidate for election, especially when he is elected.

He expends money. Now, no wise man expects to *get* something for nothing, nor does any one but a fool think of *paying* something for nothing. What return, then, does our friend reckon upon for his expenditure? Is it the honour of being declared member for Jonesville? Is it the delight and satisfaction of hearing his own voice in Parliament? Is it the power which he feels is in his hands as he records his vote upon questions of momentous interest to his country? There are those whose vanity on the one hand or whose old-fashioned notions on the other are satisfied with such things. But we assume that our friend is a practical man, just as much as the elector, and up-to-date. "Honour, power," says he, "what are they worth?" He sees that they give him not only the position of a public man, with letters after his name, so that he can be sure that he is somebody, and that other people know it, but they provide him besides with various opportunities of taking out of the pockets of the community the money which he has put into it, and perhaps more, if he has luck—who knows?

What these opportunities are, this is not the place to say, and he does not talk about them publicly himself; but they seem to be well known to a good many people, particularly party journalists, and, curiously enough, those of the opposite party; and they, for their part, invariably speak of them with pious horror, which is still more curious.

Why should a fuss be made about what is, after all, a mere matter of business? What need is there to drag in such words as "honesty" and "dishonesty?" Why make a pretence of surprise with horror-struck liftings of hands and abuse "the politician?" Money is paid and money is made, and politics is a game in which large sums change hands. Well, the money circulates at all events, and the circulation of money means prosperity; and if a man is clever enough to spend his money, or anyone else's money for that matter, so as to be in a position to gather in the spoils of victory, he deserves the reward of his cleverness. He is the ox treading out the political corn, and it is but common fairness that he should not be muzzled.

This theory seems to be based upon sound reasons, and to be in conformity with many of the facts of the practical politics of the day as they are stated by the journals, who are our instructors in Political Science. There is, however, a wild possibility that it may be considered wrong. If so, there is perhaps "something rotten in the State of Denmark." What needs altering. And who shall do it?

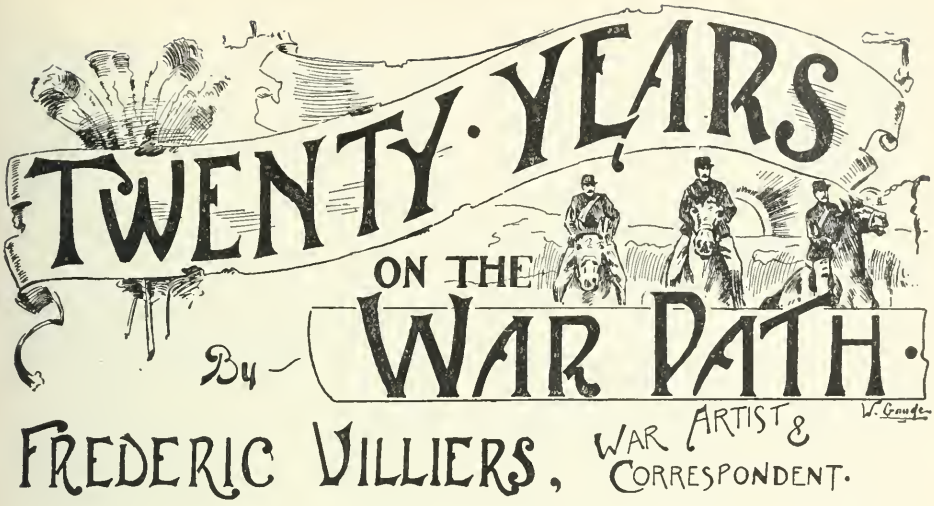
STAR TELESM.

I HAVE no heart to-night to sing,
And sitting here I think of you;
No dusky bird is on the wing,
One star burns brightly in the blue.

I think of you, nor hath the night
A trace of sadness for me now;
She charms me with her shadow-light,
The carmine star upon her brow.

Your star—above the fading hills
I watch for it when twilight falls;
When life with quiet dreaming fills,
And thro' the dusk the robin calls.

Helen Merrill.



IX.—"DEAD HORSE PICKET."

IT is a dull and unprofitable time for the war correspondents when, after the British public has been worked up to a high pitch of excitement and expectancy by the opening telegrams of the commencement of wars, the time comes when both belligerents, after a few outpost affairs, mark time for awhile, preparing for some grand *coup*. It is at this period all kinds of rumours are rife, and the war correspondent must use considerable discrimination. Many a time a canard will appear in some rival daily which will bring down the wrath of one's own journal. And anxious telegrams are despatched, inquiring: "Why on earth haven't you sent us this? What are you up to? Keep awake!" &c.

In fact, to the conscientious correspondent the waiting for the campaign to begin is exceedingly trying. Many war correspondents had been vegetating in this way in Alexandria, after the famous bombardment by Sir Beauchamp Seymour, waiting for the military programme to develop.

Transports with British troops were now arriving daily at the Marina, and the long-looked-for advance against the Egyptians was anticipated at any moment. The war correspondents mostly congregated, of an evening, at the Hotel-de-Nil, apparently in amity and good-fellowship, but each man keenly watched his colleague in case that he might have any exclusive news worthy of a telegram to the London papers.

I had returned late one night to my quarters at the Hotel Abbat, after quite a jovial meeting of the correspondents at the rendezvous. It seemed to me that I had hardly fallen asleep, when I was startled by a loud knocking at my bedroom door.

"What the deuce are you up to?" I shouted, as I sprang from my bed. "You'll break the door in. Here! Stop that row, I'm coming."

And in another moment I opened the door.

"You must have taken too much whiskey last night. I've been trying to wake you for the last fifteen minutes!" said my friend and colleague, Drew Gaylor, the correspondent of a London daily.

"Well, what is it all about, now you're here!" said I. "At this time in the morning, too, to kick up such an infernal shindy!"

"Put on your boots and come along," said my friend, as he looked at his watch. "In another hour the first dance of the ball of the campaign, for a surety, will begin."

I looked at him as I sat on the edge

of the bed, half-dazed with my sudden awakening.

"You're sure it isn't a fool's errand?" I asked, "for you know we've been sold with scares upon scares for the last five days."

"No, it's all right," he answered. I got the tip last night. The first regiment has been on the march for the last two hours already, and this time business is meant, for a certainty."

"Well, Gaylor, it's very good of you to trouble yourself about me. But I haven't got a horse, so don't let me be a burden to you," still doubting the news; "I will come on later."

"I've got a mount for you," said my friend. "It's all right. She is a sorry-looking beast, but she will carry you through the day for what work we want. Saddle, bridle, and all, so don't waste time; get into your boots and come along. We shall be the only men there; and, Villiers, you will have to thank me for a good start in this campaign, for we shall be back with the news before the other fellows have been fully awakened to the fact that there is fighting going on."

It was not long before I was out in the open, and mounted on the grey mare Gaylor had so thoughtfully brought for me. My quarters were near the Ramleh railway station. The Mediterranean washed the shingle just below my window.

We rode along the shore for a few hundred yards, skirting the famous obelisks which had been standing monuments in Cleopatra's time, and which were now lying half-buried in the sand and the scum and wash of the tideless sea.

I little thought at that moment that only a few years later I should be looking at one of those obelisks from the luxurious table of a dining-room on the Thames Embankment, and that shortly after I should be smoking a cigar in the moonlight while trying to decipher on its base the hieroglyphics on the faces of the other in Central Park, New York City.

It was scarcely yet dawn, and we would not trust ourselves to the possibility of delay at the Rosetta Gate, for the draw-bridge was never down till sunrise, so Gaylor stuck to the railway embankment. This was a very good idea, as the metals ran straight through the enemy's line, and by following them we were bound to get somewhere near the front.

It was rather risky work in more senses than one, for there was a dull, grey mist hanging around us, forcing us to keep well between the rails for fear of a tumble down the sides of the embankment.

After the first excitement, at suddenly finding myself on the eve of a big adventure, I pulled myself together and began to examine the steed that was carrying me. She was an iron-grey weak-kneed looking brute, with her right ear lying flat along her neck. This gave her a very vicious aspect. I had seen horses up country in Australia look similar to my animal, when on the point of buck-jumping, so I said to Gaylor:

"What are the bad points about this horse? She looks a vicious beast, anyway."

"Oh, it's all right, Villiers; she's as quiet as a lamb now."

"Was she ever wicked?"

"Yes, she had a devil of a temper once, but I cured her."

"Well, how do you account for that ugly-looking ear"?

"That's the point," said my friend. "She showed a bit of temper one morning, for not only would she not let me mount her, but she wanted to eat me at the same time. So I simply tried an old South African dodge, which is always efficacious. I gave the brute a clout over her right ear with a crowbar which laid it flat along her neck, as you see, and it has remained there ever since."

"That was rather an extreme measure, wasn't it?" said I.

"Yes, but it did its work thoroughly. You can trust that animal with your best girl now; she is as sweet a tempered beast as you can come across."

I was young and trustful in those days, and though it seemed a cruel way of horse-training, I never doubted my friend's South African experiences for a moment ; especially as the mare picked her way over the sleepers, and never showed a bit of vice or temper all through the day.

On approaching the village of Ramleh the line swerved to the left, and passed through a station that had a suggestion of a Swiss chalet about it. At the back of the station, on a hilly piece of ground which further dipped down towards the sea, were a few rather fine-looking villas ; and in a garden, in the centre of a clump of palm trees, was the hotel, "De Beau Sejour." There was not, however, much of *beau Sejour* now about the vicinity, for down by the station on the night before, under the Egyptian moon and the shadow of swaying palms, a bloody little skirmish had taken place. The modern chalet of the station had received an unbidden visit from the picturesque, ancient-garbed Bedouins of the desert. The ticket-office was riddled with bullets, and the signal-post for the down-line was so knocked out of gear that it was no longer in working order. This mattered little, for there was no train service nowadays, with the exception of the iron-clad truck on which a six-pounder had been mounted by the bluejackets. The line was always clear to them ; if not, they cleared it with common shell.

There was not a living creature in or round this village of *beau Sejour* when he passed through that morning, save a few stray dogs, which had been sniffing about the bodies of two or three of our Bedouin enemies who had bitten the dust in the night attack on the station, and were now lying prone across the metals about a hundred yards away.

Out towards the desert on our right, the line ran along a high embankment over the plain, looking in its contortions like a veritable sea-serpent stranded on the sand. The head of the monster seemed to rise a little as it was lost in the enemy's camp at Kaffir-El-Donar, its tail trailing off through the chalet station, where for the moment we had come to a halt.

A ration of canned beef and cold tea was consumed under the shadow of the booking-office. The sun, although even now only half an hour above the horizon, had dispelled the mist hanging over the desert, and had created mirages so wonderful in their realism, that Gaylor and I felt inclined to race down to one of those fairy lakes and take a headlong dip in its cool, opal-esque waters.

About a mile from the station we came across some men of the 60th Rifles. These were stripped to their flannels, and hastily throwing up breast-works. From one trench a grim relic had been unearthed—an almost perfect skeleton of a man. Tommy, with his usual humour, had made a scarecrow of it, and had stuck it up on the top of the parapet as a wholesome and significant warning to the enemy's marksmen. Every moment fresh objects were being discovered, as Mr. Atkins sweated and swore at his work, now metal buttons, now belt-clasps, and now shreds of cloth. Examining some of the buttons, I found them to be of English regimental pattern. But a belt-clasp was decidedly French. Why, of course ! Here we were preparing to fight on the very ground where, three-quarters of a century ago, the English under Abercrombie, fought the French, under Menon, and both found a common grave. Well, to what better purpose could the death of those brave men be put than that their dust should protect the living from the bullets of the foe? When Tommy Atkins realized that the bones were probably of those that were once brethren-in-arms, there was seen no more scarecrows decorating the parapets of the trenches.

Our scouts were already in touch with the enemy. Down by a fringe of palms, fig trees, and wild cacti, skirting a road running at right angles to the railway through the enemy's lines, little puffs of smoke floated upwards.

Men were busy down there killing

each other. Round and about a few mud huts, the red fezes of the Egyptians could be distinctly seen, on the yellow sand, like the red spots dancing before one's eyes in a bilious affection. They, however, did not trouble the retina for long, for our advancing line of skirmishers pressed them too hard, and they soon broke and ran towards the shelter of their works. An officer riding a white horse tried to rally the stragglers, but his charger was shot under him, and discretion being the better part of valour with him, he hurriedly joined the retreating movement of his men.

The horse he left behind lay dead in the shadow of a thick clump of palms at the angle of the road. That corner became historic during the campaign; it was always under the enemy's fire, and when the Egyptians neared that unsavoury spot, they were always under our fire.

I remember later on in the day moving along the road, not knowing that the enemy's bullets swept so far. I was riding about three hundred yards behind a famous British officer, who was killed in the Khyber during the recent war in India, when he and his aide-de-camp, without any warning, on approaching the angle, plunged down the left bank of the road, carefully avoiding that clump of trees. I thought this was strange behaviour until I neared the spot myself, when a sound, like the buzzing of mosquitoes, aroused me, and the twang of a bullet or two on to the body of the dead horse caused me to follow the example of that famous British officer.

"Dead Horse Picket" became noted for the pungency of its situation, for being between two fires, the Egyptian officer's charger was left unburied.

The atmosphere in the vicinity of the picket made one plug one's nose with tobacco whenever the wind blew off the desert in the direction of the camp.

The miseries of war, even in this uninteresting petty skirmish, were only too apparent. In the shadow of one of the mud huts on the roadside lay a negro woman dying. She had just been delivered of a child, which lay dead in the sand by her side. Bending over her was an Arab woman who had pluckily remained behind when the peasantry took to flight on the approach of the British. I made signs that they need not fear, and gave them some water. This premature birth had been brought on by fright, on account of the expected cruelty of the British soldiers, tales of which retreating Arabs had dinned into the woman's ears. I assisted her comrade in placing her in the shadow of an adjacent hut, but in a few moments the poor creature had passed away.

With the exception of the dead horse and the negro woman, no other casualties occurred in the first infantry brush with the enemy, and the British soldier was soon upon the road, climbing up the fig trees and quenching his thirst with the green, juicy pods.

Occasionally a bullet came in his direction, but figs were a luxury, and Tommy didn't mind running a little risk. We ascertained, however, as the result of this skirmish, that Arabi intended to remain simply on the defensive, that the enormous wall of sun-dried mud cutting the road and railway at Kaffir-El-Donar was to be our objective, and the Egyptian commander would not trouble us until we attacked his stronghold.

The whole affair was hardly worth the trouble of turning out of our beds so early, but still Gaylor and I were the only correspondents on the spot, and probably my sketch would make a good poster for the newsboys to cry in the streets of London, and so, therefore, we hurried back with the material. Dusty and weary, we sighted the walls of Alexandria. The draw-bridge at the Rosetta Gate was just being raised up for the night, as we spurred our horses on to its rotten planks, and trotted through the streets of the town to our quarters.

As we walked into the Hotel Abbat, we could not hide our satisfaction in scoring over our fellow-correspondents. We took our seats at the table and commenced dinner. Our colleagues

had not seen us all day, and they looked at us with inquiring glances. A gloom began to settle on their faces, as they noticed our excellent mood, for there had been thunder in the air, and they suspected that we had been where the storm had burst. There were only two London papers next morning that published the first infantry brush with the enemy in the Egyptian campaign of '82, by their special correspondents. The vicious-looking brute I had ridden to the skirmish I saw no more. Three months afterwards I was requested by letter to visit the headquarters staff in Alexandria.

After being served with a cup of coffee and a cigarette, one of the officers said :

"Were you ever acquainted with Mr. Gaylor, the war correspondent, who has recently gone back to England ? "

"Oh, yes," I replied ; "I knew him quite well."

"We want to know whether you remember how many horses he had ? "

"Oh, I can tell you that easily enough. He had two, one of which I've ridden myself. One was a brown, the other a grey horse."

"A grey mare, Mr. Villiers. Do you know where he got the grey mare?"

"No," I replied.

"We put this question," said the officer, "because there is an old Arab, who has been bothering us for many weeks now, and who accuses Mr. Gaylor of having taken the horse from him, or at all events of flinging him a napoleon and requsitioning the animal ; and the Arab does not consider that adequate payment for his steed. He gives a full description of the mare, does the Arab. He says she has a broken right ear that lies back on her neck."

"Ah," I cried, "that Arab must be a lying old scoundrel ; it is certainly a description of the horse I rode, but Gaylor himself broke her ear to cure her of her bad temper."

The officers looked at me with astonishment.

They were even more astonished when I told them of Gaylor's South African experience in taming horses, and then they broke into roars of laughter.

Then it dawned on me, and I laughed too.

To be Concluded.

THE TOILER KING.

SEEDTIME.

GOD drew the toiler's eyes across a land that promised fair,
All upturned to the smiling sky her bosom he laid bare :
Shamefaced, across the russet quick she drew
Her mantle, diamon'ed with the evening dew.

HARVEST.

Then, when the languorous summer day was done,
All blushing from caress of amorous sun,
She rose, and shook her garment out with care :—
The toiler's wealth in golden grain was there.

W. A. Fraser.

THE FUTURE OF IMPERIALISM.

By John Lewis, Editorial Staff of Toronto Globe.

SO rapid has been the progress of Imperial ideas in Canada during the past three or four years, and especially during the war in South Africa, that it is natural for Imperialists to believe that the feeling will not evaporate in mere sentiment, but that in some way the progress will be marked and made secure; that there will be a permanent change in the relations between the United Kingdom and the outlying communities of the Empire. The subject is usually discussed under one of three heads: (1) Imperial Federation, (2) Preferential Trade, (3) Military Co-operation.

Imperial Federation has been advocated not only as a means of strengthening the Imperial bond, but as a means of placing the Colonies on an equal footing with the United Kingdom. In theory they are not equal. The Parliament of Great Britain is a Parliament elected, as to its popular branch, by the people of the United Kingdom alone; and yet in theory it has complete power over the Colonies, and can make, amend, or even abrogate their constitutions. The Ministry, which is a committee of that Parliament, virtually appoints the Governors of the Colonies, and one Minister is called the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and exercises some authority even in those which are self-governing. Thus, say some of the advocates of Imperial Federation, we are placed in a position of inferiority. We are subjects of the Queen, but we ought not to be subjects of subjects; and to the extent that the Imperial Parliament exercises authority over us, we ought to have a share in electing its members. It is difficult to answer this reasoning, except by pointing out that, as very frequently happens in the working of British institutions, theory is tempered by practice. We are left, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to manage our own affairs; the British Parliament would not dream of altering our constitution except at our own request; we give the Colonial Office very little to do, and the Governor-General is bound to act upon the advice of Ministers responsible to the Parliament and the people of Canada.

During the excitement of the last few months, however, the question has arisen, "If we are to take part in Imperial wars, ought we not to have some voice in the making of the conditions which maintain peace or lead up to war?" It is much easier to answer yes than to devise any means by which our voice can be made effective. Wars are not made by formal resolutions or Acts of Parliament. They frequently arise from conditions over which Parliament has very little control. Where war is not actually forced upon us by the enemy, it is largely due to conditions created by the policy and administration of the Executive, and by diplomatic agents in all parts of the world. Parliament has, of course, the right to refuse funds for the war, but when war is once in progress, this check is merely nominal, while public opinion is far more likely to be a whip than a curb. The history of the beginnings and causes of some wars is familiar enough. Some act of one nation causes another nation to expostulate; diplomatic notes are exchanged; men in newspaper offices write saucy or fiery articles; the situation becomes "strained"; war breaks out; peaceful citizens who do not want their windows broken take refuge in time-honored formulas, "Whatever may have been the cause of this most unfortunate war, we must show a united front to the enemy," or "I am opposed to war in general, but not to this particular war." The moral is, that

the only means of exercising influence in foreign relations is to have a share in the choosing of the Ministry, or to have the ear of the Ministry. It is on the conduct of the Ministry, on the conduct of the diplomatic agents whom it appoints, that the question of peace or war largely depends. A Minister may bring about war either by weakness or by undue aggressiveness. To give a familiar instance, we find some people blaming Mr. Chamberlain for the present war, and others saying that the original cause was the weakness of Mr. Gladstone in giving up the Transvaal nearly twenty years ago. But it is generally recognized that if you desire to give an effective expression to your own views, you must have a voice which will help to determine whether a Gladstone influence or a Chamberlain influence shall prevail in the Ministry.

To give the colonies such a voice is a problem of some difficulty. What we call the Imperial Parliament is also a domestic parliament, dealing with such matters as education, the services in the Anglican church, the water supply of London, and even the muzzling of dogs. The difficulty is not overcome by saying that the representatives of Canada and Australia need not vote on these local questions. The Ministry is a unit, and it not only governs but controls legislation of all kinds, domestic as well as Imperial, relying on its parliamentary majority. If colonial representatives helped to sustain or defeat a Ministry on a colonial or Imperial question, they would, perforce, help to sustain or defeat it for all purposes; and they would thus be compelled to take sides on English domestic questions. A solution of the difficulty would be Imperial Federation in the full sense, that is to say, a true Imperial Parliament for the Empire, with representatives from England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, Canada, Australia, etc., and a domestic legislature for each; following the example of the Federal Parliament and the local legislatures of Canada. But while this plan is adequate in theory, all that we know of the history and temper of the English people would lead us to dismiss from the range of practical politics the idea of constructing a brand new constitution for the Empire.

Less difficulty arises in the way of giving the colonies a consultative voice in Imperial questions, by which colonial representatives would have no power to make or break British ministries, but would serve as a link between the colonies and the British Executive, informing the Ministers of the state of colonial feeling and informing the colonies of the Ministerial plans, consulting with the Ministers and with other persons of influence in British politics. Two methods have been proposed. One is to give Canadians and Australians seats in the House of Lords. This is on the whole the worst proposal that the perverse ingenuity of man could by any possibility have devised. If the colonial peers are chosen by the British Executive, there is no guarantee that they will represent the choice of the people of the colonies. If they are chosen by a colonial government, Liberal or Conservative, they will be chosen for party reasons and the positions will be regarded as rewards for party services. If they are chosen by the Parliament, we may expect either political appointments, or the wire pulling and log rolling which characterize elections to the American Senate by the State Legislatures. The popular election of a Lord is, I suppose, not seriously contemplated; the suggestion sets in motion a very odd train of reflections. But however the selection might be made, the colonial peer would not be a good representative of colonial public opinion, and time would put him more and more out of touch with his constituents if so they may be called. The connection of English with colonial opinion would be purely aristocratic; and tremendous social pressure could be brought to bear upon the budding peer by the men with long rent rolls and historic names, while the echoes of colonial disapproval would sound very faintly in his ears. It

would be absurd to compare such men as representatives of colonial opinion with the Governments and free Parliaments of the colonies.

The most feasible suggestion that the discussion has elicited, is that representatives of the Ministries of the various parts of the Empire should meet occasionally or perodically, and exchange views on Imperial questions. This is not, perhaps, a very ambitious or far-reaching proposal; but it must be borne in mind that an Imperial Council would really have very few questions with which to deal. The affairs of Canada and of the Australian Colonies are almost entirely managed by their own Parliaments and Legislatures. India and Egypt are governed by a civil service of very peculiar training and experience; and the advice of a Canadian or Australian on such matters would be regarded as little as the advice of an Indian officer as to how we should govern Canada. South Africa is now in a state of transition, but will, it is generally supposed, come into the same class with Canada and Australia. The Council would be required to deal with a very few leading questions in their large outlines. It would be purely advisory, having no taxing or law-making powers; and its chief value would be in giving the colonial Ministers a better idea of the drift of Imperial affairs, and in exchanging information as to how far each of the Parliaments represented would be likely to go in various Imperial projects. If this proposal is modest, it is also practical, and does not call for the re-casting of the constitution or interfere in any way with existing institutions.

A measure of preferential trade now exists through the action of the Canadian Parliament in admitting British imports into this country at two-thirds of the ordinary duty. It is probable that this is as far as the Canadian Parliament would go without some reciprocal action on the part of the Parliament of Great Britain. The argument of those who favour such a reciprocal arrangement may be thus stated: The people of Great Britain are now dependent to a very large extent upon foreign sources of food supply. By this condition, in the event of war, they might be in serious danger of being starved into submission; and a very heavy blow might be struck at them by an embargo on the export of wheat and other food from the United States. A protective duty on foreign wheat and other staple foods would stimulate production in the United Kingdom and the colonies, and would thus eventually render the Empire self-sustaining in that regard. To this argument, which is military in its character, there are added the usual arguments in favour of protection. If protection were applied, not only to food but to manufactures of cotton, woollens and iron, the staples of English and Scotch industry, and if these staples were admitted into the colonies free of duty, the British manufacturer would have the whole Empire for his field, in the same manner as the Massachusetts or Pennsylvania manufacturer has the market of the United States; and he would thus be far less dependent than now upon foreign markets.

It cannot be denied that standing alone this is a seductive programme. There are, however, some difficulties in the way of its practical application. It would be necessary for its advocates to carry on at one and the same time a protectionist propaganda in England and a free trade propaganda in the colonies. I shall not endeavour to estimate here the chances of the British people returning to protection. If the change were seriously proposed, the heat of a contest would develop on both sides forces which cannot be measured in advance by a person writing at a desk four thousand miles away. But there is a political difficulty which may, without presumption, be pronounced very formidable. Party government prevails in England, and one can hardly imagine protection being carried without the support of one of the great political parties. One might go a step further and say that it will not be carried un-

less it is taken up by the Conservative party. It is almost certain that the Conservative party would not take such a step in the present condition of affairs. On the question of the war in South Africa, and of the political settlement after the war, the party is united, and undoubtedly has the support of the vast majority of the electors. The Liberal party is divided and unpopular. Politicians are practical people, and are always amenable to the argument, "let well alone." It is unlikely that the Conservative party would borrow trouble by introducing a new and uncertain issue, no matter how strongly they might be convinced that protection would be good for the country. They would argue that it would at once solidify the Liberal party and give it "a happy issue out of all its troubles"—a platform on which all its members could stand, a theme for oratory, and an opportunity for evoking enthusiasm, by an appeal to the old Liberal traditions. New life would be infused into the Cobden Club, its literature would be no longer merely academic, and Cobden, Bright and Gladstone would once more be names to conjure with. It is doubtful whether the Conservative party would call these forces into life unless it were in sore need of a policy, and unless also it had a condition of depression and general discontent upon which to work. It might perhaps be putting it rather strongly, to say that a despondent party and a despondent country would be conditions precedent to a revival of protection in Great Britain ; but I think that is approximately true. Lately there has been advanced a proposal for a very limited measure of protection ; namely, the substitution of a duty on wheat, say four cents a bushel, for the present duty on tea. Whether this could be placed before the British people without raising the whole issue of free trade and protection is doubtful ; it is a matter as to which it will be wiser to watch public opinion in England than to prophesy.

I come now to the propaganda which it would be necessary to carry on in the colonies. Mr. Chamberlain has said that a necessary condition for the serious consideration of the project would be the free admission of British manufactures into the colonies. It is true that Mr. Chamberlain's *ipse dixit* does not settle the question. But in this case what he says is in accordance with considerations the force of which everyone must appreciate. The British manufacturer does not want a preference on paper. He wants to sell his cottons, woollens, and products of iron and steel in this market in increased quantities. In order to make it worth his while to appeal for a great fiscal change in England, Mr. Chamberlain wants to be sure that the increase will be very substantial. Therefore, he says, in effect : We do not want merely a preference over the foreigner, but absolutely free admission of our goods into your markets. The English conception of the scheme would be that England and Scotland should be the Pennsylvania and Massachusetts of the commercial union, and Canada and Australia the Minnesota and Texas. It is just here that the ideas of the British manufacturer and of the Canadian manufacturer are likely to come into conflict. One of the arguments used by Cobden in favor of free trade was that it would bring about a condition under which Great Britain, while buying its food from the United States would pay for it in British manufactures. He pictured the people on one side of the Atlantic as mechanics and artisans capable of producing a vast supply of manufactures ; the people on the other side as agriculturists, producing infinitely more than they could themselves consume of corn, pork and beef ; and the two "anxious and willing to exchange with each other the product of their common industry." His argument failed to take account of the industrial ambition and resources of the United States, by which in the course of time it became itself a great manufacturing community, and a rival as well as a customer of Great

Britain. It is easy now to be wise after the event, and to see where Cobden was in error ; but the fact is that a similar error is involved in the idea of preferential trade. It means that we are to purchase the manufactures of England and Scotland with our surplus food. Is it not a fact, however, that we have, like the United States, industrial ambition and resources of our own, and that as the country grows it will become more and more a manufacturing community? We all know how popular is the argument that our people ought not to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the United States, which means that they ought not to export logs and ore and import furniture and ploughs, but ought to carry their own products to the highest point of manufacture in their own country. In regard to Great Britain the argument would not be put so bluntly ; Protectionists would not say, perhaps, "We do not want to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for England ;" but the feeling would exist, and would probably be expressed in somewhat more courtly language and in action. The Australian federation delegates were interviewed in London recently, and with every one of them the leading idea was that federation would result in the development of Australian industries. Preferential trade will probably be favoured just so far as it does not interfere with that industrial ambition and no further.

If we wish to enter the zollverein outlined by Mr. Chamberlain we must make up our minds whether we intend to admit British goods into our market on equal terms with the product of our own factories. For the present it is very doubtful whether the people of Canada are ready for that measure ; but the future development of the country might change the point of view. The population of the western wheat country is likely to increase very much faster than that of old Canada, and its political power will grow in proportion. A community almost purely agricultural would be likely to look with favour on a proposal for free trade prices for cottons, woollens and iron goods, coupled with some preferential treatment for its wheat in the British market, if that could be obtained. But this is looking pretty far ahead ; and it does not seem pessimistic to say that the day when Great Britain shall be willing to adopt a measure of protection, and when Canada shall be willing to adopt free trade as to British goods, is at least remote, and the prospect somewhat doubtful. In the meantime the indications are that the preference on British imports will be retained but not increased. It will have a very considerable influence on British imports ; but we need not expect that under any conditions our imports from Great Britain will ever equal, or nearly equal our exports to that country. The reason is very simple ; that Britain is in absolute need of food from abroad, while our purchases from Great Britain are purchases of choice rather than of necessity. Our sales of food to Great Britain, especially of wheat, will increase with our powers of production, and every year will bring the Empire nearer to the point of containing its own food supply.

Unless or until some form of Imperial Federation, or of mutual preferential trade is devised, our relations with Great Britain will be based upon friendship, and on the desire for concerted action in time of war. As Canada and Australia grow in population, the union will come more and more to assume the form of an alliance, differing from the old shifting alliances, arising out of the exigencies of European politics, in the fact that it will be natural and enduring The most solid benefit which will result from this arrangement will be the opportunity for free and peaceful development for each of the communities composing the Empire. It will give us the nearest approach to universal peace that we are likely to obtain in the present condition of the world. But this assumes that it is to be used for purposes of defence only, and that we are not to become, as

Kipling says, "Drunk with sight of power." We need not cherish the illusion that we are free from those faults which we condemn so freely in Frenchmen or in Americans. Man is a fighting animal, and no one more so than the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt. We must give up another illusion: that the masses of the people do not want wars, and are dragged unwillingly by the ambition of princes into quarrels in which they have no interest. Princes and politicians may still have their war-like ambitions, but they have more difficulty in restraining the people than in egging them on. The disastrous war with Germany was rapturously applauded by the democracy of France. We all saw with what wild delight the American people plunged into the war with Spain. The human heart is much the same organ everywhere. We enjoy no immunity from the excesses of martial spirit. The new cheap press, with its enormous circulation and power, is not a restraining influence in England any more than in the United States, although it does not go so far in violence or sensationalism. There is a tradition that when once the country is at war, criticism as to its causes should come to an end, and public men of both parties should act in harmony. To suspend criticism in this way, is termed patriotic; to do otherwise is condemned as factious. But suppose that a Ministry in a doubtful case decides upon a compromise which means peace, it enjoys no such protection, though the peaceful settlement may be eminently wise and statesmanlike. There is no tradition that discussion and criticism should be suspended; the Opposition may make the most furious attacks on the peace Ministry, and may by so doing increase instead of injuring their reputation for patriotism. They are in no danger of being mobbed, they may find themselves popular heroes. There is thus the minimum of free speech for the advocates of peace, and the maximum of free speech, amounting to unbounded license, for the advocates of war. I refer to these matters in order to emphasize the point that we as Canadians cannot shift these responsibilities either to British ministers or the British people, but must form our own independent judgments upon them.

The real benefits of the union of British communities will be enjoyed in time of peace; but the union will naturally seem to be stronger in time of war. In war the nation lives under high pressure, and its virtues as well as its faults are displayed in all their strength. Comfort, wealth, human life itself are freely sacrificed, and many of the selfish and ignoble qualities of the heart seem for the time to be obliterated. When peace returns these feelings will subside, and the Imperial sentiment will appear to have grown weaker, though it will be really only latent. Thence may arise a temptation to court conflict as a means of reviving the sentiment. A man who would propose to introduce cholera in order to evoke the heroism of nurses, or to burn down a city in order to evoke the heroism of firemen, would be justly regarded as a dangerous lunatic; but there is a glamour about war which dazzles the eyes of emotional people and prevents their seeing quite clearly. Ruskin, while he was an admirer of soldierly virtue, was no admirer of war, and his idea was to turn the soldierly spirit into the pursuits of peace. As one reads of the ease with which enormous sums of money are raised for war; the skill and energy shown in organizing, feeding and clothing vast bodies of men; the courage, cheerfulness and patience displayed by soldiers suffering from thirst, exposure, fatigue and wounds, he feels that there are great reserves of human power which some moral Tesla may be able to turn to other purposes than those of destruction. Canadians can do a great service to the Empire and to humanity by throwing all their influence on the side of restraint; holding themselves ready to take their fair share in the defence of the Empire, but doing all that they honourably can to preserve peace; allying themselves

with the sober patriotism of the United Kingdom, not suffering themselves to dance to any tune that the London music halls may play, and being exceedingly careful that the growth of power is not accompanied by the growth of a domineering spirit. Great are the sacrifices that have been made on the battlefields of South Africa ; yet there is probably no more valuable service that has been rendered to the Empire than the maintenance of good relations with the United States, without loss of national self-respeet, and the maintenance of good relations between French Canadians and people of British descent in Canada. If we were continually quarrelling with our neighbours we should be a burden and a source of anxiety instead of a source of comfort to the Empire. So it would be if we were continually quarrelling with our French-Canadian fellow-citizens, and continually appealing to England to settle our disputes. On the whole, and making allowance for some little outbreaks of irritation, we have avoided these mistakes. We have achieved such a settlement of the race question that it is looked upon as the ideal of all who are working for the reconciliation of Dutch and English in South Africa. When once that reconciliation is accomplished it will be regarded as a triumph of statesmanship, and any man who would wantonly imperil it would be branded not only as a reckless demagogue, but as a traitor to his country. In the desire for new achievements in Imperialism, it will be wise not to lose sight of what has already been done in the building up of a free and united Canada.

A MISSIONARY OF THE CROSS.

By W. A. R. Kerr.

IT was an evening late in August, and Père Louis and I were sitting on the edge of a towering cliff that looked northward over the St. Lawrence. Our little Indian mission station lay close at hand down on the beach, but we often came at nightfall to watch the sun set beyond the hills across the river.

I turned to look at Louis, for I thought I heard him move. I was going to make some remark, but stopped as I saw the expression on his pale face. A tear stood in his eye, and the corners of his mouth twitched as he lay staring blankly at the west. He seemed to be looking through and beyond the glowing background of cloud and mountain into some more distant landscape.

A chill air suddenly blew in from the water. My companion shivered and coughed.

"Shall we go down?" he said, rising abruptly.

I got up, and we walked silently down the side of the precipice where on the right it fell away to the rock-strewn shore. I entered our little cabin and lighted a candle. Louis followed me in, shut the door, and threw himself on a low seat covered with a bearskin. I stepped over to a tiny shelf and was laying my hand on a volume with "Thomas Aquinas" on the back, when Louis spoke :

"Come and sit down, Jean. You can read again. Do you mind listening to me for awhile? You must have wondered"—here such a coughing spell seized him that I was alarmed—"wondered at the way I acted on the cliff yonder half an hour ago."

I said nothing, for I did not know what to say.

"Well, this is my birthday," went

on Louis, "and that sunset reminded me of one I saw ten years ago to-night in Venice."

He stopped again, and putting his hand on his chest drew several long breaths.

"How old do you think I am?" he asked suddenly.

I looked curiously at the man to whose aid I had been sent by the Bishop of Quebec. His hair was thick, but gray; his face did not seem old, yet it was drawn and worn-looking; his frame was spare and his shoulders bent.

"Really, I don't think I could guess," I replied; "perhaps forty-five?"

He laughed slightly but bitterly.

"I am thirty-three to-day."

Père Louis stretched out his left hand, palm upwards.

"Do you notice anything strange about my hand?" he asked.

"I see a small, dark-coloured blotch on it," I replied.

"Yes, well, that's about enough," and again I heard the bitter laugh.

.

"It began eleven years ago to-night," commenced Louis, "when I attended a great masque given by Count Adriano, the head of the highest family in Venice. I was myself the heir of a large fortune and the son of a long line of noble ancestors. What drew me to the Count's palace was the report that his niece, the Donna Lucia, was to be present. I had seen many celebrated beauties, but none of them had ever attracted me particularly. I used with amusement to watch my friends lose their heads at the sight of a pretty face, and spend a week of misery because a girl refused to look at them. I had never experienced this myself, and at last began to think that there must be lacking in my make-up the iron which feels the influence of the magnet. Not that I shunned the company of ladies, or I should not have been at the masque.

"I remember Lucia as I first saw her that night. She was dressed in some black stuff, and wore no jewelry. She was tall—very tall—and slim, but she carried herself splendidly; her hair was almost black; her face oval, her skin clear, and her eyes an uncommon gray-brown, with a strange light in them.

"From that evening I was able to understand how a man might be miserable for, not a week, nor a month, but a lifetime, if a woman frowned on him. But that was not my fortune. Lucia returned my affection, and we were betrothed. During the months that followed Venice held at least one being who was as happy as the day was long.

"Our wedding was fixed for a year from the day of the masque at which we had first met. I forgot to say that that also happened to be my birthday."

At this point Père Louis rose, walked over to a small pantry, poured out a glass of wine and sat down again.

"At last," he resumed, "came the day preceding our marriage. I was occupied the whole morning and afternoon with personal business. Just as I was about to leave my residence in order to pass my last bachelor evening with my fiancée, an old family servant plucked me by the sleeve and muttered stammeringly that he would like to speak to me.

"'All right, Francesco,' I replied; then thinking of Lucia's welcoming kiss, I added, 'but don't be long.'

"He drew me into a room off the hall and stood before me, shifting uneasily on his feet, his head hanging down.

"'There is something you should know, signor,' Francesco began, 'but—but I can't bear to tell you.'

"I was becoming impatient, and he plainly saw it, for evidently fearing I was about to leave him, he went on, speaking thickly and unsteadily: 'Only your mother and I knew it, signor, and—and I thought something might happen to hinder your marriage. Your mother would have told you, signor, but she died, you remember, very suddenly in the end.'

"Francesco paused out of breath and looked up at me. Seeing I was

waiting for him, he said: 'It is—that is—I mean, signor, it is about your father.'

"I started involuntarily. My mother—it flashed on me—who had died several years before after a protracted illness, had one morning summoned me to her bedside. She said she feared she had not long to live and wished to tell me something very important. Just as she was about to speak, her face whitened, her head fell back, and she was dead. I saw it all again vividly, and now, my heart misgiving me, I turned on Francesco and said roughly to him: 'What do you mean? Quick! I have no time to lose.'"

Another fit of coughing attacked Père Louis, and it was some minutes before he could proceed.

"The story old Francesco told me would be too much for me to repeat to-night, and I will just give you the gist of it:

"My father, it appeared, had been a man of unusually lawless and reckless nature. Becoming involved in some feud, he was forced to flee. He embarked on a Portuguese ship for India. On his arrival there he entered the service of the Maharajah of Rajpore. This prince soon discovered my father's military skill, and with him at the head of his army the Maharajah's invincible troops became a terror to his weaker neighbours. On one occasion, however, my father's plans for a raid were betrayed, and he fell into the hands of his intended victim. This man—I have forgotten his name—threw him into a prison filled with lepers. My father had been a month among these loathsome creatures before a rescue party from the Maharajah freed him. But he had had enough of India. Never suspecting the object of his imprisonment with the lepers, he returned to the Maharajah's court, and laden with gifts, though with the horror of his incarceration still in his mind, set sail for Lisbon. The feud which had driven him away had, in the lapse of years, died out, and my father settled down quietly at Venice. He soon married, and I was his only child. But within a twelvemonth after my birth, leprosy, contracted during the imprisonment he remembered so well, declared itself, and in another year he was dead. This was the secret, said Francesco, which my mother had always meant to tell me, but had put off the evil day till I should be old enough to understand. And then, doubtless, in her enfeebled condition her attempt to tell me had killed her.

"When Francesco finished speaking, I began slowly to grasp what the real result of the story must be. I commenced pacing the room, shivering to think of the horrible outlook before me. I knew enough about medical science to recognize that there would be no escape for me. Already I saw the red patches on my hands, the loathsome decay of foot and face; already I noticed how my servants deserted me; how my former companions avoided me—the plague spot. And the unfairness of it all! What had I done, or my father either, that I should suffer unknown tortures? I cannot say how long I kept rushing up and down the room, curses and prayers alternately crossing my lips. At last I flung myself into a chair and tried to be calm. I painfully endeavoured to think over what I must do. Lucia was still waiting for me! I wrote her a note in an unsteady hand, saying I was unavoidably detained, and would be with her shortly.

"When I had sent off this letter, and was once more alone, thoughts came thick and fast. Suddenly—I do not know why it was it had not occurred to me till then—there flashed through my mind with stunning force the thought that I must give up Lucia. How I spent the next hour I cannot describe. I sometimes wonder that I did not go out of my mind. At last I settled down into a state of lifeless apathy, and scarcely knowing what I was doing, I got up and went out into darkness which was falling on the city."

Suddenly Père Louis coughed wearily and put his handkerchief to his mouth. When he took it away I noticed blood on it.

"Are you not over-exerting yourself? I asked.

"No, I would rather finish, if you don't mind hearing me out," he replied. After another glass of wine he began again.

"The last dark red glow of the sunset was just dying out, and a far-away music lingered on the listless breeze. It was soothing to watch the stars gradually appear, and after a while the great yellow moon came up over the horizon, looming big through the earth-mists. I was lifted out of myself and my sense of self-importance diminished. My annihilation meant nothing to sky, stars, or men; my burden must be borne alone and silently.

"I had wandered unconsciously on towards Count Adriano's palace. On seeing it before me, I clenched my teeth, and resolved to go in and say my last farewell to Lucia, for I could not bear to live longer in Venice, and our parting would be easier now than later. As I entered, the servants, I remember still, looked curiously at me; my attire, I suppose, was in some disorder. As soon as she heard my footsteps Lucia came tripping towards me with such a welcome in those wonderful eyes. I caught her to my breast, kissing her madly. She looked startled at my vehemence. I drew her into a small reception room, sat down beside her, on a divan, and after a moment's silence began to speak.

.

"It was breaking day. Lucia and I had said good-bye. We had kissed our last kiss and looked our last look. She made me promise to live my life out; for her sake I swore never to think of suicide. She said she would take the veil; and then, just as the damp haze to the east commenced to glow, we parted.

"As I turned away from the Count's palace, it was with the settled conviction that I must quit Venice at once and for ever. I had a friend, a Jesuit, and to him I determined to apply for counsel. He listened very sympathetically to my story and advised me not to enter a monastery—which I at first thought of doing—where, he said, I would have too much time to brood, but to join the Society of Jesus, and then, having completed my novitiate, to go as a missionary to some outlying field, where the work would be hard—for instance, New France. I followed his advice to the letter, and two years later sailed for Quebec.

"You know the rest. For eight years I have stood this climate, these endless journeys, and the gnawing despair which has been all this time eating out my heart. Then this summer you were sent down to help me, for the Bishop heard in some way of the hemorrhage I had last spring. But nothing could persuade me to leave my little village now. Perhaps, after all, I have been of some use here, and you don't know, Jean, how I have enjoyed your company for the past few months. Ten weeks ago those little livid patches appeared on my hands, and they have since been growing. Am I, too, to fall a victim to leprosy? No, I know I shall not, for no one as far gone in decline as I am ever lived through the cutting air of a Canadian autumn."

Père Louis paused and slowly pressed his hand to his breast.

"Just one thing, Louis—what about Lucia?"

"Lucia? Only last night I saw her in a dream. She had grown even more beautiful, and the light in her eyes was that of long ago, and she was beckoning me—"

Père Louis suddenly put his handkerchief to his mouth, but a torrent of blood swept round it and through it, and he fell heavily forward on the floor.

Père Louis, a missionary of the Jesuit order in New France, was dead.

A LEASE OF LIFE.

BEING AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF A SOLDIER OF THE WAR OF 1812, AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

By H. Max Bonter.

I.

I AM an old man now, my boys, and it will not be long before I am laid in the cold earth, under the free soil of the Canada I love so well. My hair is white as the driven snow and my body is bent and feeble with age, but the mind that rules this old and battered frame is as vigorous as when, on that lovely day in October, thirty years ago, we fought for our hearths and our homes and for the glory and honour of Canada; and when, with the thunder of Niagara booming dully in our ears from the distance, we drove the invader headlong over the pine-clad cliffs of Queenston, and gained a victory that will live long in the minds of men.

Ah! well do I remember that autumn evening when we lay round our bivouac fires, and watched the moonlight glinting through the pine-trees and darting queerly over the bosom of the narrow river, that alone separated us from three thousand of the enemy's riflemen. Two score York volunteers reclined in the ruddy light of the blazing fires, eating, drinking, laughing, singing, swearing, carousing as only soldiers can. Bearded and battle-scarred veterans mingled with youths with the down still on their faces and the innocence of boyhood in their eyes. Farmers' sons and plowmen from the north, bearing on their stalwart frames the stamp of honest toil, laughed and joked with professional men from the city, and drank from the same canteen with the refined, the educated and the cultured. All were supremely, uproariously, profanely happy.

For some weeks, we—Captain Chisholm's Company of the York Militia—together with Captain Denis' Company of the 49th Grenadiers, had been quartered in the quaint little village of Queenston, snugly ensconsced in a vineyard in the rear, and well sheltered from the uncertain and harassing fire of the enemy. Provision was fairly plentiful and of good quality, but our clothing and shoes were in tatters; and for want of tents and camp utensils we slept on the ground under October skies, and broiled our daily ration of beef on the points of our bayonets before a log fire. We had received no pay for months, and small prospect was there for getting any; but the courage and spirit we had displayed withal, had won from General Brock the highest praise and commendation. Added to this we were hourly subjected to a desultory fire from sharpshooters, secreted on points of vantage on the opposite height; and having been forbidden by our general to reply, loud and long were the curses hurled at the Americans, and dire threats of vengeance and retaliation were made by the enraged volunteers.

On that evening before a memorable day, Pierre Lascelles and I strode away from the hilarious throng around the fires and sought repose in a lonesome pine grove near the village. Pierre was a French Canadian by birth, (although he spoke English fluently and well) handsome, dashing and brave as he was generous. He was my friend and comrade-in-arms, and I was greatly attached to him. Yes, if necessity arose I would have died to save Pierre, for what was life to such a grizzled old veteran as I? Pierre was young and innocent and just beginning to taste the cup of life's happiness; whilst I—but it mattered not—the world would revolve as before, and a

lone grave in the wilderness, with mayhap some simple inscription, would remain as silent chronicles of the life of Lambeth Keene, soldier, who lived a loyal citizen and died in the defence of his country.

Reaching the grove, we threw ourselves on the ground and smoked in silence. The panorama that stretched out beneath us was so beautiful that it will never fade from my memory, and I can see it now, even as I saw it then, complete in every detail.

Directly in the foreground were our own campfires, with those of the Grenadiers slightly to the left; and in the luminous circles cast by the blazing logs lounged picturesque groups of soldiers, whose shouts and laughter were borne to us strongly on the breeze. Farther still, with glimmering candles showing fitfully through the starlight, reposed the village of Queenston, so so silent and still that it seemed as if the inhabitants were fully conscious of the great storm that was brewing around them. Half-way up the mountain-side the banked fires of an eighteen-pounder redan battery blinked queerly, and the dark shadows of the men of Williams' Company of the 49th Light Infantry could be seen, flitting spectre-like among the fires. Away down the river a red glow in the haze of the evening showed the position of the 24-pounder battery at Vrooman's Point, held by Hatt's gallant Lincoln Volunteers. On the opposite height of the gorge, and close by the American village of Lewiston, the watchful campfires of the enemy gleamed red through the gathering darkness; and at intervals sudden splashes of sparks and flame leapt luridly towards the heavens as the soldiers fed them with dry brushwood, resinous and highly inflammable; and the fierce crackling that ensued could be heard dimly above the swirl of the water and the answering roar of our own watchfires.

As we lay and smoked the sky became overcast with clouds, and drops of warm rain fell gently.

"Come," said Pierre suddenly, "Let's go down to the village; Marie will be waiting for me."

Rising, he stretched himself, and I knocked the ashes from my pipe and followed him. Leaving the whispering pines, down into the valley we walked sharply, and stopped at a garden in the centre of the village, in the midst of which nestled a small cottage, surrounded by trellised grape-vines and fruitful orchards, with their luscious products hanging temptingly within reach. In response to Pierre's knock a beautiful apparition appeared in the doorway—a girl, just budding into womanhood—with dark brown eyes full of eagerness, and a wealth of auburn hair that fell in sweet confusion over her shoulders. She held a candle above her head and looked questioningly into the darkness. Pierre's voice, however, reassured her, and with an exclamation of delight she hastened to open the gate. I refused her kind invitation to enter—God knows how hard it was!—and strode quickly back up the portage road to the camp in the vineyard.

Mary Clinton was a noble woman—Pierre worshipped her—I loved her—she loved Pierre—that was our story.

It would have broken Pierre's heart if he had known I loved Mary Clinton, and I thanked God he did not know, and determined he should never know if it were within my power to prevent it. Ah! if he could have read my thoughts through the longs nights of autumn, lying close by his side and listening to his youthful sleep; if he could have known of the anguish that tore my breast day after day through the long and weary marches; if he could have but realized the great and hopeless love I bore her, torturing my frame and wringing silent groans from a hardened soldier—if he could have known all this, and known it as I knew it, Pierre Lascelles would have become a changed man; the sunshine would have died out of his face; the laughter from his eyes; the great burden of life would have fallen upon him, and joy in his soul would have been crushed forever.

Pierre and I had become acquainted with Mary Clinton in a somewhat romantic manner on the afternoon of our arrival in her native village. Returning from a stroll in the woods, we had chanced upon a beautiful girl in distress. A drunken soldier of the 49th was barring her progress, muttering lewd expressions of endearment the while, and endeavouring to clasp her in his arms. In response to her appeal for help Pierre promptly knocked the man down and escorted the trembling girl home, which act gained her entire confidence and heartfelt gratitude. As for the fallen and baffled lover, I saw him safely lodged in the guard-house.

Since that event Pierre had been a frequent guest in the Clintons' cottage, and a strong attachment had sprung up between the young people. However, Mary's father did not look upon Pierre with favor in the light of a son-in-law, although he was well educated and possessed considerable means ; so they often resorted to clandestine meetings, and thus defied the parental vigilance that overshadowed them when Pierre chanced to visit the cottage.

And through it all I loved her devotedly, silently, hopelessly. Nearly all the pleasure of life was gone from my soul, and I felt that nothing remained but to die on the field of honour like a Briton and a soldier.

As I walked swiftly along the wagon-road through the darkness my thoughts flew back to a battle-field of long ago, and once more I could see the flashes of an enemy's musketry through the trees and the rapid marching of men ; I could hear the sullen blare of the bugles and the rolling beat of the drum ; the hoarse shouts of command, the dogged cheers of defiance, and the answering roar of the field-guns. The ardour of the fight was upon me, and I felt again the fierce pleasures of action, whilst loud and chill the cheers of victory rang in my ears, drowning the throbbings of the great love I strove to conquer. Ha! the blood coursed through my veins as under the influence of old wine, for once again I was the old campaigner, grim and undaunted and fearing not death.

Under the influence of these emotions I strode into the centre of the circle of fires, where the group of carousers was the largest and the laughter and ribaldry the loudest. Old soldiers marvelled to see gloomy Lambeth Keene take part in the jokes and jest alike with recruit and veteran.

"Come, Keene, gi' us a song o' th' ould sod," stuttered O'Leary, who had evidently been imbibing too generously from the rum keg.

"An' a good ol' campaignin' story !" bawled another inebriate and the others took up the cry, and finally, sitting astride of a barrel—I recked not of their banter, for my brain was awhirl—all through that autumn evening I made merry by the fires, swore louder than any at the enemy and told stories and sang the stirring songs of old Ireland over and over again to the applauding volunteers.

"I will die in action," I kept muttering to myself, "and none shall ever know of my love for her," and the thought seemed to give me a savage joy.

As I stretched myself on the cold ground to sleep and heard the bugle blow for "taps," and then almost as an echo, a faint reply from the other side of the river, I dimly remember a soldier saying :

"Th' divil must be in Keene t' night —I've known 'im for years, but niver before 'ave I seen the bhoy so wild an' reckless."

And O'Leary was right—I was possessed of a devil.

II.

Long before dawn on the eventful morning of the 13th October I was awakened by the startling blare of the bugles, the fierce roll of alarm drums and loud cries and shouting from the volunteers.

"The enemy! they're coming!" was the cry.

Springing to my feet I hurriedly threw on my accoutrements and looked around for Pierre. He was not to

be seen. In reply to my anxious enquiries I learned that he had not been in camp since the previous evening, and wondering, and vaguely fearful that something serious had befallen him, I fell into line with the Grenadiers and a few of our own men under Captain Dennis—a braver officer than whom never led men into action—who had been detailed to intercept the Americans at the landing. The remainder of the volunteers and a few of the 49th were to be left as a guard to the village. A warm rain was falling gently and save for the flickering light of the lanterns everything was in darkness. Boom! came the deep note of the gun in the redan, startling the slumbering noises of the hills and awakening thundering echoes over the valley. Officers were shouting commands and the volunteers were massing silently and quickly. At this moment Pierre himself hurried up and took his place on my left. His manner betrayed great agitation.

"Lambeth, old friend," he whispered, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Not a word to any one. Marie and I were secretly married this morning. Just as the words were pronounced that made us man and wife the bugles blew the assembly and I knew that the enemy were coming. I tore myself from her arms—mon Dieu! never will I forget how she clung to me!——"

"By the right, quick march! double!"

I thanked our captain from the bottom of my heart for that command, for Pierre did not see the sudden grief on my face nor the startled look spring into my eyes as he told me the words that sounded the death-knell of my hopeless love. She was lost—lost—the world had become suddenly black and I staggered and almost fell. But then a great revulsion of feeling came. What mattered it? I was going to my death and little Pierre would be happy in the love of a true wife. The thunder of the enemy's batteries at Lewiston and our own answering boom was as sweetest music to my ear. Sharply through the village, where the women and children had already begun to take refuge in the cellars, we went at the double, and halted not until we had gained the ridge that overlooks the river, where, dimly outlined against the frothing water, confused and hesitating in the darkness, were drawn up on the bank over three hundred of the enemy's regulars. They had just landed and were in great disorder, as was evident from the swearing and gesticulating of the men and the hurried commands of the officers.

"Fire!" came a sharp command from our captain, and we poured a rattling volley into their yielding ranks, and then another, and still another. The suddenness of the attack, the rapid and effective way in which we loaded and fired and the uncertainty as to what the number of our force might be, completely disheartened them; and disdaining alike the threats and entreaties of their officers, they scurried quickly back to the river and gained shelter under the shelving bank, where the panic at length having subsided, a heavy fire was soon opened upon us, lying all unsheltered in a perilous position. Notwithstanding that we were outnumbered six to one, and that our adversaries were well protected by the riverbank, we were manfully forming up for a charge when the batteries at Lewiston, noting our position from the flashes of musketry, concentrated their fire in our direction and began throwing grape and round shot that screamed and whistled warningly above our heads. Thus, the ridge having become too dangerous to be held with impunity, we retreated in an orderly manner to the shelter of the village, to await daylight and reinforcements.

For a short while we lay behind hedges and fences and maintained a dropping fire on the enemy at the river bank, whose dark blue uniforms appeared but half-distinctly through the uncertain light of the early morning. Pierre was moody and depressed and kept constantly glancing toward the home of his new-made bride and muttering short prayers for her safety

from the shells of the Lewiston batteries. I was cold and wet and my teeth chattered as I aimed and fired at the phantom foe. I was tired of such dull and annoying warfare and chafed and fretted for action. Flasks of rum were passed among the men, and that helped to revive the current of life and to drive the cold and chills from our stiffened frames. Thus the minutes passed by

Morning dawned gray and chill and a thin mist rose slowly from the bosom of Niagara, disclosing four boats filled with soldiers pushing off from the Lewiston landing. At this moment, above the shelving bank of the river appeared the head of a column of troops, (those we had scattered in the darkness), advancing in the direction of the village, with the intention, no doubt, of attacking our greatly inferior force. Captain Dennis, apprehensive that we should be overwhelmed by numbers, hastily ordered a bugler to call down to our support the Company of the 49th Light Infantry stationed at the redan battery on the heights. In response to our appeal, down they came at the double, and as the enemy entered the outskirts of the village, we met them by a sullen British cheer and a rolling volley of musketry.

"On men ! on for the honour of America !" came the cry, but our only answer was a hail of bullets that drove them precipitately back to the shelter of their friendly river bank, leaving several dead and wounded on the field.

Then, through the pungent smoke of the battlefield, General Brock came riding up, his noble figure and dauntless bearing exciting the courage and admiration of the men. He was splashed with mud from head to foot, having galloped all the way from Fort George, attracted by the booming of the cannon and the blazing beacons on the height. Reining for a moment to acknowledge our salute, he galloped up the steep incline and dismounted at the redan. Scarcely had he leapt from his horse when a volley was fired at the gunners from above by a large force of the enemy who had clambered up an almost inaccessible fishermen's path and gained the heights from the rear. No time was there for generalship, for they followed the volley with a rush, and soon the Stars and Stripes waved over the battery. Fortunately, the gunners had had presence of mind to spike the piece, and it was thus rendered harmless in the enemy's hands for the time being at any rate.

Meanwhile, in spite of the scathing fire from the 24-pounder at Vrooman's Point, which raked the river and the Lewiston landing from below, reinforcements for the enemy had been steadily arriving, boat after boat crossing and depositing its complement of soldiers on the landing beneath the village of Queenston. Several detachments were also sent up to reinforce the Americans on the height, and their force at that point now amounted to over nine hundred men.

As we stood chafing and fuming for the fray, General Brock rode up and dismounted, leaving his horse in the village, and led us on foot to the charge of the heights. We advanced warily and swiftly over the covered ground, and broke into a steady double whenever we came within view of the sharpshooters on the height, and at length, having reached the base of the mountain, we took shelter behind a high stone wall and waited for the word of command. Captain Williams, who had been sent forward with a detachment to turn the enemy's flank, was pressing them hard in that quarter and they were giving way. Seizing the favourable moment, our general sprang over the wall and led the way to the charge, shouting words of encouragement and waving his sword for a general advance.

At this moment, two companies of the York Militia hurried up, much exhausted, having run all the way from Brown's Point, a distance of over three miles, to our assistance. Waiting for them to draw breath, our general turned once more toward the height and shouted that memorable battle-cry that afterward inspired us on many a bloody day :

"Push on, the brave York Volunteers!"

But scarcely were the words fallen from his lips, when a ball struck him in the breast and he fell mortally wounded at our feet. Ah! then, my boys, did we show to the world the courage inspired by that gallant soldier. With a cry of vengeance on our lips, up, up the bloody slope we charged, led by lion-hearted Colonel McDonell, who also died like a soldier and a man at the foot of that fatal height. Up, up we swarmed like demons, with the leaden hail of death hissing about us, and comrades falling at every step.

"Pierre, my lad, for God's sake keep behind me," I cried. "I shall die, but you must live—live to make *her* happy."

But he heeded not, for the fire of youth and the ardour of the fight were upon him, and he scaled the slope with the wild gleam of action in his eyes. I cried out to him again, but he would not listen.

"Merciful heaven," I groaned, "If Pierre is killed it will be worse than death to her—if he is brought back to her stiff and cold, with a bullet in his heart—O God, and a bride but this morning!"

Low clouds of rolling smoke hid the top of the height, but through the mist the powder-blackened faces of the enemy were visible, pouring a murderous fire into our men at close range. We were almost upon them. Pierre had outstripped me and was in the front rank, pushing eagerly forward toward the summit, and offering a splendid mark for the American riflemen. A strange madness seized my soul. I was temporarily insane. I made strenuous efforts to reach him, and heard but dimly the fierce cries and execrations, and the awful oaths of action. Ha, at last! As we gained the crest and sprang forward with a mighty cheer at the enemy, I grasped Pierre's shoulder, and forced myself in front of him. He tried to pass me, but I dashed madly forward with our battle cry:

"Push on, the brave York Volunteers!"

But, hardly had the echoes died away, when I stumbled and lurched forward upon my face among the rocks. The great clamour of the fight melted away into the distance, and the crackling of the muskets seemed to come from far, far over a great river that opened out beneath me. Then I felt myself lifted in gentle arms, and a voice, which I recognized as O'Leary's, muttered:

"Shot through the lungs—poor Keene, your fightin' days is over."

III.

How beautiful the river looked with the sun gilding the foaming wavelets and baptizing the rugged and pine-clad gorge in a flood of gold.

This was my first thought as I awoke to consciousness in the hospital at Queenston, and looked out over the delightful harmony of the landscape that had so recently been deluged with the blood of men. Even though I had courted death, and had come so very near to obtaining it, I awoke to find myself granted a new lease of life. The feeling that I was still alive, and might recover, was not unpleasant. Pierre and his wife—my comrade and my lost love—were seated near the bed-side, conversing in low tones, and making plans for their future happiness. I gathered from their talk that Mr. Clinton had at length relented and accepted Pierre as his son-in-law; although he had at first been furious, and swore he would never speak to his daughter again. But Mary's tears and Pierre's manly avowals that all the fault of the secret marriage was his alone, had finally won the day, and the father had repented of his harsh words and forgiven them—and they were happy.

So I lay and listened to their converse, and as she talked the glance of her eye and the music of her voice cast out the devil within me, and I found myself revolving plans of my own for the future of my comrade and his wife.

Suddenly Mary looked up and caught my eye riveted upon her face.

"Why, Pierre," she exclaimed, "he is awake!"

The next instant Pierre was by my side and grasping my hand.

"Lambeth, my tried and true friend," he said in a choking voice, "you saved my life. I would most assuredly have been killed if I had received that bullet. Your great vitality was the only thing that pulled you through. If you had not made that heroic sacrifice, Marie, my darling, my wife, would have been a widow—a widow—mon Dieu! on her wedding day!"

"Do not speak of it," I whispered hoarsely, looking out over the river again; "tell me about the fight—what happened after I fell?"

Pierre's manner instantly changed, and his eyes blazed with martial fire as he related how General Sheaffe had arrived just in time to gain a great victory; how our men had formed a semi-circle, attacked the enemy from the rear, and swept the last shattered remnant up to the cliff overhanging the river; how they had struggled vainly and hopelessly for a few moments before the resistless charge of our men, and then, scrambling, and tumbling, and leaping down the cliffs, and finding no boats at their disposal, many had plunged into the torrent and were drowned; while the remainder, together with the whole force stationed beneath the heights, amounting in all to nearly a thousand men, had surrendered unconditionally to General Sheaffe.

"Ay, it was indeed a glorious day for Canada," I exclaimed with enthusiasm.

And then she came up to the cot and took my hand and looked into my eyes. Will I ever forget that moment?

"And you saved the life of my Pierre," she whispered, holding my hand and looking at me. I dared not speak, for my brain was in a tumult, but I read the admiration in her eyes.

"May I, Pierre?" she asked softly, while the crimson dyed her glorious face, and, still holding my hand, before I could divine her intention she had stooped and kissed me on the lips.

DISCOVERY OF THE FIRST SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND.

THE story of the discovery of the first diamond in South Africa is told in a MS. by the late W. Guydon Atherstone, M.D., F.R.C.S., and F.G.S. published recently in *The Cape Illustrated Magazine*. He claims that the Portuguese long knew of these treasures but thought it unsafe to reveal them to the world. In March, 1867, however, the first South African diamond was found under peculiar circumstances which Dr. Atherstone has thus described:

"I was sitting in my garden, in Beaufort Street, Grahamstown, one Sunday in March, 1867, when the monthly postman handed me a letter from Colesberg, on opening which something fell out into the long grass. The letter was from Mr. Lorenzo Boyes, Clerk of the Peace for that district, of which the following is a verbatim copy:

COLESBERG, March 12, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR,

I enclose a stone which has been handed to me by Mr. John O'Reilly as having been picked up on a farm on the Hope Town district, and as he thinks it of some value, I send the same to you to examine, which you must please return to me.

Yours very sincerely,

L. BOYES.

"The letter was not registered or sealed, simply fastened by gum in the usual way. After an excited search I

found the stone, ran with it to my laboratory, took its specific gravity and hardness, etc., and at once decided that it was a genuine diamond. My reply was equally laconic :—'Your stone is a diamond, 21 carats, and worth about £800. Please seal the next, as this was nearly lost on opening the letter.'

"I showed the stone the same day to my neighbour, Bishop Ricardo, who shrugged his shoulders, and smilingly said, 'Why there are thousands of those in the bed of the Orange River.'

"'So much the better,' said I. 'They must be all diamonds.' The next day I took it to our Lieut.-Governor, who kindly said his A.D.C., Mr. Byng, who was going the following week to Cape Town, would give it to the Colonial Secretary. No one in Grahamstown would believe that it was a diamond.

"Perceiving the importance of such a discovery to the Colony, I at once wrote to the Hon. Richard Southy, Colonial Secretary, announcing the fact, and suggesting that diamonds should be sent to the Paris Exhibition, and afterwards sold for the benefit of the finder. On receipt of my letter the Colonial Secretary at once telegraphed to me to send it to him and he would deliver it to the Crown Agent for transmission to the Paris Exhibition. At Cape Town it was recognized by Mr. Herrieth, the French Consul, the Capidary Houd, and other competent judges, and was subsequently sent through Emanuel's (the jeweller's) house in London, to the Paris Exhibition in 1871, and purchased by the Governor of the Cape Colony, Sir Philip Wodehouse for £500.

"Meanwhile Emanuel sent a competent geologist, Mr. J. R. Gregory, to verify the discovery. Finding the whole of the country volcanic, he naturally concluded that diamonds could not exist there now; if there had been any fraud or imposture with regard to the discovery of Cape diamonds it would have been in connection with the above-mentioned stone, the first to be proved genuine, but I think subsequent events have proved that my theory was correct, viz :—that the diamonds could and did exist in the throat of the volcano produced by the former union of this continent with the southern part of Asia. When these two continents were still united, the rainfall of both was accumulated during the cretaceous age, and was dammed up, forming lakes above the mines. The water gained access through fissures of the molten rocks below, and the pent-up steam, escaping in the line of least resistance, showered forth ashes, mud, rounded fragments of older rocks and lava.

"That this condition of affairs really existed, has been proved by the fossil remains of creatures living in those lakes, which epochs of the world's history have been amply explained by Professor Owen Seeley and others, (though it has not yet received the sanction of savants in general) even when the final bursting of the barriers which once united the two continents took place, the Island of Madagascar being the only link remaining.

"Two years afterwards I visited the mines, which now all the world knows of.

"Mr. Emanuel took an exact copy of the first diamond, scratched as it was, which he gave me, and also of the uncut Dudley Diamond, 'Star of South Africa,' for which £20,000 was given.

"The history of the arrival of Cecil Rhodes upon the scene, and his subsequent acquisition of a new continent tc the Empire of our Queen, is too well known to need mention here."

THE QUEEN'S PLATE.

IT has been said that "horse-racing in some shape or form will always be carried on where the English language is spoken." To express the whole truth this does not necessarily mean that every horse-race is popular with speakers of English. With them a popular race must be free from base and defrauding influences. They believe there is room for the existence of the sport as affording a source of pleasure and an encouragement to the improvement of the breed of horses. So far as horse-racing does not extend beyond these bounds it is popular "where the English language is spoken." But when it becomes a business it is no longer popular, for as a business it is likely to be degrading. To arouse general interest the race must be absolutely free from the semblance of a deal; it must not be contested for the amount of the prize alone, the victory must be an honour to the winner.

We can then readily understand why the annual race for the Queen's Plate, which is run by the Ontario Jockey Club on the Woodbine track at Toronto, is the greatest race in Canada. It fulfils the conditions of a "popular" race more closely than does any other Canadian event. It is a race for a prize of fifty guineas given by Her Majesty Queen Victoria from her privy purse to the winner of a mile-and-a-quarter running race, only those horses to contest that have never been outside of Canada and have never won a race. The purse is small; it is the honour that is coveted, not the money. The prize does not cover the training expenses in most cases. The race is uncertain, for the contesting horses have no records; there is opportunity for speculation, and this lends a charm that appeals to the public It is a race of the people, not of the close followers of the track. It does not bring out the best racers of the continent; the qualifications necessarily exclude even the best province-breds, yet the general public does not mind that. It is a race that encourages good breeding, that affords good sport and high honour. It is, in short, a race of the highest standard. These features please a discriminating public, and the people make it the greatest race in Canada.

Moreover, it links the popular love of sovereignty with that of sport. The Queen donates the prize, it is her race, and anything monarchical appeals to popular sympathy. None other than the Queen's Plate concludes to the tune of "God Save the Queen." As the race has now been run continuously for forty years, it is the oldest fixture in America. Consequently there has grown about the Queen's Plate a body of traditions giving it that dignified reputation that sets it above every other race.

Every year the Plate grows in popular favour. Each year the crowd that doffs hats to "God Save the Queen" grows larger, and each year the name of the winner is awaited throughout the country with growing expectancy. The occasion of the race has now become one of the greatest society events of the Queen City. Of late years it has been run fittingly on the Queen's Birthday, and the bright spring holiday air that prevails lends its additional charm. It is a question whether the description of the dresses in the society columns in the newspapers is not longer than the report of the sporting editor. It has been of late the occasion of a visit of the Governor-General and the Vice-regal party. The Lieutenant-Governor usually attends, while other high functionaries of the State invariably put in an appearance. Men and women who know nothing about racing in general can discuss intelligently the merits of the horses competing in this event. One can also say with a tolerable certainty that there is

no annual sporting event over which so much money changes hands. To bet on the Plate is regarded as something approaching a privilege or duty —with restrictions of course to the betting classes. Altogether it is the greatest sporting event in Canada to-day, and seems likely to remain so to a distant future.

The Plate has always been for province-breds, and there has been little change in the conditions for competitors since it was first given. The regulations now in force are :

> The Queen's Plate: $1,250 added; the oldest fixture run continuously on this continent; probable value, $1,600. Fifty guineas, the gift of Her Majesty, with $1,000 added by the club. The first horse to receive the guineas and stakes, and $700 added by the club. The second horse $200, and the third $100. For three-year-olds and upwards, owned, foaled, raised and trained in the Province of Ontario, that have never won a race either on the flat or across country, have never left Canada, and have never been for a period of more than one month out of this province. One mile and a quarter. (A piece of plate will be presented by the club to the winner.)

The Queen's bounty was first secured for Canada in 1860. Royal plates have been given for centuries in England as an encouragement to horse-racing, and there were Queen's Plates and perhaps King's Plates run prior to 1860 in Canada. But it is not likely that the colonial sportsman had any better authority for the style and title of the race than their own attachment to the British throne and to the well-remembered sports of their native land. The origin of the present royal donation is easily explained. A petition to the Queen from the Toronto Turf Club was sent to the Colonial Office by Sir Edmund Head, the Governor-General, April 1, 1859. The prayer of the petitioners was for a Queen's Plate of fifty pounds. On the 18th July of the same year a despatch was sent from London granting the Plate, "to be run for at Toronto or such other place in Upper Canada as Her Majesty might appoint."

Since then Her Majesty has appointed many places. For four years, 1860-1863, the race was run at Carlton, when, under pressure from members of Parliament, the "feast" became a movable one, and the fall courses at Guelph, London, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Whitby, Kingston, Ottawa, Barrie, Woodstock, Prescott and Picton became in turn the scene of an annual struggle for the guineas, only surpassed in acrimony, so it is said, by the yearly struggle among politicians for having the race allotted to this, that or the other constituency. By being a spoil of office it became a matter of a great deal of interest, and in its early contests the Plate attained to much of that importance that is now attached to it. Yet at first the respectable inhabitants of Toronto did not show much interest in the race, a fact which led to its removal from Carlton, Toronto's race track. But in 1881 the Ontario Jockey Club was organized, whereby racing was established on a new basis in Toronto, and in 1883 Lord Lorne, acting on the belief that the race would be run more in accordance with Her Majesty's wishes if permanently established and controlled at the headquarters of the Ontario Jockey Club, gained Her Majesty's sanction to an understanding with the promoters of the new club that it should revert to and not again leave the Queen City. Under central authority chaos had given place to law and order, and the rascalities of the turf were almost entirely eradicated, so that since that date the Plate has been kept free from depraving influences and has continued to grow in popular favour. Moreover, the situation in Toronto was central and the course therefore accessible to a greater number of people than was any other in Ontario. Since 1883 the race has been run upon the Woodbine, and it is now a fixture for Toronto society.

The race was originally mile heats, and was so run until 1868, when it was made a two-mile dash. In 1871 the distance was reduced to a mile and three-quarters, but remained at that only one year. Then it became a mile and a half, and this was the regulation

course until 1886, Wild Rose being the last winner at that distance. Since her year it has been a mile and a quarter.

The most interesting historical feature of the Queen's Plate since its inauguration is the success of the Waterloo horseman, Mr. J. E. Seagram M.P. For eight years, from 1891 to 1898, the yellow and black, the Waterloo colours, came first under the judges' eye and in six of these cases Mr. Seagram also captured the second prize. Needless to say, Mr. Seagram regards this record as a triumph and it has made him probably the greatest Canadian horse-breeder. All his successes were won in a good field of starters and in most cases were hard-earned. Perhaps more skilful riding has won many times for the Waterloo stables, for Mr. Seagram has provided himself with the best jockeys of the continent.

But the desire to win Her Majesty's guineas is noticeable in more than the Waterloo stables. The ambition is to be found the province over. When Mr. Wm. Hendrie, of Hamilton, captured first place with his Butter Scotch in 1899 he regarded his success as much a triumph as his capture of the Futurity Stakes with Martimas. Three years ago a strong candidate for the guineas, the strongest candidate in fact against the Waterloo stables during the eight years of the Seagram regime, turned up in eastern Ontario when Miss Jones' horse, Wicker, ran Ferdinand and Bon Ino such a hard race. Wicker has been pronounced the best horse that has been beaten in the contest. She certainly was unfortunate in having such strong competitors as Ferdinand and Bon Ino.

It would be interesting to know which was the best horse that ever won the Queen's Plate. The best time made in the mile and a quarter was made by Ferdinand in 1897 when she covered the distance in 2.13. But the condition of the weather and the track have a great deal to do with the determining of the speed. No doubt Victorious has proved himself the highest class of horse, judged by victories achieved after his maiden triumph in the guineas; but perhaps, having regard to the physical disabilities under which he ran, the handsome but unfortunate O'Donohoe would have been even a better race horse than the Son of Terror and Bonnie Vic. At any rate, he was better bred and better looking, while in all essential working points Victorious had none the best of it. Bonnie Bird ranks about the best of the others.

The following table gives a concise history of the race:

YEAR.	WINNER.	WHERE RUN.
1860	Don Juan	Carlton
1861	Wild Irishman	Carlton
1862	Palermo	Carlton
1863	Touchstone	Carlton
1864	Brunette	Guelph
1865	Lady Norfolk	London
1866	Beacon	Hamilton
1867	Wild Rose	St. Catharines
1868	Nettie	Gates' Track
1869	Bay Jack	London
1870	John Bell	Whitby
1871	Floss	Kingston
1872	Fearnaught	Ottawa
1873	Mignonette	Barrie
1874	Swallow	Hamilton
1875	Trumpeter	Woodstock
1876	Nora P	Woodbine
1877	Amelia	Prescott
1878	King George	London
1879	Moss Rose	Picton
1880	Bonnie Bird	Ottawa
1881	Vice-Chancellor	Toronto
1882	Fanny Wiser	Toronto
1883	Roddy Pringle	Toronto
1884	Williams	Toronto
1885	Willie W	Toronto
1886	Wild Rose	Toronto
1887	Bonnie Duke	Toronto
1888	Harry Cooper	Toronto
1889	Colonist	Toronto
1890	Kitestring	Toronto
1891	Victorious	Toronto
1892	O'Donohoe	Toronto
1893	Martello	Toronto
1894	Joe Miller	Toronto
1895	Bonniefield	Toronto
1896	Millbrook	Toronto
1897	Ferdinand	Toronto
1898	Bon Ino	Toronto
1899	Butter Scotch	Toronto
1900	Dalmoor	Toronto

Horseman.

THE LAKE ST. JOHN COUNTRY.

By E T. D. Chambers.

SOME of the most charming scenes in the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's *Little Rivers* are laid in that romantic northland of Canada, which was practically unknown to tourists and sportsmen until the construction of the Quebec and Lake St. John railway, a decade and a half ago. While the cultured reader is captivated by the purity and elegance of the learned doctor's prose, the lover of nature is charmed with those scenes of natural beauty that are as graphically depicted by the author's pen as by the skill of the illustrator. The angler to whom Sir Humphry Davy has familiarized the traun and *salmo hucho* fishing, turns with eager delight to the doctor's chapter on trout fishing in that famous Austrian stream, and the tourist who is attracted by the blended beauty of water and landscape, lingers in admiration over the pictures of the wooded still waters of the Penobscot, pretty Ampersand lake and the view entitled *Floating on the Placid Cam.* The stamp of elegance, nay, of something akin to feminine grace and beauty and fashionable civilization appears upon these pretty prints. But the men and women belonging to the large and constantly increasing class of health and pleasure-seekers who prefer the wooing of Nature in her wilder moods and more primeval forms, where the conditions of travel and of camp life are more nearly akin to those of original man, and where the pursuit of sport is attended with more of success as well as of adventure, will find still more to attract them in the views of the camp on the island, the Vache Caille Falls, fishing in the foam, and in the wild descent of the rapids, entitled *Down the Peribouca*, that forms the frontispiece to this famous book of sport and of travel.

"My Lady Greygown," who was the doctor's plucky companion on his sporting trips into this wild north country, is not by any means the only lady who has accompanied her husband down the seething waters of the Grande Dècharge, and every year witnesses an increasing number of lady and gentlemen tourists in the territory that has become famous as the home of the ouananiche.

All lovers of the gentle Izaak recall his milkmaid's song, commencing

> "Come live with me and be my love,
> And we will all the pleasures prove
> That valleys, groves, or hills, or field
> Or woods and steepy mountains yield,"

and Dr. Van Dyke's admirers were afforded a new pleasure after his return from the land of the ouananiche, when he gave them the "old song with a new ending," consisting of the four lines quoted above, with the following original addition :

> "There we will rest our sleepy heads,
> And happy hearts, on balsam beds ;
> And every day go forth to fish
> In foaming streams for ouananiche."

Many a happy honeymoon has been spent within these last few years at the Hotel Roberval overlooking Lake St. John—the old Pikouagami of the Montagnais Indians. Nowadays it is the fashionable things for those who follow Mr. Howells' hero and heroine on a tour of the Saguenay, to visit, first of all, the cradle of that dark, mysterious river at Lake St. John, by way of the Quebec and Lake St. John railway, that traverses for 190 miles the Laurentian Mountains, the oldest mountain chain on the face of the globe. It would be difficult to imagine a more attractive ride than this through a forest-clad mountainous country, picturesquely dotted with lakes of various sizes, sometimes rocky crags hundreds of feet in height overhang

the railway. At others the train winds its way around the sharply curved edge of precipitous heights, whence the traveller may gaze perpendicularly down into a ravine, many, many scores of yards below.

The only signs of civilization to be seen along two-thirds of the length of the railway, are the club-houses or landing places of the various fish and game clubs who lease fishing and hunting privileges from the Government. Some of these clubs are Canadian. Many more are composed almost exclusively of Americans. Some of them have as many as a hundred and fifty members, and have erected club-houses costing $10,000 each. Many of them control from four to five hundred square miles of territory each, where moose and caribou are plentiful and speckled trout of seven and eight pounds are to be caught.

An even vaster club than has been is now in process of formation in England and the United States. The price of membership is $500, and even at this figure, no less than 5,000 members are looked for. Of course these figures cease to be surprising when it is borne in mind that membership in the Restigouche Salmon Club costs $7,500, and that the new organization expects to control many more miles of salmon fishing than the Restigouche club has ever owned. Its prospectus states that it controls the fishing in the waters of thirty thousand square miles of territory, and salmon fry have already been planted in many of the more important rivers, while ouananiche and trout are most abundant. In the acquiring of property for club purposes, such as fishing and hunting rights, real estate for club-houses, steamers, etc., the members of the club calculate upon the expenditure of a million and a half to two million dollars in the Lake St. John district.

The enormous rivers that flow into Lake St. John, such as the Ashuapmouchouan, the Mistassini and the Peribonca are from three to five hundred miles in length. By ascending them to their head waters in the birch-bark canoes of Montagnais Indian guides, the sources may easily be reached by them of many of the streams that flow from the interior of Labrador into James Bay, Ungava Bay, Hamilton Inlet and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. All the country drained by these rivers is dotted by lakes, upon many of which the angler's flies have never been cast and the eyes of a white man have yet to rest.

An enormous trade development is taking part in the Lake St. John country. The rich farming lands south and west of the lake furnish immense quantities of cheese to the Quebec and Montreal markets, and the larger part of the deal trade of the port of Quebec is furnished to it by the Quebec and Lake St. John country. Its enormous forest lands furnish logs for many mills, and the next few years will witness the investment of many millions of dollars in the pulp industry in this section of the country. According to the statistics collected by the Quebec Government's department of lands, forests and fisheries, the Lake St. John territory is so lavishly supplied with pulp wood, that its first cut will yield a product of almost a hundred million cords, sufficient to supply seventy million tons of pulp.

The rivers of this territory are officially declared to be capable of furnishing over 650,000 horse power, which exceeds that of all the rivers in Sweden and Norway, where the pulp industry is carried on to so considerable an extent. Several applications are at present before the Government for water powers and pulp wood limits, both from American and English capitalists. There is already a very large pulp mill at Chicoutimi, which is about to be enlarged to four times its present capacity, and two different syndicates that propose to operate on the Grande Dècharge of Lake St. John talk of investing from two to five millions of dollars in the same industry. And yet the extent of territory in this Lake St. John region is so great that tours of hundreds of miles may be made by portage and canoe without the sight of a single human habitation.

Current Events Abroad

by W. Sanford Evans

AGAIN has China become a storm-centre. This time the immediate cause is not the jealousies of the foreign powers engaged in the exploitation of that country, but a rising of a large section of the native population, directed, apparently, against all foreigners. It is not at all surprising that the Chinese should resent foreign encroachment. They would have lost the last spark of political manliness if they accepted the situation with indifference. And we know, as evidenced by that attachment to the soil of his country which makes every Chinaman desire to be buried in China, that there is still left a rudimentary kind of patriotism. As bearing materially upon the present situation we must keep in mind that the rulers of China are not Chinese at all, but Tartars. A partial parallel is found in the case of the British in India. About 250,000 military families, differing in race and customs from the mass of the inhabitants, living in cantonments, occupy the chief administrative positions and are supported by money extorted from the people. They maintain their position by keeping the Chinese in a state of almost hopeless ignorance and by keeping their spirit crushed. Despite their efforts, however, there is chronic rebellion. In 1898 a somewhat formidable movement developed under the leadership of educated Chinese. It was about this time that Kang-Yuwei obtained the assent of the Emperor to reforms calculated to meet the most reasonable demands of the Chinese. The Empress Dowager put a stop to what promised a betterment in the condition of the country by seizing power and adopting drastic measures against the reformers. Chiefly, no doubt, for the purpose of diverting the attention of the Chinese from their Manchu rulers, she recently issued edicts instructing her viceroys to resist further foreign aggression. It would not be hard to persuade the people that the foreigners were enemies. We may thus hold her largely responsible for the recent attacks. There is no evidence to show that the Chinese themselves would be opposed to intercourse with western peoples if they were not kept in enforced ignorance. There is much evidence to the contrary. It is the Manchus who are the schemers. But the Chinese may be expected to be opposed to foreign domination. If the Manchu dynasty, with its corrupt and heartless supporters, could be got rid of, there might be some hope for China



FROM "BULLETIN," SYDNEY, N.S.W.

THE NEW AUSTRALIAN TERROR.

Australia blames the outbreak of the Bubonic plague on the rats.



UNCLE SAM—NO, THANKS, SONNY; I HAVE TROUBLES ENOUGH OF MY OWN.
—*Pittsburgh Despatch.*

from the natural forces of evolution. But it is hard to see how this can be accomplished, unless the Boxers can hold the foreign troops in check sufficiently long to turn their attention to their Tartar oppressors. They will certainly do this if they have the opportunity. This, however, the foreign powers cannot well permit, for in the process all foreigners would be massacred and all foreign property destroyed. And the loss of life among the natives would be appalling, for they kill promiscuously. In the great Tai-Ping rebellion, which "Chinese" Gordon finally put down, and which was a rebellion against the Manchus, it is commonly stated that the incredible number of 20,000,000 persons perished. The civilized world could not permit a repetition of such slaughter and would, therefore, hardly be justified in standing off to see the Chinese work out their own salvation. Thus is the situation in China one of extreme difficulty, quite apart from the jealous ambitions of the foreign powers.

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From what we can learn the Boxers were originally a peaceful organization, which has suddenly, and, perhaps, without serious premeditation, taken the aggressive. They have rallied to them vast numbers, and present a motley host of bloodthirsty but ill-armed men. They have murdered foreigners, burned houses, torn up railway tracks, cut telephone wires, and have been bold enough even to attack foreign troops. The Imperial troops have marched against them on many occasions, but have either marched back again, or fled back again, without imposing any check. The Empress Dowager has undoubtedly connived at the rebellion, if not taken means to instigate it. But there is occasion to believe that she is realizing she has raised a tumult which she cannot control, and which threatens the power of the Manchus even more than that of the foreigners. The question in everyone's mind is:—To what extent is Russian intrigue responsible for the outbreak? It has occurred at a time when Britain is largely tied up in South Africa, and when Russia happens to have in the Far East, not only a greater force of men than the British, but also a greater number of warships. It is not impossible, of course, that Russia has had some influence on the attitude taken by the Empress Dowager, and it can be seen how Russia might find opportunities she could turn to account. But, on the other hand, when, Britain, Japan, Germany, the United States and Italy are cleared for action, it would seem to be a bad time to try any sharp practice. We can account for all that has happened without looking to Russian intrigue. According to Mr. Wyndham's statement, the powers are working harmoniously together. If the powers control Pekin and the road to the sea, and can unite on some man to act as another Gordon, the insurrection can be quelled. But there are possibilities of the gravest complications. At the time of going to press the position of the foreigners in Pekin are perilous in the extreme, and the reinforcements under Admiral Seymour, moving up the railway from

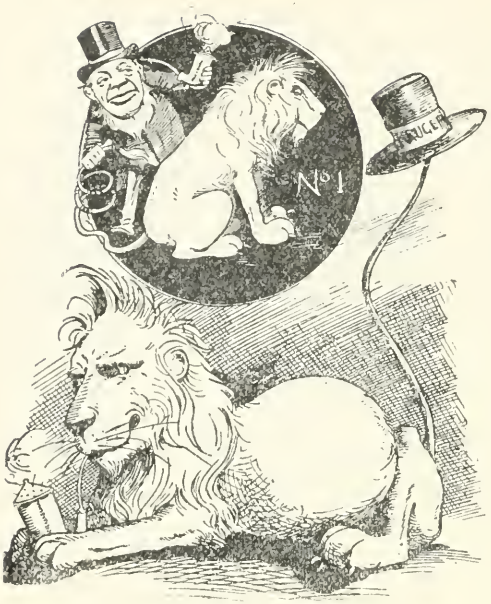
Tien-Tsin, are being harassed and have, perhaps, been blocked.

On June 5, Lord Roberts entered Pretoria. In Canada the occasion was anticipated by a few days with a remarkable outburst of jubilation, which showed, among other things, that we have felt the strain of anxiety during the past few months. Contrary, however, to general expectation, the occupation of Pretoria has not proved a crushing blow to the Boers. It was followed by a revival of the fighting spirit among them. Commandant Botha's defence of his position, fifteen miles east of Pretoria, was, perhaps, the most skilful work of this able leader. But he was outnumbered and outgeneralled by Lord Roberts. The comprehensiveness, precision and energy of Lord Roberts' campaign are a continual object of admiration. We can see, as phase after phase of the war appears, just why every move was made—why troops were sent by way Beira; why Hunter was moved up the line to Vryburg; why Buller's advance was so timed; and why Methuen, Brabant and Rundle were left behind in the Orange River Colony. There were forces enough under command of these latter generals to hold the Boers in check until Buller and Lord Roberts had completely closed the gap to the north, but through lack of shrewdness somewhere minor disasters occurred, reminiscent of the earlier stages of the war. At the same time full credit must be given to the cleverness of General De Wet and to the spirit shown by the Boers. Buller's forcing of the passes in northern Natal was a thoroughly creditable piece of work. Our own Canadian boys have borne their full share of the fighting, and have well maintained the standard which they themselves have set up as that below which Canadians must never fall.

With the hopelessness of the Boer cause in the field now so patent that further resistance takes on the character of criminal waste, attention will be directed more and more to the settlement by which the foundations of future peace and harmony are to be laid. We have not yet been given the details, but Mr. Chamberlain has stated, with perfect plainness, the general intentions of the Government. The territories of the two Republics are to be fully incorporated into Her Majesty's dominions, and are to be deprived of all separate independence. At first they will be administered as Crown colonies, but as soon as possible they will be given the full measure of self-government, as it exists in Canada and Australia. Lord Salisbury has added that the policy of the Government will be one of appeasement, of affection and of mutual co-operation. The difficulties over which this policy is to prevail will be found, not only in the old Free State and the Transvaal, but also in Cape Colony. It is a question whether parliamentary government will be possible in Cape Colony for the present. It, too, may have to be made a Crown Colony. The Ministerial crisis that arose because Premier Schreiner could not obtain the consent of his colleagues to measures dealing with the trial of active supporters of the Boers, dis-



THE EUROPEAN SPIDER SPINS ITS IRON WEB OVER ALL THE WORLD.
—From *Ulk* (Berlin).



KRUGER TWISTED THE LION'S TAIL, AND—
From the *S. Australian Critic* (Melbourne).

franchising under certain conditions, and the condoning of necessary acts under martial law, is but the first evidence of the difficulties to be faced. The temper of the Afrikander Bund, whose adherents are a considerable majority in the Colony, is such that co-operation may have to wait until time can bring appeasement.

Morocco is becoming an object of increasing international interest. It lies just at the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, and therefore possesses an importance beyond its undeveloped natural resources. Three nations have special interest in Morocco. Spain's connection with Morocco is a matter of history. It was from Morocco the Moorish conquerors came, and when after centuries of struggle Spain drove from her coasts the invaders she carried the war into Morocco and captured much of the sea coast, several towns on which she still holds. If the independence of Morocco is to be destroyed, Spain regards the country as her peculiar province in Africa. France also wants it. This conflict of desires has been for years the greatest cause of difference between France and Spain. France now possesses Algiers to the east of Morocco and wishes to extend her territory to the Atlantic, and also to secure a port opposite Gibraltar. It is at this point that Britain is interested. She might leave France and Spain to settle between themselves the ownership to the rest of the country, but she would have something to say about the disposition of a few miles of coast on the Straits. The question comes up in a definite form just now, because French troops have come into conflict with the Moors over boundary disputes and sharp fighting has taken place. The death of the Grand Vizier a few weeks ago seems likely to occasion internal dissensions, which may afford just the opportunity France is waiting for. The Sultan, a mere boy, who was the puppet of the Grand Vizier, is not believed capable of handling the turbulent elements in his kingdom. The French disclaim any unfair intentions, but the Spanish press is suspicious and has been speaking with considerable warmth. It is another Chinese problem on a small scale.

Kumassi is still besieged. The relieving force has been delayed by heavy rains, by the difficulty of obtaining carriers, and by opposition from the rebels. Reinforcements are being gathered from various quarters and a considerable force will soon be at the command of Colonel Willcocks, who is intrusted with the relief. There is a fear that Kumassi may not be able to hold out until help arrives. The garrison are already on half rations and the supply of ammunition is so small that it is being used only to repel attacks. It is reported, too, that rebellion is spreading to other parts of the West Coast. These things form some of the burdens of Empire. Colonial assistance is again being sought. Mr.

Chamberlain has cabled to Canada offering to officers of the Canadian Militia ten appointments in the West African Constabulary; and a similar offer has probably been made to Australia. He has also cabled to the West Indies announcing that the War Office is prepared to accept a composite volunteer contingent from Jamaica, Trinidad and Demerara.

Another burden of Empire, a pitiful one, is famine-stricken India. The famine has now lasted seven months. The heroic efforts of the officials have accomplished much, but the task is stupendous. Plague follows in the wake of famine and claims its victims by tens of thousands. To keep alive is nobler than to kill. The nation that is killing and being killed in Africa and China is throwing itself with no less strenuous energy into the saving of life in India. A philosophy of public morals might begin with this paradox.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

ON the first of this month Canada will celebrate the beginning of her thirty-fourth year as a federated Dominion. The progress during the thirty-three years is very gratifying. The total foreign trade has increased in value from one hundred and twenty million dollars to three hundred and fifty millions, and the internal trade in even greater proportion. The number of newspapers passing through the mails has increased from eighteen to one hundred and five millions, and the number of letters from eighteen to one hundred and fifty millions. The Governmental revenue has grown from thirteen to fifty millions. The miles of railroad in operation in 1868 were but 2,269, as against 17,000 in 1899. The number of depositors in the Post Office savings banks has grown from 2,102 to 150,000, and the deposits from less than a quarter of a million, to over thirty-five millions.

Almost greater and more important than these evidences of material prosperity, is the growth in political unity and national spirit. For many years after Confederation there was constant talk of secession in one or other of the seven provinces. Now Canada is a proud name in every province, and in every part of each province. The national spirit has grown in strength and majesty, and is making for the building of a strong, vigorous and intellectual nationality, seeking not only material welfare, but the righteousness which exalteth a people.

On the sixth day of last month, the Conservative party wore the red rose in honour of the chieftain who died on June 6th, 1891. Sir John A. Macdonald spent the most of half a century in the public service, and was undoubtedly a man of extraordinary parts. The yearly decoration of his monument at Toronto, and of his grave at Kingston recall his services, and serve to impress upon the minds of present-day politicians that the man who serves the state faithfully will be gratefully remembered. These events should also impress upon citizens generally that the present must not be allowed to crowd out the past, that the graves and memories of our dead heroes should be kept green. Apparently, however, the Conservatives are overlooking the latter point in their anxiety to make party advantage out of the memory of one who belonged, after his death, not to the Conservative party, but to the nation.

The Government has appointed a Commission, consisting of Chancellor Boyd, Judge Falconbridge, and Judge

McTavish to inquire into the alleged frauds "during and for several years prior and subsequent to the general elections of 1896, for the election of members to the House of Commons of Canada." This is the result of a recent controversy in the House at Ottawa. What the result will be is hard to forecast. That there were frauds seems most likely. That one party was more guilty than the other seems quite unlikely. That one party only will lose by the investigation is not to be expected. Both have been too anxious to hold the reins of power, and both have given too much chance to the unscrupulous heeler. It is to be hoped that the Judges will search all testimony most thoroughly in order that our political methods may be purified. Purification is what our politics need, and a comprehensive report by this Commission should do something to attain the desired end.

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A Methodist Quadrennial General Conference has recently been held in the United States. Its greatest piece of work is pourtrayed by a cartoonist, who represents the Methodist minister as going home to hang up his hat and to take the furniture off the wheels. Itineracy has been abolished. Some years ago the rule was three years; then it was extended to five; and now the term is indefinite.

In Canada we have the itineracy system in the Methodist Church, and the term is three years, with the option of a fourth. The new system of an optional extension has been satisfactory and the term will soon be five years.

The great difference between an Episcopalian minister and a Methodist parson is the greater personal sympathy of the former. He has—in many cases—seen his congregation of fathers and mothers grow up from boys and girls. He has watched them play cricket and use the skipping rope. He has seen their faces grow solemn under the bishop's words at Confirmation. He has watched the strained facial expression as two have stood before him at the altar to take the vows of eternal faithfulness to each other. He has been present at "the hanging of the crane." His prayers have been a comfort in the dark hour when new life was dawning. He has known all their pleasures and sorrows.

No matter how clever a sermonizer a Methodist clergyman may be, he cannot gain the hold over his congregation which the Episcopalian or Roman Catholic priest gains by long intimacy. Eloquence may sway the feelings and arouse the emotions; but such stirrings are weak when compared with the composite power of the parish priest who has served a lifetime among his people. When the sermonizer is matched against the pastor the battle is unequal.

Both systems have their other side, but itineracy is a relic of the day when preachers were uneducated, and that day has almost passed. The Methodist Church has ceased to be a home missionary society, having transferred the greater part of that work to the Salvation Army. It is now a "church" with all the glory and dignity which that form of organization implies. A "church" need not retain itineracy to secure efficient teaching and preaching.

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Now that the United Presbyterians and the Free Church of Scotland have consolidated, the question of disestablishment is being revived in the northern half of Great Britain. These two parts of the Presbyterian body in Scotland are not in the establishment. The three branches of Scottish Presbyterianism can be united only by disestablishment. Now that the two disestablished portions have united, there seems greater reason for total disestablishment. When the Synod of the United Presbyterians and the General Assembly of the Free Church meet together for the first time on November 1st, something will be said on this subject.

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If Prohibition has been an unsuc-

cessful cause in Canada, it was owing to the fanaticism of its supporters, rather than the lack of righteousness in the reform itself. Temperance has been gaining ground because sensible people recognize that over-indulgence in intoxicating liquors is harmful to the individual and unpleasant to the respectability of the community.

While we have grown temperate, we have not become total prohibitionists. The liquor traffic has been regulated by law and restrained by public opinion, and consequently drunkenness in Canada is unpopular, and on the decrease. Common sense has done by regulation and restraint what fanaticism said was inadequate; common sense has accomplished something and fanaticism nothing.

Fanaticism in the meantime has been toning down, and approaching more nearly to common sense. When the Privy Council decided that a provincial legislature had power to pass a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, the prohibitionists at once set to work to try local option on the provincial scale. It had been tried on the county plan and had failed. That it will fail in its new form is likely, but not certain.

Two provinces have enacted prohibitory laws. The Province of Prince Edward Island, with a population of a hundred and twenty-five thousand and with a water boundary, should find little difficulty in enforcing a prohibitory law. The necessities of the tourist traffic may cause some trouble if public opinion in favour of the law is not exceptionally strong. On the other hand, Manitoba will experience much difficulty in enforcing a prohibitory law in a province which borders for many miles on one of the States of the American Union.

Prohibition of public selling of liquor would be more easily enforced than total prohibition. This would also do away with most of the evils of which the temperance advocates complain. Because these two provincial laws go farther than this, they will probably be unsatisfactory.

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While the advocate of prohibition is becoming less fanatical, the advocate of religious teaching in the public schools seems to be as earnest as ever. The Archbishop who prescribes the religious duties of the Roman Catholics of Manitoba has expressed himself as dissatisfied with the existing laws and regulations concerning separate schools in that Province. The whole country breathed more freely when a settlement of the Manitoba school question was announced. The Archbishop and his sympathizers at Ottawa and elsewhere have dispelled the illusion which was giving so much satisfaction to Canadians generally. While respecting the wishes of His Grace of St. Boniface, one must express the hope that he may discover that our politicians have had enough of contact with this delicate subject.

In Toronto there is an energetic lawyer, a member of the Church of England, who entertains views concerning religious teaching in the public school, which are very similar to those held by the Archbishop of St. Boniface. The other day he, with two other prominent Episcopalians, went before the Toronto Methodist conference and explained his views concerning voluntary schools. He desires to have state-aided schools in which religious instruction may be imparted instead of the present undenominational state-supported public schools. The Methodists appointed a committee to consider the question with the Anglican committee.

Any reasonable person can see at a glance that if a township now possessing ten public schools should reorganize and decide to have Roman Catholic schools, Anglican schools, Methodist schools, Presbyterian schools, Baptist schools, Christian Science schools and others, the system would be unwieldy and insufficient. In towns and villages the objections would be equally apparent. In cities they would be less noticeable. On the whole they would be disastrous, and the above-mentioned energetic lawyer

should be wise enough to see this. Our public schools are none too good for the age. His energies are being devoted to making them still worse. Will some of his friends please reason with him for the benefit of the country? That he should have enlisted the aid of such a scholarly gentleman as Prof. Clark, of Trinity University, past president of the Royal Society of Canada, is somewhat astonishing.

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It is somewhat discouraging to notice how often the members of the House of Commons forget the dignity which is becoming to the people's representatives. Robert Holmes, M.P., writing for his paper, thus describes the scene which took place when the member for Jacques Cartier brought up the "emergency food" question:

"During my two terms in Ottawa I have witnessed some pretty stormy scenes in the House of Commons, but for downright disorderliness and ugliness, disregard of parliamentary rules, and refusal to be governed by the Speaker, the row which took place on Wednesday caps them all. . . . A good many members took part in the discussion—in fact several tried to take part at once, and amid the babel of tongues, cries of 'order,' shouts of 'sit down,' and general disturbance, stood the Speaker, vainly trying to bring order out of chaos, and control a mob that did not want to be controlled. The atmosphere was hot outside, and hotter in; bad-tempered Conservatives threatened to 'knock-the-stuffing' out of equally quick-tempered Liberals. For four hours Parliament lost its dignity and was a veritable bear-garden, all because a Conservative member made an unwarranted attack on the Minister of Militia, on the strength of a newspaper paragraph."

And this from a Liberal member of Parliament!

Surely Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper, both courtly and dignified in manner, can control the members who follow them so slavishly when the votes are counted. Do they not realize that the country's dignity is in their keeping and in that of their followers? And what is most regrettable is, that the worst offenders against the dignity of the House are not the ordinary rank and file, but those who sit close to the leaders on both sides. With such support it is small wonder that Speaker Bain has decided to retire at the end of this parliamentary term.

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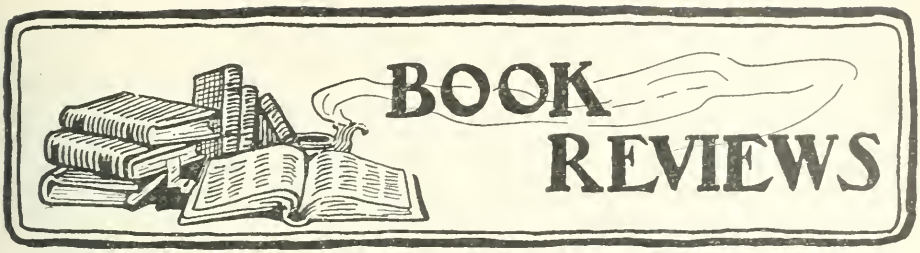
There are some fears in Canada caused by talk concerning Imperial representation. The fears are divided into two kinds: fears that representation in Imperial councils will not come soon, and fears that it will come too soon.

At present we are represented in London by a Canadian High Commissioner, and an office filled with Englishmen, who know as much about Canada as the average Canadian knows about Persia. Any move that would give this country changed representation would be a decided reform. Improvement in our London office must be the first step. There will be many steps before parliamentary representation is reached.

The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who has made himself the Apostle of the Imperialists, says that the first step—from his point of view—is to create a new Imperial Court in which Canada, Australia, India and South Africa will be represented by seven colonial law-lords. This sounds like a concession, but when analyzed there is difficulty in locating the said concession. Supposing we do send one law-lord to that court, would we be likely to get more attention or more justice than the Privy Council now gives us?

Mr. Chamberlain misjudges us if he thinks we can be blinded by any bauble of that kind. When we ask for representation we shall require of him the real thing. We have not asked for it yet, and so Mr. Chamberlain need not become anxious about any phase of the question. He may have our cleverest lawyer if he is willing to pay him as handsomely as is reported. That is a different matter from Imperial representation however. One law-lord to represent a nation of six million people—how absurd!

John A. Cooper.



CANADIAN HISTORY.*

THERE are already in existence several volumes presenting intelligent summaries of the History of Canada. The latest addition to the list is by Miss Weaver. One cannot but admire the industry which the writer has displayed in getting her facts together, and the general accuracy and clearness of arrangement which distinguish the book. The simplicity of style is also a point in its favour. Intended for use in schools, the little volume is not without its claims upon the educational authorities for that purpose. The chief complaint one feels disposed to make is that the inclusion of so much material—even if it be well condensed and brought together with skill into narrative form—tends to weary and repel the youthful pupil. Without professing to be inspired by an exact knowledge of what the ideal book of this nature should be, we cannot help thinking that a work presenting the salient features of our history would be better, dealing fully with these, but omitting weary details. Be sparing with dates, we would say to the writer of such a book, and rest content with sending pupils away from our public schools in possession of a general acquaintance with the outstanding features of our history. Miss Weaver has done her work well, but, like several of her predecessors, seems determined to fill the child's head with facts rather than to have impressed on the mind a vivid picture in outline which may be filled in later on in life.

* A Canadian History for boys and girls. By Emily P. Weaver. Toronto: Wm. Briggs and the Copp, Clark Co. (50c.)

An idea of this kind—applied to the Canada of to-day—appears to have animated Mr. Peacock in his really admirable little manual.* We do not remember to have seen before so perfect a reproduction of various phases of our national life. Designed apparently to interest British children in our Canadian scenery, industrial conditions, and ways of living, the book is almost certain to be read, and once read, never wholly forgotten. It has taught the present writer a number of things hitherto little understood, and less appreciated. The opening chapter on Canadian history affords a partial illustration of how much may safely be omitted from a narrative of events, without impairing the educational value while stimulating a student's intelligent curiosity. Principal Grant's luminous preface is worthy of him, and the illustrations are of average merit.

CURRENT FICTION.

In "The Farringdons," † Miss Fowler has developed to a fine point her talent for epigram and incisive delineation of character. The heroine is an attractive girl brought up in a narrow Nonconformist circle, and in spite of her little vanities and soaring ambitions, turns out a fine woman. To her patient lover, who is like no other man in his excessive modesty, but masculine enough in his stupidity, Miss Farringdon is a source of long-drawn out torment, and the reader is tempted a

* Canada: A Descriptive Text Book. By E. R. Peacock, M.A. Toronto: Warwick Bros. & Rutter.

† The Farringdons. By E. T. Fowler. Toronto: Morang & Co.

dozen times to knock the heads of the two together for their wearisome obduracy. The identification of the modest lover with the missing heir is not a very clever expedient, and were it not for its undoubted humor and sparkle the book would not have been the success it has been.

Mr. Jacobs spins a good yarn about nautical persons, and if his sense of the ludicrous shows better in a short than in a long tale, he is seldom dull. The crafty seaman, who is the hero of this story, is a victim of his own liking for entanglements in love affairs. The sailor may have a sweetheart in every port, but he must be careful not to have too many in one port, and the fate of Captain Flower has a spice of cruelty about it, in spite of its being deserved.

The old judge who advised Monica Randolph to "talk with your mother," gave the only advice possible under the circumstances. Unfortunately, Monica's views of love were not those of her parent, who thought it wrong for her daughter to fan an ardent flame for a married man, and who (after experience) was unfavourable to divorce. Monica compromises by going to Europe and maintaining a close correspondence, at long range, with the forbidden fruit.† The girl's nature is sensuous if pure, and her ideas hopelessly advanced even if they are a natural product of a certain kind of modern education. In the European city where she takes up her abode, the memory of the far-off lover grows dim, and when his letters cease, Monica is ready for another breach of the conventionalities. The death of her mother is the removal of the last steadying influence, and Monica once more drifts into dangerous relations with another benedict. The authoress intends us to sympathize with her heroine, but it is hard to see why marriage, with its obligations to society, should be reorganized in order to please a limited number of ill-regulated young women. There is a refinement of touch in the writing which redeems the book from reproach, and the "chaff" between the girl-friends is bright and readable.

* A Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† The Garden of Eden. By Blanche Willis Howard. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

WESLEY AND METHODISM.

There is a good deal to be said in favour of the custom of dealing with heroes and great movements in literary monographs. This is one of a series.* Mr. Snell draws what is doubtless an honest, as it is an interesting, picture of the religious revival of the eighteenth century. From that revival much good has sprung, and few religious bodies in our day have so much reason to be proud of their origin as the Methodists. Perhaps the nearer we get to John Wesley the less of a saint and the more of an imperfect human being he appears. But this is the age of critical analysis. We are not engaged, as the Greeks were, in elevating our early heroes into gods. A few distinguished writers would have it so, but the labours of research, scholarship and the love of truth tend the other way. Of John Wesley it may be be said that he did some foolish things (his choice of a wife for one), but his nature was refined and lofty, and his example an inspiration. These are some of the inferences which are drawn from the book, and it is written with some spirit and discrimination.

"A TREASURY OF CANADIAN VERSE."

The sudden death of Dr. Rand has given a sad interest to the publication of his "Treasury of Canadian Verse." Fortunately he lived to see the book published, and to know it was assured of a thoroughly appreciative reception at the hands of the Canadian public. No doubt it will also be well received in the United States and Great Britain. Dr. Rand, who was not only a poe

* Wesley and Methodism. By F. J. Snell, M.A. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate.

but an artist with all of an artist's taste, was greatly pleased with the appearance of the book, and a careful revision of it in its completed form gave him complete satisfaction with his own work in the selection. He felt, after a deliberate examination, that there was no poem in the book that, if he were again preparing it, he would feel like excluding. The preparation of such a book, as anyone knows who is at all acquainted with the large amount of existing material for selection, involved not only a need for wise discrimination, the possession of poetic taste and good judgment, but also a great deal of patient labour. The collection of biographical notes of the authors also involved a large correspondence, and a great deal of careful research. In placing before his countrymen such a representative collection of the cream of Canadian poetry, Dr. Rand performed a task that will, apart from the merit of his own poetical work, give his name a place in the annals of the literature of Canadian poetry. His "Treasury" is a monumental work, and it is exceedingly fortunate that its publication has fallen upon a time when Canada is occupying so prominent a place before the world as she is to-day. It is understood that sometime before his death Dr. Rand had completed a long poem entitled "Song Waves," some stanzas of which were published in the Christmas number of *Acta Victoriana* last year. It was his intention to have this poem published in a little volume, and we hope that, though he has passed away, the poem will yet be published.

IDLE MOMENTS

A LOG JAM.

BUMP, bump, bump, thundered the logs over the Falls, striking on the rocks on the bottom, then shooting half their length into the air, whirling, rolling, turning, churning the water into a mass of foam through which they looked like huge fish at play.

The bumping soon increased into a steady roar, as the run began in earnest. Two men, stationed at the dam above, regulated the run of logs, and kept them from going down cross-wise and thus causing trouble. This dam was some little distance above the Falls, but the space between had been so arranged as to render a jam very improbable; when the logs left the dam they had a straight run over the Falls.

All day the wind had been contrary, blowing the logs up the river where the current was slow, but at night-fall the wind had died away and the logs were returning. The men, who had been lounging idly around, were called out and given their stations. All was now life and motion for two or three miles along the river.

The "boss" was moving about in the darkness, and no one knew where he would appear next. About midnight he came to the Falls; he could see nothing but a mountain of logs. There was a jam. Hastening to the dam, with lurid language he ordered the boom to be run across, and the stop-logs put in. Men were coming from above and below, but owing to the darkness nothing could be done, so the drivers hurried off to gain what sleep they could before morning.

When the earliest streaks of light had begun to appear in the eastern sky a large crowd assembled at the Falls. Thousands of logs were piled in one

huge mass against the wall of rock. As the water was now shut off there were no Falls. The dam was opened, but the water made no motion among the logs.

In every jam there is gênerally one log called the key; if this be discharged the whole mass rushes down with a roar louder than thunder. It is wonderful how expert these men become at the work, and the accuracy with which they locate the log they wish to move. Dynamite is sometimes used, but not until all other means have failed. In this case it was decided to use horses; it is done in this way: the team is hitched to a long rope running through a block, one end is coiled twice around a stump and held by two or three men. To the other end is attached a kind of hook, which is driven into the log; when the horses pull and the log turns the hook slips off; but should the jam suddenly give way, and the hook catch, the men let go the rope which runs through the block, leaving the horses free. Volunteers were called for, to go down and fasten the hook; several men came forward, and one was selected for the perilous task. With hook in hand he goes nimbly down the mass, and drives it into the log pointed out by the boss; then he springs lightly away. The horses are started, the log turns. A quiver goes through the heap, but no more. Again the hook is fastened; again the log turns; but with no better success. The driver goes down a third time and fastens the hook. It falls off. He stoops down to get it. With a mighty roar the whole mass rose up as a wall, then fell forward sending up clouds of spray high above the trees. A mighty crash, a low rumble, and then the steady roar of the Falls was the only sound heard. The water leaped and sparkled in the rising sun, and danced down the slope in glee as though no bruised and mangled body lay in the depths below.

The men stood staring at the river in silence. "Down with the stop-logs," shouted the foreman, and a dozen men sprang to obey, while several hurried down to clear away the logs as best they could, as the water lowered. Then with long pike-poles they searched for the body of their comrade. By noon he was found; crushed beyond all recognition. A rough coffin was soon prepared, and in the little churchyard by the river he was laid to rest Scores of rough men gathered around the grave, listening with uncovered heads to the solemn words of the minister, as he committed the "dust to dust," and warned the living of their own day of dissolution. While over all, like a sad and plaintive requiem, resounded the mournful roar of the Falls.

J. Harmon Patterson.

MY FIRST SWEETHEART.

I WAS schoolmaster; she, schoolmam.

The old clap-board schoolhouse stood at the bottom of the hill. A brook meandered through the playground. It became wider and deeper in the meadow farther down. At the bridge it was deepest. There the willows stretched out over the water. If a person leaned too far, in reaching for a straight, lithe gad to whip a youngster with, he would fall in.

The schoolhouse was divided into two. I taught the big ones in the big room; she, the little ones in the little room.

I did the whipping.

Sometimes, after four, I have stood at the window, watching her form disappear beyond the hill; or if no youngster to whip detained me, she and I have taken the short-cut across the fields, where in summer clover scented the air, and sweet June grass waved toward the meadow.

We boarded at the farm house, nearby.

One morning a man came to the schoolhouse, and asked to see her. I told him to rap on the side door.

I never had been jealous before. I mightn't have been then, had I not seen her start at sight of him.

When he had gone she came to tell

me that Johnnie needed punishing ; he was always into mischief. I asked her why she hadn't employed her "gallant" to champion her. She blushed and bit her lip.

"I thought it your duty."

"My duty is to conduct this school properly."

She hesitated.

"At any rate, the boy needs a whipping."

"Then I shall consider it your duty to whip him."

"I shall not."

"Neither shall I."

At dinner we were quiet. The farmer's wife didn't say much, even about the sugar season having been a failure.

I had been thinking. I went to my room. Instead of spending a few minutes translating Greek, I decided to go to the bridge and get a willow stick. The one I had was broken. I vowed that had it been any other girl I wouldn't have budged even that much.

When almost within sight of the bridge, I heard a splash. Hurrying towards the willows, I saw the schoolmistress over head in the clear water. I plunged in.

As she caught her breath she gasped:

"How did you happen to come?"

"Because I like you," I answered, holding her more closely in my arms. "Had you been any other girl, I wouldn't have budged an inch. But what on earth were you doing here?"

She blushed, and the long, dark lashes shaded the azure of her eyes.

"I came to get a stick to whip Johnnie."

The water was warm, but we both were sociably wet.

By detaining school a half-hour we had yet time to hurry to the house and change our clothing. I was ready first, as her hair would not readily respond to the application of tongs. I went around to the kitchen, and told the farmer's wife that if she would give me a cake of maple sugar I'd try a new mode of punishing at school. She smiled almost audibly as she handed it to me.

Toward four that afternoon I went into the little room and told Johnnie to come to me when the other children had gone.

He came, looking very doubtful.

"Well, Johnnie," I said, "you have been into mischief again."

"Yes, ma—sir."

"What did your teacher say?"

"Please sir, this morning she said she would get you to whip me, but this afternoon she called me up, and kissed me, and gave me a cake of maple sugar."

"Well, Johnnie," I replied, "I have great confidence in your teacher. I believe that I can do nothing better than follow her example."

I handed him the sugar.

As he closed the outer door behind him, through an open window I heard :

"Some one must look after the child ; wait."

I rose in my chair, and saw the man who called that morning standing in the side doorway.

Next moment the schoolmam came and asked if I would give her an order on the trustees for the past two months' salary. She took it and gave it to the man. He went away.

I waited a few minutes. As I did not hear her go out, I went over to the door that connected the two schoolrooms. She was leaning over her desk, her face buried in her hands. She was not sobbing loudly.

I went in. She told me a sad story ; which I promised never to repeat.

An hour later she wrote her resignation.

Two trustees called next day, shortly after school was dismissed.

"We thought she would stay the next six months anyway," said one.

"The scholars all liked her," said the other.

She stood on one side of the desk ; I opposite.

"Are you wanting more salary?"

She blushed slightly ; then raised her eyes to me.

"Perhaps you don't agree?"

"It is not that," I answered ; "but I must admit that we have decided it

were better for her to go. I shall at least teach out the year. Meantime, she will prepare her trousseau. You may congratulate me."

She and I often speak of the old days, even now; but, somehow, we never refer to that man. He, poor fellow! was my wife's wayward brother.

Newton MacTavish.

THE POM POM GUN.

From the Toronto "World."

WHICHEVER way we turn,
It's pom pom boom;
The British are astern.
Pom pom boom!
Our hopes we must discard—
They pom pom and bombard—
Now that is mighty hard
On Oom!

When Cronje he was caught,
Pom pom boom!
We knew the thing was hot,
Pom pom boom!
We thought our splendid slobs
Were up against some snobs,
But here is Little Bobs!
Poor Oom!

Is Canada down there?
Pom pom boom!
For the others we don't care.
Pom pom boom!
Each Boer will save his neck,
The Canucks are on deck,
So we will further trek,
Says Oom.

Glory be to God!
Pom pom boom!
Old Kruger is a fraud.
Pom pom boom!
They've got them in their clutch
Will they let 'm go? Not much.
Hear the cursing of the Dutch—
At Oom!

Is Helena big enough?
Pom pom boom!
That little island rough.
Pom pom boom!
It may be rather small,
But we'll fix it up next fall
With a bed against the wall.
For Oom.

The Khan.

THE LITTLE AUTOCRAT

(From The Blue Pencil Magazine.)

OH, Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Grundy!
Why, pray, were you born,
To vex the suffering souls of men
Through noon and night and morn?
You own the salon, club and street,
You fill the payers, too;
I fear the earth would go to smash
If it were not for you.

"On dit," "das giebst," "on parle," "they say"—
It's all the same, you know;
You change the language, but it's e'er
The same old scandal-show.
You put the saint upon the rack,
You boil the fool in oil;
The prig, the cad, the parvenu,
You keep in hot turmoil.

Oh, Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Grundy!
You're the silent queen
Who rules the modern world like iron,
Oft heard but never seen.
Bullets and spears and Maxim guns
Are naught to your sly stab,
With but one poisoned dart, keen-tipped
With golden gifts of gab.

Alas! you know our weaknesses,
You know our foibles, too;
You know we hate you, yet dare not
But keep good friends with you.
And whether telling truth or lies,
You're bound to interest us;
And yet to be ignored by you—
Will e'er such luck be blest us?

A Victim.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DENNIS EDWARDS & CO., CAPE TOWN.

TOWN HOUSE.

WESLEYAN CHURCH.

A DEMONSTRATION AT CAPE TOWN

THE AFRICAN REPUBLICS TO RETAIN THEIR INDEPENDENCE.

THE

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THREE SIEGES AND THREE HEROES.

By Ernest Herbert Cooper.

DEFENCE by a siege is one means by which a weak force can withstand a stronger enemy with some hope of success. It is a method of warfare long ago resorted to, and it seems to breed as many glorious incidents in the wars of the nineteenth century as it did in the days of Troy. The sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking, and the pluck and generalship of Sir George White, Colonel Kekewich and General Baden-Powell redound to the glory of the Empire, because the success of the British arms rested in a great measure upon the gallant action of the bold and undaunted defenders. Had the Boers been able by dint of superior forces to carry out their policy of crushing speedily the British forces in South Africa when they brought on the war, there is no telling what trouble would have been in store for us in the Dark Continent. Much depended upon the holding of the mobile Boers in check. There were many subjects of the Queen in Cape Colony, and many native Africans who were sitting astride the fence waiting to see in which direction the tide of victory should turn before they would engage in the melee. The besieged in these towns did as much as human energy could do to hold this tide in check. The regular forces sat in trenches day and night, wet or dry, and defended, as best their inferior weapons permitted them, their positions against a wily enemy. Yet all difficulties were surmounted, and the names of three more heroes are inscribed in British annals.

On the 7th of October, 1899, the British reserves were called out. This was a practical intimation to the Governments of the South African Republic and of the Orange Free State that the British authorities began to despair of arriving at a satisfactory amelioration of the Uitlander grievances through diplomacy, and that a resort to arms was to be prepared for—perhaps intended. It was received by the South African Governments as an intention, and on the 9th of October an ultimatum was handed to the British agent at Pretoria demanding the removal of the forces from the Natal and Cape Colony borders, and an engagement that the troops then on the way out should not be landed in South Africa, failure of compliance before the evening of the 11th to be regarded as a declaration of war. The object of the Boers was to bring on the inevitable hostilities as soon as possible. This indicated, what circumstances later revealed more plainly, that the Boers were ready for battle and Britain was not. While the British nation prepared for the struggle, the enemy was kept busy with sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking.

During the early part of the war Great Britain was on the defensive, a

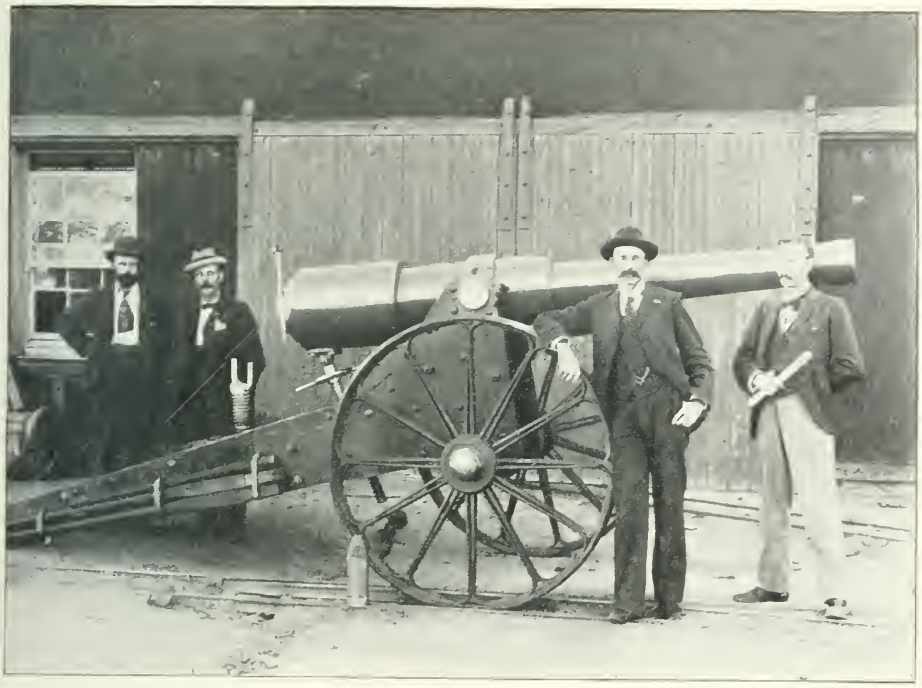


KIMBERLEY—MR. RHODES AT FORT RHODES.

defence which rested almost entirely upon the garrison of these three towns. The British then in South Africa were entirely unable to cope with the forces and armaments that the Boers were able to place in the field.

Against a formidable and mobile force of 70,000 or 80,000 men when war was declared, Great Britain had in Cape Colony an irregular force of mounted infantry at Mafeking, the North Lancashire Regiment at Kimberley, the Munster Fusiliers at De Aar, half the Yorkshire Light Infantry at Naauwpoort and the other half at Stormberg, and the Northumberlands —the famous Fighting Fifth—at De Aar. The total was, say, 4,100 infantry, of whom 600 were mounted—no cavalry and no field guns. In Natal, scattered along the railway line from Newcastle to Durban, were close on to 15,000 infantry, the bulk of the British army in South Africa. No wonder was it, then, that the British forces were on the defensive, even though they represented the strongest power in the world, no wonder was it that the people of Kimberley and Mafeking complained to the Imperial authorities on account of the defenceless state of their homes, and no wonder was it that after some disastrous offensive ventures like the armed train sortie at Mafeking or the excursion at Nicholson's Nek, the British settled down behind trenches and schanzes and awaited the arrival of the army corps from England! Six policemen defended the bridge at Alliwal North, and 350 Boers were reported in the neighbourhood. We see some reasons to warrant the belief of the Boers that they would drive the British into the sea. But they had not reckoned on the pluck and endurance displayed by these garrisons. The opposition at Mafeking, Kimberley and Ladysmith saved the prestige of British arms.

Mafeking and Kimberly were invested on the 15th of October. In Natal the British had already evacuated Newcastle, and were preparing to hold the line from Dundee to Ladysmith.



KIMBERLEY—THE "LONG CECIL" BUILT AFTER THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIEGE. MR. LABRAM, THE DESIGNER, LEANS AGAINST THE WHEEL; HE WAS AFTERWARDS KILLED BY A SHELL.

But Dundee became untenable, so, protected by the Ladysmith garrison at Elandslaagte, General Yule retreated in a masterly fashion and joined forces with General White in Ladysmith. The Boers thought the British on the run. Ladysmith was invested on the 2nd of November, and the Boers openly boasted that it would be entered before the 9th. From that time the attention of the whole world was centered upon the garrisons of these three places of suddenly acquired celebrity.

Immediately upon the arrival of the army corps from England, General Buller set out to relieve Ladysmith and General Methuen to free Kimberley and Mafeking. Both leaders failed to attain their ends, and it was not till Lord Roberts made his masterly stroke which raised the siege of Kimberley on February 15th, that of Ladysmith on March 1st, and that of Mafeking on May 17th, that the days of investment, famine and fever ended for the beleaguered but well defended towns.

Kimberley was the first town relieved, and it was in most respects the least dangerous siege of the trio. The land around Kimberley is on the whole favourable for defence, as the nearest extensive system of kopjes lies ten miles away, and the cover on the intervening ground is very slight. This may explain why no assault was made on the town. The defences of the diamond city were about eleven miles in circumference. The town is almost surrounded by a series of "tailing heaps"—hillocks formed of the refuse earth after the diamond washing. On these tailing heaps were placed the sandbag forts which were manned by the town guard.

The force which defended the besieged area, with the exception of 600 regular troops, was made up entirely of citizen soldiers, literally fighting for their hearths and homes. When war broke out about twelve hundred civil



KIMBERLEY—THE BOMB-PROOF DUG-OUTS.

guards had been enlisted, and altogether the citizen force at its maximum strength numbered some forty-five hundred. Of these some few were Cape Mounted Police, who had come into the town when it was no longer safe for them to remain in isolated twos and threes about the country. The artillery of the defence consisted of six seven-pounder mountain guns and six seven-pounder field guns, described by one correspondent as "pop-guns." There were also some Maxims which had been stored in the mines by the foresight of the De Beers Company, which is said to be only another way of spelling Rhodes. Mr. Labram's long range home-made 4.1 gun later materially strengthed the artillery of the place.

The place was of course under martial law, and Colonel Kekewich was in supreme command of everything, though there is no doubt that Cecil Rhodes for the four months of the siege was Kimberley's actual king. The non-combatants consisted of some 5,000 white women and children, and 10,000 natives in the mine compounds. After the check was received by Methuen at Maagersfontein, and the city for the first time settled down to a long siege, about 8,000 of these natives were sent through the Boer lines. In the early days of the siege there was no alarm, everyone thinking that it would last, at the longest, not more than three or four weeks, but it was not until December 1st that Kimberley even got into communication with the relieving force. Three sorties were made by the garrison up to November 20th, when Scott-Turner and twenty-one men were killed; after that the garrison contented itself with keeping clear a sufficient space of ground for grazing purposes for the rapidly diminishing cattle.

Although the shelling went on continuously, and at times unexpectedly, beyond putting an end to business it was not extremely troublesome. A source of far greater discomfort, sickness and death, was the scantiness of the food supply. Fortunately a variety



KIMBERLEY—HOW THE CITIZENS LIVED IN THE DUG-OUTS.

of circumstances placed the town in a better position than might very well have been the case. For some months previous to the declaration of war the De Beers Company, who appear to have anticipated the possibility of a siege, laid in large supplies of foodstuffs, coal, fuel, and other mining requisites. The new crop of mealies and Kaffir corn had just been secured, and the former were used during the siege for horses, while the Kaffir corn was converted into meal and sold to the natives. The Kimberley railway station furnished a considerable supply of stores, stopped in transit, for Kimberley is what is known as a transhipment depot for the northern system of railways. Moreover, the town was not entirely cut off from supplies of fresh meat from outside until nearly a month after the beginning of the siege. However, about January 3rd Colonel Kekewich and his staff proceeded to take over the supplies and regulate prices. Horseflesh was first served out on January 8th, and from that date on it became almost the staple food of the population. Towards the end a few mules and donkeys were thrown in, but cats and dogs were not resorted to. Mr. Rhodes also started a soup kitchen, selling vegetable soup at 3d a pint.

Needless to say, typhoid and scurvy were prevalent. The heat was terrible. Towards the latter part of the siege, the deaths from different causes averaged about 200 a week. In February the daily supply for whites was limited to an order for ten and a half ounces of bread, two ounces of mealie meal, one ounce of dried mealie split, two ounces of sugar, and four ounces of horse flesh. The cadaverous look on the faces of the inhabitants, and the amount of illness which was everywhere prevalent when French's 20,000 cavalry rode into the town on the 15th of February, proved how hardly the prolonged state of affairs told on the people. Men in health who lost but a dozen or fifteen pounds in weight were not plentiful, while to have decreased twenty-five to thirty pounds was con-

sidered only a fair and moderate loss.

So it was in Ladysmith, where there was more danger of the flag being struck. The investment was close, the bombardment heavy, the supplies short, the population large, the town badly situated for defence purposes, and the water saturated with fever. Several considerations probably weighed with General White in favour of withdrawing to a more suitable place than Ladysmith, such as Pietermaritzburg, before he was surrounded by superior forces. The fact that Ladysmith was the Aldershot of Natal, and that to abandon it meant the loss of £1,000,000 worth of militia stores, led him to take up his stand in this unfortunate position which was commanded by guns placed on the hills that surrounded the place. That he maintained his position without flinching an inch from November 2, the day after the Nicholson's Nek disaster, when his communications were cut off, until March 1st, in spite of these natural forces working against him, in spite of the triple defeat of the relief column, in spite of personal sickness, and in spite of the raging fever and dysentery, marks him a man of uncommon pluck and ability. The siege was started on the British side with 12,000 fighting men and over 2,000 white civilians, besides the natives and Indian coolies. Although this garrison was much larger than that of the other garrisons, an enterprising force of the Boer strength, supported as they were by long-range guns and surrounding hills, could probably have taken Ladysmith in the early days of the siege. The English papers often attempted to prepare the British public for the shame of a surrender of the town, and the Boers thought of no other possible outcome of the siege.

General White had his headquarters in the centre of the town, with which the various stations of the regiments were connected by telephone. He acquired speedy information about the movements of the enemy's forces by this means as well as by a Balloon Intelligence Department. The saving in time by the telephone system can be readily imagined when it is mentioned that it took half an hour to ride from headquarters to the Manchester's trenches on Cæsar's Camp.

The greatest annoyance to the British came from the fact that they were inferior to the Boers in artillery equipment. Large siege guns had been brought from the forts about Pretoria and were now trained upon the Ladysmith garrison. They had three Long Toms, a five-inch Howitzer, about a dozen twelve-pounders, four screw guns, and three Maxim automatics. Against these the British had about fifty pieces, including two 4.7 inch, four naval 12-pounders, 36 field guns, an old 64-pounder, and a three inch quick firer, two old Howitzers, and two Maxim-Nordenfeldts. The naval guns mounted by Captain Percy Scott, of H.M.S. *Powerful*, were the only weapons that could reach the long range shell-firers of the enemy. Only they could touch Pepworth's Hill or Bilwan. Besides, the Ladysmithians had to husband their ammunition. The Boers fired about twenty shells to their opponents' one.

The siege was characterized chiefly by its dulness, which was interrupted only by several gallant sorties led by General Hunter. On January 6th, however, Kruger ordered an assault upon the town, and the Boers forsook their cautious policy for a daring one. They soon returned to their former tactics. The attack, desperate as it was, resulted disastrously to the Boer forces. Out of the only position they gained by the day's fighting, they were driven at nightfall by a gallant bayonet charge of the Devons. When they counted their casualties, if they did, they must have tallied a score that amounted to 1,200 or 1,500. The Ladysmith garrison also suffered severely.

Starvation and dysentery and fever played greater havoc with the garrison. Owing to casualties and sickness over 8,000 fighting men passed through hospital. The death rate remained small until January, and then increased, as the medical appliances had been nearly exhausted. A man once down was



THREE HEROES.

practically lost. The reduced rations were just sufficient to keep men alive. Every day thirty old horses and mules were slaughtered for food, and converted into soup and sausages. The last fortnight of the siege saw the majority of the field batteries unhorsed, and the guns permanently posted on the defences. The total number of casualties during the investment were : Killed or died of wounds, 24 officers and 235 men ; died of disease, 60 officers and 340 men ; wounded, 70 officers and 520 men.

Doubtless the garrison could have held out six weeks longer, but its privations from hunger and living in trenches or underground quarters were already great, and General White and his staff had difficulty in maintaining a cheerfulness in every quarter. The garrison was disappointed in not being relieved. Finally the continuous hammering and boring of General Buller discovered the road to Ladysmith. The advance of Lord Roberts and the capture of Cronje weakened the Boer forces in Natal, and Buller, after seven days of arduous toil and fighting, and after capturing Peter's Hill with the bayonet, was able to put the enemy to flight. Then Lord Dundonald, with 300 men of the Imperial Light Horse and the Natal Carbineers entered the town on the first day of March. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm of the beleaguered garrison. Cheer upon cheer rang from post to post. The staff officers, civilians and soldiers flocked down to greet them at the ford of the poisonous Klip River. Women with children in their arms tearfully pressed forward to grasp the hands of the gallant band. Even strong men shed tears at the contrast between the robust troopers of a dozen battles, and the pale, emaciated defenders of Ladysmith. General White and his staff met the troops in the centre of the town, and thanked them, but his thanks to the garrison for the assistance rendered him in keeping the flag flying were heartier and more deeply felt. For four months the garrison in a town, unfitted and unprepared for a siege, had maintained this strategic position against overwhelming odds. To them and their gallant commander are due all the honours to which heroes are entitled.

Here is something to illustrate the temper of Mafeking, B.-P's. little town, which was besieged from October 15th to May 17th—seven months : A correspondent wrote on February 9th. "Next Sunday we shall have a cricket match in the morning, cycle sports in the afternoon, and a grand concert in the evening, to celebrate the eighteenth Sunday of the siege. The bachelor officers will give a dance in the evening. We are all more anxious about Ladysmith than about our position here. Our advance posts are within 250 yards of the enemy's trenches." What a cheerful equanimity for a garrison nearer Pretoria than any British settlement, and not able to walk about the outskirts of the town, or raise a head in the trenches without meeting death nine times out of ten ! Yet it was the temper of the garrison throughout—a temper that strikes home to the hearts of all who can appreciate bravery, a temper that has made Baden-Powell probably the greatest hero of the war.

He was certainly the man of the siege. Before the war began he expressed a wish to be in a tight corner, should arms be resorted to. He was placed in the tightest corner assigned to any British leader in the war. For seven months he led the garrison in an heroic defence. On October 16th the first shot was fired of a bombardment that continued almost daily until the place was relieved. From that date the history of the little town and its gallant garrison has been a daily record of bombardment endured, attack repulsed, hand-to-hand fight sustained, amid conditions of constantly increasing privation, sickness and even famine. In its isolation it sent out only messages that were heroic in their cheerfulness.

Mafeking is a little town situated on the banks of the Molopo River, just inside Buchuanaland, and eight miles

from the Transvaal border. Its only preparations for siege were due to Lord Cecil, who made some successful efforts to bring in supplies before the siege began; and by Colonels Baden-Powell and Plumer, who recruited a protectorate regiment of 500 men. The defending force consisted of this regiment, 250 Cape mounted police, 200 mounted police, about 100 volunteers, and two 7-pounders and six machine guns. The town was almost entirely devoid of fortifications when Colonel B.-P. assumed command.

In this brief review it is impossible to give an account of the incidents connected with the seven months' siege and of the hopes and fears of the garrison. The big Pretoria artillery got to work on October 22nd. Thirty-five hours afterwards Commandant Snyman sent to know if the garrison would surrender, adding: "Do not attempt to disguise facts. Your losses must have been terrible." The reply was: "No surrender. As for our losses, without disguise, they are terrible, and consist of one dog and an hotel window." The Boer forces about the place numbered probably about 4,000 men. In accordance with their custom they avoided as far as possible direct onslaught, yet the besieged and besiegers came into contact several times. On the first day of the heavy bombardment the Boers approached in force, but were driven back by the rifle fire. On October 27th Captain FitzClarence led a brilliant sortie with about 100 men, against Commandant Louw's laager, and attempted to take it by a bayonet charge. The attempt was unsuccessful and costly. Camwn Kopje, held by the besieged, was also a contested position for some days, but it was firmly held by its first occupants. On Nov. 7th the Boers made a general attack on the town, but Baden-Powell's resourcefulness repelled them. Then Cronje left for the Kimberley district. The dulness of the siege was frequently broken after this by sorties of the garrison.

A memorial sortie was made the day after Christmas when out of sixty engaged on the British side only nine came out unwounded, while thirty were killed. On January more heavy artillery arrived from Pretoria and casualties from shell-fire increased. But short rations, poor water and unsanitary dwelling places were more fruitful causes of removal to hospital.

On March 20th, the western laager of the Boers was observed to be breaking up. From this time relief was daily expected. News of Colonel Plumer's march south arrived, but also that of the check he received at Lobatsi. The messages sent out by the garrison were still to the effect that they were well—"that grand and herioc lie"—and that they could hold out till the middle of May. The locusts afforded a change of diet. Lord Roberts now asked the town to hold out until May 18, On May 7, Colonel Baden-Powell telegraphed "all going well; fever decreasing, garrison cheerful, and food will last till about June 10." How they strained themselves to do all and more than all that was required of them! On the 12th of May the Boers made a last desperate attempt to take the town by assault. But the garrison was still "game," and Baden-Powell was as resourceful and cunning as ever. So, although, the Kaffir stands were temporarily taken, Commandant Eloff and 120 of his men were made prisoners by strategy much similar to that employed by the Boers on various occasions. This closed the brilliant record of Colonel Baden-Powell and his plucky little garrison of irregulars and civilians in Mafeking. The relief forces under Colonel Plumer from the north and Colonel Mahon from the south effected a junction on May 14, at Jan Massibi's, on the Molopo River, 18 miles west of Mafeking. It is worthy of note that a battery of Canadian artillery joined Colonel Plumer the same day, having made a forced march from Beira in exceptionally short time. It rendered effective assistance in the relief. Some fighting was necessary before the Boers gave up the investment, but on the evening of May 16, Major Karl Davis

and eight men of the Imperial Horse entered the town. At three o'clock in the morning more forces entered and all the relief columns headed by Colonel Baden-Powell, Colonel Mahon and Colonel Plumer entered Mafeking at noon on the 17th. The garrison drew up on the market square and gave three cheers for the Queen. Then Baden-Powell went after his old friends the Boers. When we heard of that, we said for the fiftieth time "Isn't he game?"

THE THREE HEROES.

Although Colonel Kekewich is forty-five years of age he is one of the men who had no public reputation before the war. He began his military career when he was twenty. He has been with the East Kents and the Inniskilling Fusiliers and recently lieutenant-colonel with the North Lancashires. He served in the Perak expedition of 1875-6 and in the Nile expedition of 1884-5, and was at Saukim three years later. Two of his uncles are well known in England; Mr. Justice Kekewich, and Sir George Kekewich of the Education Department. His grandfather was Mr. Samuel Trehawke, who at one time represented South Devon in the British House of Commons. Among the earliest messages sent to Kimberley after the seige was one announcing that, by favour of the Queen, Lieutenant-Colonel Kekewich was promoted to be a full Colonel.

Lieutenant-General Sir George Stewart White, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., was born in 1835. He is a Scoto-Irishman, who joined the army in 1853 and who has been on active service ever since. He first saw service in the Indian Mutiny. Up till 1880 he had only gained the rank of major, but from that time his promotion was rapid. In 1877 he was transferred to the Gordon Highlanders. In 1879 the Afghan war broke out, and his chance came. He was in the grand march from Cabul to Candahar under Roberts, and for his services was made C.B. Additionally he won the Victoria Cross. At Candahar, on September 1st, 1880, Major White again won the Victoria Cross. He led his his men straight up a hill into an Afghan battery and captured the guns. In 1884 he served in the Nile expedition as quartermaster-general. In 1885 he took command of the 2nd Infantry Brigade for the Burmese war. After the capture of Mandalay he was given supreme control of the Upper Burmese force. He received the thanks of the government, and was promoted to be major-general for distinguished conduct in the field. In 1890 he led the Zhob Valley force. He has since been commander-in-chief of the Indian Army, and is colonel of two battalions of Gordon Highlanders.

Colonel Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell was born February 22, 1857, in a rectory, being a son of Professor Baden-Powell, of Oxford and Langton Manor. He joined the 13th Hussars in 1876, and served in India, Afghanistan and South Africa. He served in the Zululand operations, and received mention. For work in Ashanti operations, where he was in command of native levies, he was made lieutenant-colonel. Afterwards in the campaign in Matabeleland, he was mentioned in despatches for conspicuous bravery. "B-P," as the Mafeking people affectionately call him, is a soldier whose accomplishments peculiarly fit him for modern warfare. He is an authority on cavalry tactics, and has written manuals on reconnaissance and scouting. He is a natural leader of men, and rallied around him at Mafeking not only a group of well-known officers of high social position, but also a seasoned band of frontiersmen and adventurers. His buoyancy, as displayed in his despatches from that isolated town, which even he could not see relieved for some time to come, will not be forgotten by the British public for many a long day. He has received more recognition from the military authorities than has any other officer in Africa, being made Major-General immediately subsequent to the relief of Mafeking.

THE BRITISH AND CANADIAN ARMY MEDICAL SERVICES.

By C. A. Matthews.

IN times of peace the Medical branch of the army receives but little attention from the multitude. Stripped of a great deal of the panoply and pomp of war which distinguishes the combative branches of the army, it is looked upon to a large extent as a somewhat superfluous attachment which takes from the actual fighting strength of the regiment a certain proportion of effective force, and is apt to be regarded perhaps as a necessary evil. At the sound of the war bugle, however, the Medical branch, like the Transport, at once springs into importance and receives recognition as a factor of vital importance in the ultimate issue of the campaign. It will no doubt be of some interest to anxious friends at this juncture to learn something of the efficient organization to whose skill and care in the treatment of the sick and wounded many anxious homes will be indebted for the safe return of scarred and war-worn loved ones from the scene of strife on the sun-scorched plains of Africa.



The British Army Medical Service is one of the most complete and best organized of any of the departmental services in connection with the British Army, and while not as obtrusive as some other branches of the force, it renders most effective service in its sphere. All the Medical Officers belong to a distinct corps known as the Royal Army Medical Corps. The junior officers of this corps are selected and attached to regiments, batteries, and the various military units for temporary employment as Medical Officers to the respective corps. The duties of the Medical Officer so attached are: to see daily the men of the corps who are reported sick, and to return them to duty if fit; if unfit to send them to the station hospital. He has besides that many important sanitary duties to attend to in the barracks, in camp, or on the march, and he is an important factor in assisting the commanding officer in the maintenance of discipline, visiting the cells, and inspecting the prisoners.

One of the most important duties assigned to him is that of training the regimental stretcher-bearers, a duty for which he is qualified, having himself gone through a course of training at the Royal Army Medical College at Aldershot, including elementary infantry drill, stretcher drill and ambulance work. He trains his regimental stretcher-bearers in these branches, and also imparts to them a knowledge of "first aid" to the sick and wounded. The stretcher-bearers consist of two selected men from each company in the regiment, four men taking charge of the stretcher; in a regiment of

eight companies there would, therefore, be four stretcher squads.

On the field of action this service is attended with very considerable danger, for where the men drop wounded there the stretcher squads must be to remove them from their dangerous position. If the wound is of a very serious nature the surgeon attends to it on the spot by applying temporary dressing and arresting hemorrhage. The wounded man is then carried to a place of comparative safety.

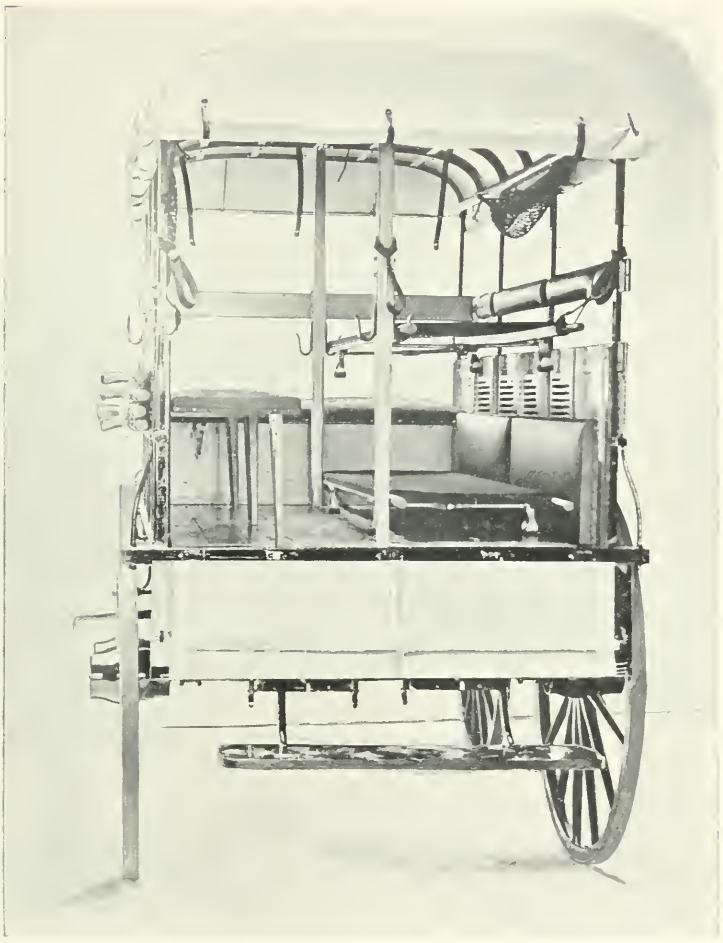
The regimental Medical Officer and his assistant have to keep up with the fighting line. The wounded are left behind as the regiment advances, and then commences the sphere of action of the bearer company. They consist of Medical Officers specially told off for this work, four in number, 61 non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps and 31 non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Service Corps. These men from the Army Service Corps are specially in charge of the work of driving the ambulances, ten in number, also four carts and one water cart, so that the bearer company is a large and fairly imposing unit.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NEILSON—DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF CANADIAN ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE.

To each brigade of infantry is attached one bearer company and also one field hospital. The bearer company follows the brigade into action. As they reach the scene of action the bearer company, composed of eight stretcher squads, searches the field for the wounded and others who have been attended to by the Regimental Medical Officer and his assistant. They form a "Collecting Station" and, if possible, pitch tents in a sheltered position. The stretcher squads bring the wounded into this station. There one of the Medical Officers of the company visits each man as he is brought in, examines his injuries, ascertains that the surgical dressings applied by the regimental surgeon are sufficient and have been properly applied. Patients are then sent on ambulance waggons still farther to the rear, to another station which has previously been established, perhaps a mile or more distant according to the locality. This station is known as the "Dressing Station," and here tents are pitched, fires are lighted by the bearer company's cooks, and water is kept boiling. A surgical tent is erected and the wounded are brought there and further attended to, the medical officers applying dressings, splints and bandages of a more permanent nature than were available farther to the front. From the dressing sta-

tion the wounded men are taken by ambulance waggons to the field hospital, which may be a couple of miles or more farther to the rear. Roughly speaking, these are the duties of the bearer companies of the British service, and this is the method by which the wounded Canadian and Australian, as well as the British regular soldiers have been rescued and attended to in South Africa during the present campaign.



THE FIRST AND ONLY CANADIAN ARMY AMBULANCE WAGGON.
MANUFACTURED AS A MODEL BY MILBURN WAGGON CO., TOLEDO.

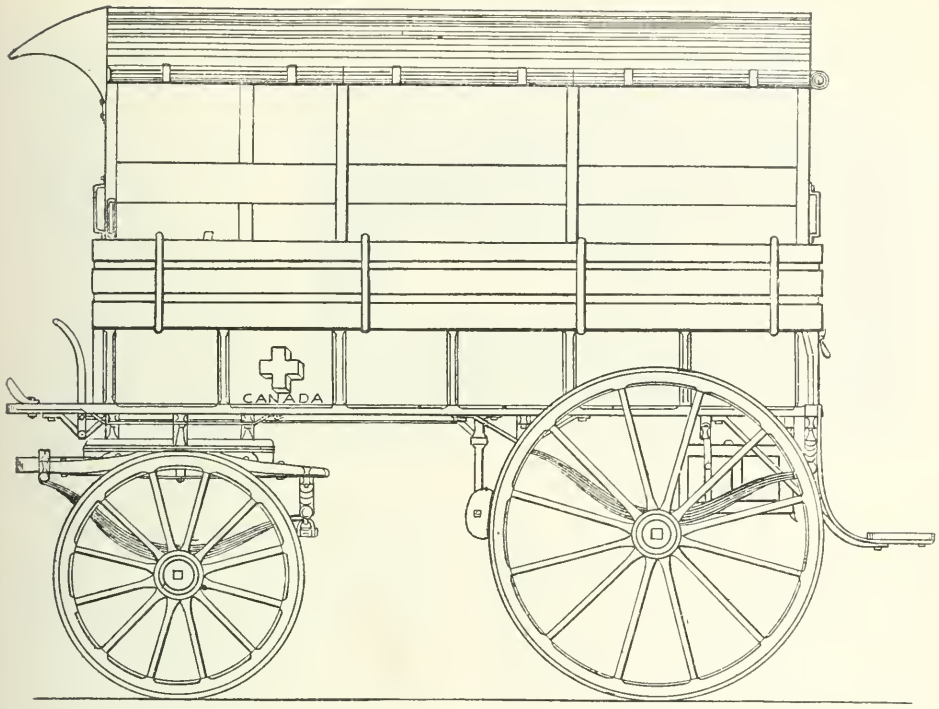
The next feature of the Army Medical Service is the field hospital, which is a medical unit consisting of four or five medical officers with attendants, each hospital having an equipment of 100 beds, divisible, if necessary for convenience, into two half-hospitals of fifty beds each. The field hospitals are essentially of a movable character, they follow or retreat with the brigade. Patients brought to the field hospital are not detained there any longer than can be helped, but as soon as possible are sent to the rear where stationary or base hospitals are established for their reception. For the purpose of transferring the wounded and sick to the stationary hospitals, every facility at hand is taken advantage of, and the methods employed depend largely upon the nature of the country to be traversed. If along a line of railway, railway cars are utilized. If near a navigable river, steamers or other vessels are pressed into the service, and if no other means of transport offer themselves, the reliable ambulance waggon has to be fallen back upon. It is an essential principle in the administration of the field hospital that it be kept as free of sick and wounded as possible so that the advance may not be impeded unduly. In this respect the main object which must be kept in view by the medical officer in charge of a field hospital is in direct contrast to that by which the general officer in command of a brigade or



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CANADIAN WAGGON.

division is directed. His duty, as a general principle, is to advance, and his main purpose is to get his men to the front. The medical officer's duty, on the other hand, is to retire to the rear as promptly as possible the unfortunate impedimenta which is the natural product of the campaign—the sick and wounded—and thereby give greater freedom to the General, and make room for the wounded of an engagement which may at any moment occur. From the seat of war the patients are sent, after being treated at the field hospitals, to the base hospital, whence, if found fit, they return to the front, but, if not, they are returned to England or Canada as soon as possible.

Beyond the ordinary regimental service provided by the regimental surgeon, supplemented in many corps by the ambulance corps, the Canadian Militia has not hitherto possessed any organization or equipment answering in any respect to the Army Medical Staff and the Army Medical Corps of the British service. In 1885, although the regimental staffs and ambulance corps did good work, the want of a permanently organized medical corps was generally recognized, and since that time efforts have been made at various times to secure a proper organization. Recently attention has been more especially directed to the necessity for the establishment of an Army Medical Staff and Corps by the mobilization of the Canadian Contingents. The impetus which has been given to military matters by these stirring events has enabled the Militia Department to bring to fruition the plans which have been carefully conceived by the responsible officers of the Department, who were waiting for an oportunity to put their plans into effect. The Minister of Militia, Dr. Borden, himself for many years Medical Officer in the Canadian Militia, thoroughly appreciated the necessity, and heartily sympathized with, and encouraged the staff in their



DETAIL OF CANADIAN WAGGON SHOWING PROPOSED OUTSIDE RACK FOR CARRYING ACCOUTREMENTS.

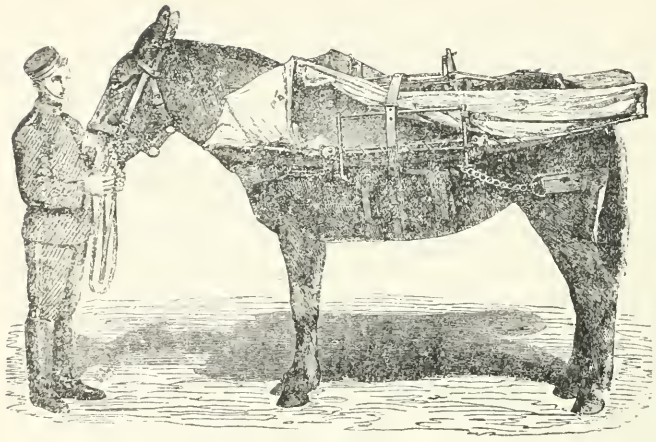
efforts in this respect. A scheme has been prepared and is being placed in operation which will give to the Canadian Militia a thoroughly organized and fully equipped medical service upon similar general lines to those upon which the British service is based.

It was found, however, that the conditions in Canada are somewhat different to those which exist in England and Lt.-Col. Neilson, the Director-General of the Medical Services, who has given a great deal of study to the question, determined that the departmental service alone would not answer. Our militia units being essentially local, it is all-important and of great assistance to the commanding officer of the militia unit in attracting recruits to his corps that the medical officer of the regiment be well and favourably known in his locality and that he be a man of local influence and consideration. A total stranger sent to a militia corps would fill the strictly necessary requirements of the service but that is all. Therefore the medical organization for the Canadian Militia according to the scheme laid down is of a dual character.

First.—The departmental service, consisting of all the officers of the Army Medical Staff and the non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Medical Corps to form part of the various bearer and field hospital companies.

Second.—The regimental medical officers of the respective corps who will carry out the duties described in the first part of this article.

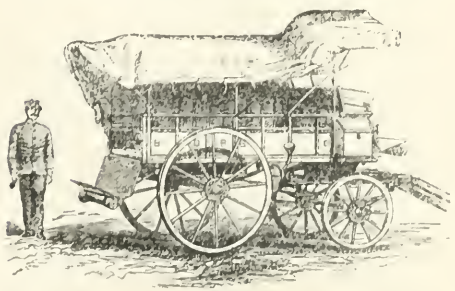
The Army Medical Staff, which is in process of organization and which will be completed in the near future, will be composed of one Director-General, with the rank of Colonel, seven lieutenant-colonels, seventeen majors, twenty-two captains and twenty-five lieutenants. These officers will be allotted to the medical units of the Canadian Militia Army Medical Corps, each staff officer being allotted to a medical



A LITTER.

unit. Five bearer companies have been recruited, equipped and officered, with headquarters as follows :—No. 1 Company at Halifax, N.S.; No. 2 Company at Ottawa, Ont.; No. 3 Company at Montreal, Que.; No. 4 Company at Toronto, Ont., and No. 5 Company at Quebec. Field hospitals will also be established in connection with the bearer companies, with headquarters at the same locations and designated by the same numerals. The equipment for additional bearer companies and for the proposed field hospitals is being imported or is in course of manufacture in Canada.

The ambulance waggon that has been adopted is the latest 1899 pattern in use in the United States army, which is lighter and in every way more suitable for Canadian roads than the British army ambulance waggon. One of the waggons has been ordered from the manufacturers in the United States as a pattern and the contract for the remainder has been awarded in Canada. The waggon when issued for service to the Canadian Militia will be an improvement upon that which served for a pattern in several respects. Much annoyance is frequently caused to wounded men by the loss of their personal property and equipment, and to commanding officers by the loss of accoutrements and arms which are necessarily left behind on the field for want of convenient transportation and are lost in consequence, unless a more fortunate comrade generously burdens himself with them. By a slight alteration in the construction of the waggon, which has been devised by Lieut.-Col. Neilson, room is provided for the wounded man's belongings so that they will be brought with him to his destination, and not abandoned where he fell ; so that upon being discharged from the hospital, convalescent, he will find his property awaiting him and be ready to rejoin his regiment fully equipped for service.



BRITISH AMBULANCE WAGGON.

For mountainous districts or with mounted troops operating over a rough and broken country, ambulance waggons would be of little service. They are replaced by two modes of conveyance called cacolets and litters. The first is for the patient who can sit up, the second for the patient who can be moved in a reclining posture only.

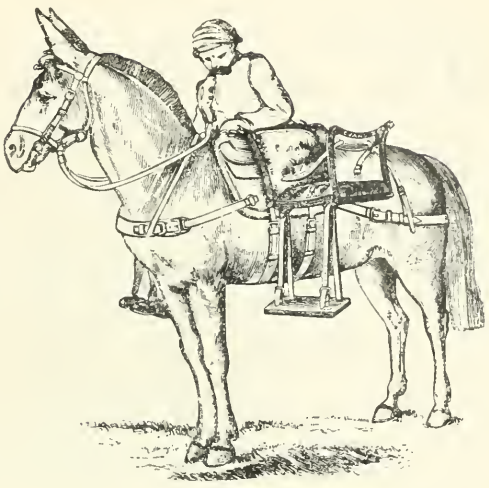
For regimental service a field stretcher, eight pounds lighter than the British stretcher, has been devised and is in readiness to be issued to the force.

As a rule, Canadian militia medical officers have had no opportunity of receiving special training. This deficiency will be supplied by special classes which will shortly be opened in the different military centres where these

officers will be enabled to fully qualify themselves for commissions. In the future the possession of certain qualifications other than that of medical practitioner by every officer who holds a commission will be exacted.

The uniform of the Canadian Militia A.M.S. is that worn by the Army Medical Corps in England previous to the change in 1899 with the exception that the Canadian officer will wear a distinctive badge. The regimental medical officers will wear the distinctive uniform of their various corps with the exception of the sword belt and head dress, which will be of departmental pattern, so that at all times in their regiments they may be recognized as medical officers. As the A.M.S. officers command, administer discipline, and have control of their own medical units, and, so far as that goes, fill the functions of combatant officers, their rank must of necessity be clearly understood and be unquestioned. Therefore they are styled lieutenant-colonel, major, captain and lieutenant respectively. In the regimental service it is necessary that the medical officer's position and function be also understood, and to avoid confusion the compound title will be maintained. The regimental medical officers will be styled surgeon-major, surgeon-captain, surgeon-lieutenant as the case may be. These titular distinctures are peculiar to the Canadian Medical Service.

With regard to promotion, the Army Medical Staff being organized as a separate unit, promotion will run through the corps from the foot to the head of the list. In the regimental service it is on a totally different footing. If he has successfully passed the examination, the surgeon-lieutenant after twelve months' service becomes surgeon-captain, and four years later, after further test of his proficiency, becomes a surgeon-major. In that capacity he completes ten years' service, after which he is retired to the reserve list, unless his term is further lengthened by five years, but this will only be done for



A CACOLET.

very special reasons, and on the expiration of fifteen years' service the honorary rank of Surgeon-Lieut.-Col. may be granted. The idea upon which this regulation has been based, is that there should be an entire change throughout the service, on the ground that after ten years' service a medical officer has had nearly enough, but provision is made in case his presence is essential to the welfare of the corps for his retention for a longer period. Another idea which influenced the adoption of this regulation is that there should be created a reserve of medical officers who would be available and who could be called upon should emergency arise.

No system of military medical service is complete without a base hospital, and it is proposed to utilize the civic hospitals in Canada for this purpose. We are especially well situated in this respect owing to the number and excellence of the hospitals which are scattered all over the Dominion. A temporary staff for military medical administrative purposes will be provided when a base hospital is required. In the unlikely event of military operations being conducted at a distance which makes the use of the civic hospitals impracticable, a temporary base hospital will be provided.

The creation of a Canadian Army Nursing Service in connection with the military field or stationary hospital is also under contemplation.

The peace personnel of the newly organized bearer company consists of one major and two captains or lieutenants composing the medical staff, and a sergt.-major, a quartermaster-sergeant and a compounder, four sergeants, one bugler, four corporals and twenty privates comprising the Medical Staff Corps. On a war footing the medical staff and the sergeant-major will be mounted, the number of the corporals and privates increased to six and forty-seven, respectively, making a total of sixty-four men, with four forage carts, one water cart and ten ambulance waggons.

On a peace footing the Field hospital will have an army medical staff of one major and two captains or lieutenants, which on a war footing will be increased by the addition of a lieutenant-colonel and a quartermaster.

The M.S.C. will, on a peace footing, be composed of a sergeant-major, a wardmaster (S.S.) a sergeant-steward and sergeant-compounder, corporal cook and corporal clerk, eleven orderlies and three servants. In time of war the M.S.C. will be augmented by an additional sergeant-compounder, cook, pack store and supernumerary sergeants, steward and supernumerary corporals, twelve orderlies and two servants. It will also have forage and water carts, and four general service waggons.

With the organization and equipment of the A.M.S. and the A.M.C., the Canadian Militia will be prepared and equipped to take the field as an independent army corps complete, and comparing for thoroughness of organization with an army corps of the British service, with a single exception. Plans have been prepared, however, by which this deficiency will be supplied in the near future by the formation of an Army Service Corps, which will be organized on the same basis as the A.M.C. The idea of departmental services finds favour with the Canadian authorities, as being especially adapted to our militia system, and it is probable that in the near future even regimental quartermasters will form part of the Army Service Corps and will be attached for duty with regiments.

The moving spirit in the formation of the Canadian Militia Army Medical Service has been Lieut.-Col. John Louis Hubert Neilson, M.D., A.M.S., Director-General of the Medical Service, who has evolved the plan upon which the organization has been completed. Lieut.-Col. Neilson comes of military stock, his grandfather on the maternal side, Capt. John Moorehead, was Asst. Adjt.-Gen. at Quebec. Graduating at Laval (gold medal) 1869, he completed his preparation for military service at the Royal Victoria Army Medical School, Netley, Eng. Since becoming Medical Officer to the Quebec Garrison Artillery in 1869, he has been continuously engaged in military medical service. He was with Lord Wolseley in the first Red River Expedition, 1870, as Surgeon of the 2nd Quebec Rifles, and while engaged in this expedition took an active part in stamping out the small-pox scourge which raged, receiving public acknowledgment for his services. Being recalled to the east, he was given medical charge of the newly formed "A" and "B" Batteries, C.A. Two years' service attached to the army in England was followed by a campaign as a Red Cross Surgeon in Servia and the Balkans during the Russo-Turkish War, 1878. Returning to Canada he was in medical charge of the Royal Military College from 1880, until selected for service with the Canadian voyageurs in the Gordon Relief Expedition, 1884. When the voyageurs returned Lieut.-Col. Neilson volunteered for service with the Desert Column which fought at Abu Klea, Metamneh and elsewhere, and was specially mentioned in despatches. Lieut.-Col. Neilson holds the Egyptian War medal, with two clasps, the Khedive's Star and the Order of the Melusine 5th class, and general service medal with two clasps, one for Fenian Raids and one for the Red River Expedition.

THE BATTLE OF PAARDEBERG.

BY A CANADIAN EYE-WITNESS.

WAR is a great game of chess. Instead of inanimate pieces the moves are made with regiments of men. In the deadly game at Maagersfontein Methuen moved first and was severely checked by Cronje. It was again Methuen's turn to move, but, instead of changing the position of affairs, he merely pondered over the situation until Roberts made the most strategic movement of the war. The Field-Marshal "went around."

When French's magnificent force of 8,500 horsemen left Modder River Station on Feb. 11th for the relief of the Diamond City, they did so in full view of the Boer forces entrenched at Maagersfontein, but they completely hoodwinked Cronje by leaving all the tents standing as though this were merely a review, or at most a reconnaissance. It was not until a huge cloud of dust marking the position of French's cavalrymen, appeared in his rear on the 15th Feb., that Cronje fully realized the gravity of Lord Roberts' movement. The Boers' magnificent position at Maagersfontein had been rendered untenable, and Cronje issued orders for a general retreat eastwards. So with a force of 10,000 men and a huge convoy of nearly 300 waggons the Boer began a retreat. It was masterly, but disastrous.

On Thursday night and Friday morning Cronje's whole force passed between Kimberley and Rondeval's Drift, just south of Abon's Dam. The post of "Roberts' Horse" was too weak to interpose. Cronje got about eight miles east of the Drift when he was fiercely attached by the energetic bulldog Kitchener, who had with him the 6th Division and some Mounted Infantry. It had been Kitchener's purpose to head off the retreating force, but so rapidly had it moved that the Chief of Staff was too late. In the desperate rearguard action that followed all day Friday and Saturday Cronje displayed the most masterly tactics, but in vain; the tenacious Briton could not be shaken off.

On Friday the brilliant French had sent the Boers investing Kimberley trekking northward after a severe action and then had, by a rapid march across country on Saturday, arrived at Koodoosrand on Sunday to head off Cronje and his force.

In many minds there is not the least doubt that Cronje committed a serious military blunder in clinging so tenaciously, or rather obstinately, to his huge convoy and guns when he found himself so hard pressed by a much superior force. It is more than possible that he could have escaped from Roberts with the great bulk of his troops on Saturday or Sunday, had he left his exhausted oxen and their waggons, destroyed his guns and sacrificed a small rearguard to cover his retreat. From their long march on Saturday French's horses were too weary and famished to pursue farther. The want of forage for the cavalry was what absolutely stopped the instant advance on Bloemfontein. Of the horses themselves, large numbers had died in the long ride from Kimberley to Koodoosrand.

But Roberts saw Cronje's mistake as soon as he appeared upon the scene, and it was to hold Cronje where he was that the attack was ordered on Sunday, Feb. 18th, a date that will long remain a blood-letter day in the history of our Dominion, for on that day was the Empire cemented in Canadian blood.

One could hardly have chosen a place more calculated to inspire peaceful thoughts than the one where the bloody battle was fought on that awful Sunday. Once more I can see it. I

am facing the east. All about are trees. Behind me a house, a typical little oblong box-like affair, the floor of which is soon to run red with blood, for already over the roof floats the sigma of the Geneva Convention. In front is the river, the Modder River, flowing on peacefully, silently. It takes a sweeping turn to the south-east, then to the north, then again to the east. Through the green trees I can see it glitter in the sunlight. It, too, will soon run crimson and muddy as it bears upon its bosom the life-blood of many a heart that now beats high with hope. Slightly to the left and on the south side of the river is a kopje. In a line at right angles to the line from my point of observation to the first kopje, and across the river, its top rising above the trees that cover the river banks and dot the veldt, is another kopje held since midnight by our troops and now used as a signal station. Away over to the north is another kopje, much longer and higher than the other.

In front of me is the red sandy road, about a foot below the level of the surrounding veldt. It runs past the house behind me, turns and goes on to the river, where it disappears only to reappear on the farther side. On it runs until with a dip down into a little valley it is lost amid the trees. From here it runs on through a wooded donga, and in that valley, in that donga, and in the river-bed, Cronje, the "Lion of the Transvaal," is making his desperate stand.

But the scene is no longer peaceful either to eye or ear. Already the action has begun. From every side, from every coign of vantage, cannon are hurling death and destruction into the bedraggled desperate army that fill the rifle-pits on both sides of the river and huddle in gulley, valley and donga under the friendly shade of the green trees. The very earth is shaken by the heavy, crashing boom of great guns. The fierce shrill shrieks of shrapnel mingle with the incessant rattle of musketry. The damnable inferno of battle has broken loose, and everywhere swarm the khaki-clad imps of war!

Away to the west on the road hangs a slowly approaching cloud of dust. Nearer and nearer it comes. It is Col. Smith-Dorrien's brigade, the 19th of the 9th Division, and with them are the Canadians. All night long they had been marching and now at 6.15 a.m. they were arriving. Tired and weary from their long march, the Canadians thought they would be kept in reserve, but they were soon made aware that their brigade was to form an important factor in the attack. A biscuit and a ration of strong pure rum was served out to each man. Ropes were thrown across the river and secured to trees on each bank. Some of our men crossed by this means, others locked arms and plunged into the river four abreast struggling against the current and almost lifted off their feet; for the water often reached the chins of the tallest men. Little Bugler Williams, of "C" Co., was almost swept away in the crossing, but big Jim Kennedy reached out a strong helping hand and Williams reached the north bank in safety. Once safely over the companies reformed and immediately went into action with "A" and "B" Co's. leading. It was about 7 o'clock. On our left were the Gordon boys; on our right the Shropshire regiment.

The enthusiasm of the Canadians was simply splendid, for all seemed to be filled with a dashing ardour that nothing could withstand. Before us along the river bank and on the slope of the valley lay the Boers, their position being such that no matter at what point a charge might be made a deadly cross-fire could be poured into the attacking force.

The leading companies broke into open order, Col. Otter remaining with the supports, while Major Buchan took charge of the firing line. When our lines were fully extended the advance began in real earnest. At first there was no visible sign to show that we were marching against an armed enemy. The men were laughing, joking, happy. A fight at last! All signs

of fatigue had vanished and the fighting man alone was shown. Then the bullets began to sing, at first few in number and then more thickly. Then smiles faded into earnest looks and rifles were grasped more firmly; fingers nervously touched triggers, and eyes gazed more anxiously to the hidden foe. The old hands at the game of war could tell the singing "wheet!" of the Martini bullet from the sharp stinging "phit!" of the swiftly flying Mauser.

Closer and closer we crept. Such was the contour of the valley upon the edge of which was the first Boer trench, that while part of our line was firing at 1,000 yards the men on the right extremity of the firing line were only 500 yards away from the trench directly in front of them. On the south and south-eastern bank the Highland brigade, the Yorkshire, Welsh, Essex, and part of the Shrops regiments were contending with the rifle pits upon that side of the river. Thus Cronje was completely hemmed in, but in spite of all precautions some of his men succeeded in escaping from the net. Near Koodoosrand was French and his cavalry keeping guard, ready to charge should the enemy attempt to break through, or to make prisoners of those who attempted to get away.

Cooped up in a space not much over a square mile were the Boers, while from every point our guns were pouring shrapnel and lyddite into that small territory. The rifle fire became one continuous snapping rattle, punctuated by the threatening earth-shaking roar of a big gun, or momentarily silenced by the quick "boum—boum—boum" of the Maxim-Nordenfeldt.

It was simply murderous for Cronje to hold out any longer, but hold out he did and in the face of such frightful odds.

All through that Sunday morning and late into the afternoon our Canadians advanced steadily, gaining yard by yard. Some of the men were almost mad with thirst although bottles were filled at the river. The thirst that comes over a man when in battle shows the fever that is raging within him. It was five o'clock. The centre of our line was about 700 yards, the right 250 or 300 yards away from the Boer trench. Then was made one of those blundering, disastrous moves in which the British soldier proves himself a hero and dies like a man; a fatal blunder, made by whose orders no one seems to know.

The Cornwalls were near us, but slightly in our rear, and the Colonel of that regiment, thinking the fighting too slow, asked Col. Otter's opinion as to the advisability of a charge. Otter evidently did not agree, and the Cornwall's Colonel went back to his regiment, which fixed bayonets immediately and prepared to charge. At the same time our Canadians fixed bayonets. A thrill ran through the men. It was coming at last.

In front was an open space devoid of cover. Across that space was raining a hail of bullets that converted it into a perfect zone of death. In a strong cross-fire nothing can live. Yet in spite of this our men began their desperate rush. Ah! the madness of it all. Heavens! what heroism! What mockery of grim death was in that charge! Like the great heroes of old they rushed upon the foe. Immediately the men began to drop. A shell bursts overhead. Here and there a man stumbles and falls, but he does not rise again. That was his last step on this earth. Another hero stops for a second and sinks down in a heap, motionless, silent. A few throw up their arms with a sobbing gasp and fall prone upon the red sand, now stained a deeper red by the life blood that oozes from the little round hole in the dust-coloured tunics. Pierced through the body by two balls a Canadian falls, but so strong is the combativeness of his nature that with his last effort he points his rifle toward the trench, presses the trigger and—dies. But one Canadian that started from the centre of the line reached the trench, where he gave up his life. The Colonel, the Adjutant and a captain of the Cornwalls fell within a few seconds of one another. It was awful!

Poor Harry Arnold, the captain of "A" Co. and one of the finest men that ever buckled on a sword, went down with a bullet through his head and another through his arm. He never recovered consciousness. Lieut. Mason was leading his half company when a ball struck him in the left shoulder and came out beneath the right arm-pit. Lister and Jackson were killed quite early in the charge.

On the right Capt. Joe Pelletier and Capt. Stairs succeeded in reaching the trench with their men after many narrow escapes; but on their arrival they found that the Boers, true to their traditions, had not waited for the cold blue steel, but had fled to the river banks. Standing up to survey the scene Pelletier noticed that the position was commanded by the Boer trenches on the bank and immediately ordered his men to lie down. Hardly had the order been obeyed when a crashing volley came sweeping over their heads. Some of the men of "C" Co., finding the trench empty when they had succeeded in gaining it, started over to the left, in the words of Pte. Kennedy, "to look for trouble." They got it. Struck in the arm and thigh Kennedy went down. A perfect hail of lead tore up the ground about them, but Pte. J. Jordan, a medical student, coolly proceeded to dress Kennedy's wounds, and after successfully performing this kindness, ran on after his comrades.

Within the deadly zone it was impossible for the bearers to remove the wounded. Tied up in the trees along the river bank were Boer sharpshooters, and many a wounded man was struck again and again as he lay upon the ground. Three of our stretcher-bearers were struck. It meant almost certain death to attempt to help the wounded, and yet a noble deed was done there. The bullets were keeping up their sickening song when a Highlander noticed a wounded Gordon trying to roll into a little depression to escape from the bullets. Still clinging to his rifle he ran out, threw the wounded man over his shoulder, and staggered back amid the cheers of his admiring comrades.

Throughout that live-long day the ambulance waggons came and went in a steady stream. Glance where and when you would the red cross met the gaze. The fortitude of our troops, suffering the most intense agony, was simply wonderful. Men maimed for life, men whose bodies had lost all human semblance, but who were still breathing, were borne to the rear; yet from their lips came never a sound or whimper.

As the evening wore on more artillery came into action. With a rush and a rattle of chains, with a thud of armed hooves and shouts of command, a battery came galloping up on the south bank to the right of the Highlanders, got into position and began co-operating with the guns on the other side of the river. The air fairly screamed with a storm of shrapnel. The sighting of the guns was very accurate, the "hell scrapers," as the Boers call our shrapnel, falling with wonderful precision in the river bed and along its rifle-pit lined banks.

That night the scene at Paardeberg was one to be remembered. It was terribly picturesque; it was awe-inspiring. The great sky and distant tree tops reflected the red glare of the burning ammunition waggons and carts that had been fired by our shells. Great columns of brown smoke rose in the air only to mingle with the sickly greenish-yellow smoke of the deadly lyddite. The rattle of musketry gave sound to the awful picture. Even the sense of smell was awakened by the faint odour of burning flesh that came through the trees on the evening breeze as it floated toward us from the Boer laager, while the booming crash of heavy artillery made the valley echo and re-echo.

Many were the strange sights to be witnessed that day on both banks of the river. Seated behind an ant-hill was a man. He had been shot in the ankle, and after taking off his shoe and sock, had drawn out his little medical packet preparatory to bandaging up

the wound. He had the long bandage held out before him, apparently looking at it in surprise and not knowing which way to begin. I called out to him, but receiving no answer came closer. There he sat, but motionless, dead, dead as ever a man was. A little dark ruddy stain on the dust-coloured tunic showed where he had been hit.

Not far away a thin blue column of smoke was seen rising behind a clump of shrubbery. Two Gordon Highlanders, one a mere boy, shot through the right shoulder, the other a deep-chested, bearded man with a Martini bullet in his thigh, had bandaged up their wounds and were calmly smoking while waiting for the ambulance to bear them away to the field hospital.

Near the trenches both Briton and Boer lay dead, now forever reconciled with one another. By their attitudes as they lay upon the ground I could tell how long they had been dying. Some of the Boers lay with a cartridge just shoved into the breech of their Martinis, for the rugged old back-veldt Boer often prefers the familiar heavy rifle to the more modern Mauser. Many who had been shot in the head lay with their faces on the sod, and their rifles under them ; and when struck in the heart death had been so instantaneous that all retained the positions in which they had been shot. One man had just pressed the trigger when hit. His finger still held back the little crooked piece of steel ; his eye still glanced over the sights, but it was with a glance of mingled horror and surprise, a look that saw nothing. It was the glance of death ! Quite close to one another lay four of our Canadian boys, all dead. Involuntarily I reined in my horse and gazed silently at them. The countenances of some seemed as though still in life, as far as expression went. And such varied expressions ! In some faces I could read a ghastly and defiant smile, as though, even in death as in life, the fierce hot thirst for human lives and the defiance of the grim destroyer were the dominant passions. Some were calm and resigned ; others were fierce and stern ; some as if in prayer ; but all were pale, and white and cold as the icy northern winter they would never see more. There they lay with the life-blood stiffening on their khaki uniforms, ah ! so stained and torn.

And we spoke of Arnold with hushed voices. He would die, away out there. And we spoke of those that had been our comrades through the long marches. And yet their fate today might have been ours, might be ours on the morrow, and this idea turned our thoughts homeward, homeward across the leagues of land and water to those that love us and those we love.

II.

Daybreak on the morning of the 19th found the Boers still there dogged in their murderous resistance. During the night all hands must have worked like slaves, for their position was considerably strengthened by fresh entrenchments. In fact, the remarkable quickness with which the Boer can entrench himself and adapt himself to the natural defences of the country is wonderful. The Royal Canadians were given a well-earned rest to the rear of the position they occupied just before the charge on the previous day, until two o'clock in the afternoon, when came the order to stand to arms. At five o'clock they moved to the left to complete the cordon that was being drawn tighter and tighter about the Boer general.

The position of the enemy on the little kopje to our left engaged the attention of the Mounted Infantry and a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery. These on approaching were met with such a heavy fire that they were compelled to fall back. Later on they took the kopje, and after garrisoning it, returned to camp at nightfall.

Early that morning Cronje asked for a 24-hour truce to bury his dead. Kitchener was not to be fooled into granting the slim Boer so much precious time and promptly refused, answering that the dead might be buried after the surrender. Then came a

reply from Cronje, curt and biting, saying that since the British were inhuman enough to refuse such a natural and humane request that General Cronje saw nothing else than to surrender. Kitchener had started toward the Boer laager to arrange for the capitulation, when a messenger from the Boer general was met who said that Cronje stated that the second message was a mistake, and that he had not the least idea of surrendering, but would fight till he died.

And Kitchener of Khartoum returned to the British lines. Those well acquainted with the man can well imagine the steely glance, the right eye blazing like a live coal, and the firm protruding jaw as he ordered the 18th, 62nd and 75th Field Batteries and the 65th Howitzer Battery to bombard the position. This last battery took up a position immediately in front of the main laager, and all began a terrible fire which drove the Boers to the trenches in the river-bed. It was vain to seek for cover, for no cover could protect them from the close, accurate and deadly fire that was poured into them. The Howitzers dropped shell after shell of lyddite into the river-bed until it seemed that no living creature could come through that awful hail of death. Still the Boers held out.

Away over on the other side of the laager a small party of mounted Boers endeavoured to break through the cordon. Gallopers went madly coursing between French and a half battalion of cavalry that were far out on the veldt. Suddenly from the cavalry leader's side away went an orderly, his horse's belly stretched to the ground at every bound of the powerful limbs. He soon becomes but a cloud of dust. The cloud stopped at the head of the motionless half battalion. Like mad the Boers are urging on their horses. Then came the orders: "The battalion will advance. First squadron, march! Trot! Gallop! Charge!!" A bugle blares out. A huge cloud of sand rises. And then—then all was a mad, wild chaos of khaki uniforms, pugareed helmets, slasher hats; coats, brown, black, blue, grey; of brandished lance points, flashing rifles; of fleeing, shrieking, cursing men; of tumbling bodies, and horses kicking, plunging, biting and rolling on the turf, giving vent to that shrill, half-human, agonized cry as they tore up the ground with their armoured hooves. Few of the Boers escaped.

The third day of the siege was to witness one of the grandest efforts on the part of the artillery that the British army has ever witnessed. For a short time the infantry engaged the enemy, driving them back, for the morning light showed them hard at work, strengthening their position on all sides round their laager. Soon there came a strange, weird lull in the fight during which we could hear the guns with French away to the east, engaged with the reinforcements which were hurrying to Cronje's assistance.

But the morning gave place to the afternoon, and Roberts, seeing that the Boer general had no intention of surrendering, although invited to do so in humanity's name, determined to thoroughly crush his enemy and so finish the work we had been prevented from performing nineteen years ago. On the south bank he ordered the guns already there into new position, 2,000 yards from the laager. On the north side were two long-range, naval 12-pounders enfilading the river, three naval 4.7 guns and three more batteries, the 76th, 81st and 82nd, 47 powerful guns in all. This, of course, does not include the Maxims which were continually at work. It is hard for the mind to conceive such a scene when so many powerful weapons were turned upon a space so confined. Finally the naval guns were advanced to within 1,000 yards of the Boer position. The crash and roar was deafening and appalling. The very ground shook as the mighty report rolled up the river valley, echoing and resounding, rolled down again among the hills with a crashing roar as though a thousand fiends were shrieking in chorus over the destruction! Every bush, every little hillock, every ravine

that might shelter the enemy was made a mark by the gunners. The banks on both sides of the river were simply torn to pieces by shrapnel. The Boers attempted to snipe the men manning the naval guns, but were driven back by the fierce counter-fire that was poured among them by the Maxims.

Meanwhile the command of Smith-Dorrien had been at work since five a.m. Advancing continuously in open order, they succeeded in establishing themselves within 600 yards of the Boers where they rested until four p.m., many without a bite to eat or a drop to drink. Indeed the rations that were served out were hardly enough to keep body and soul together. About four o'clock, however, the Canadians' transport came up with kettles, water and tea, and the men crowded round in a hungry mob. So conspicuous was the crowd that the Boers turned one of their "pom-pom" guns upon the throng; the majority of the deadly little shells, fortunately, fell too short or passed harmlessly overhead. A few did explode among our men, but the damage done was slight.

Tuesday night found our men resting, without a sound to disturb their well-earned repose. Silent were the cannon, silent the spiteful rifle. There in the donga lay the Boer general fighting against hope. Who can tell what his thoughts were on that night? Majuba day was coming. Could he hold out until then? Would that day bring him the savage joy it brought nearly a score years before? But all was silent and still. Nature, in her tragic moods, is silent.

Dawn on the 21st brought anxiety with it. The men were not all awake when suddenly a terrific fusilade broke out on our left front over towards the north side of the Boer laager. The men sprang up and looked at one another in astonishment. Some grasped their rifles. The incessant rattle and crackling of the rifle fire was the heaviest probably that had occurred since the beginning of the war. It sounded as though regiment after regiment were pouring in volley after volley in one continuous roar. Was Cronje making a desperate rush to break through? Had the whole Boer army come to the relief of their greatest fighting general?

But the news soon came to set their minds at rest. Two British regiments had lost their way the night previous and had bivouacked quite close to the Boers' trenches. The enemy, working in the early dawn on their position, discovered the close proximity of the British and at once began firing upon them, but so wretchedly bad was the Boer marksmanship that the casualties were very slight.

In the early morning Smith-Dorrien's brigade began working northward toward the laager, while French advanced to the eastern kopje held by a strong force of Boers who had previously been strongly reinforced by a commando from before Ladysmith. While French was advancing, another brigade and a battery of H. A. worked round to the rear of the same kopje. When the artillery unlimbered and commenced to shell the hill, the Boers suddenly started in the direction of French, who forced them toward the drift by vigourous shell fire. Many escaped, but we captured about fifty, and in the kopje found a lot of forage, provisions and equipment. This position was of great strategical value as it prevented any relieving force from marching to the assistance of the beleaguered general.

The fighting during the day was broken by several short truces, but Cronje not only refused to surrender, but declined Roberts' humane offer of safe conduct for women and children, and a free pass to any point they wished to reach.

All through the evening the heavy artillery fire was kept up, and when the last gun was fired the Shropshires, who had been occupying the river bed since Sunday, made a splendid rush of 200 yards, where they took up position and spent the whole night entrenching themselves. Just after this fine movement a heavy thunderstorm, accompanied by rain, broke out, and soon every man in the field was soaking wet,

but in spite of their discomfort the men manned their trenches as cheerily as ever.

Just as when we are happiest we are nearest sadness, so in the time of extreme danger, many amusing, even ludicrous sights are to be seen, but perhaps the most amusing was to see the way in which the Gordons relieved the Shrops on Thursday. The Boer sharpshooters were ever on the alert and a glimpse of khaki brought a bullet. Extreme caution was the price of safety, so the Highlanders wormed their way to the trenches on their stomachs, while over their prostrate bodies crept the men of the Shropshire regiment.

The day was marked by the triple repulse dealt to the reinforcements that had hurried to the help of Cronje. At daybreak a most determined effort to break the cordon was made by over 2,000 Boers. Part of these endeavoured to take up one position after another, but found each of the three coigns of vantage they attempted to occupy were held by the British. They finally rode to a kopje that was unoccupied, but the "Borderers" who had hurled them back from each of the three positions, and whose regimental badge, covered with glorious names, shows it to be one of the finest regiments in the service, raced to the kopje and getting there before the enemy again drove them away. Botha, the general who came to Cronje's assistance, was forced to flee, pursued by our cavalry, which cut up his rear guard and took sixty prisoners with seven waggons.

On the 26th we knew the end was near. The rains, which had been prevailing for the last few days, had swollen the river, forcing the Boers from the security of the river bed. Upon the muddy bosom of the stream there floated dead horses and dead men. The stench arising from the dead bodies was horrid and the sight ghastly in the extreme.

And then Majuba day came, the day of all days to the Boer. The sun was not yet above the horizon. It was five minutes to three o'clock. Silence reigned supreme. Two minutes to three and still all was quiet as the tomb. Then the hour of three was ushered in by a sharp rippling fire of rifle shots that broke the silence of the morning. The reports echoed along the river bank, sweeping up stream and down again, gaining in volume and then dying away as the sound rolled on. Thousands of bullets cut up the plain, the flash-lights were working like mad from kopje to kopje, and the rumour spread again that Cronje was trying to break through. Soon the crash of British volleys broke the rattle of the well-known report of the Mausers. Every man was awake. Then over the sound of the rifles came the blare of the bugle, "Cease fire," and, save for a few scattered shots, all was again silent. And once more dawn brought explanations.

The Canadians had again shown the fine fighting qualities exhibited on the 18th. Two companies with fixed bayonets advanced up the north bank, keeping touch with one another in the darkness by locking arms. Following them came others with picks and shovels and some Royal Engineers. On they went, 500 yards, 600 yards, 700 yards, 800 yards, and then began to entrench themselves. They were only 50 yards from the Boers. The sound of steel pick and shovel alarmed the Boers and at once the Mausers were at work. But the men, following instructions, threw themselves upon the ground and the leaden hail passed harmlessly overhead. The Canadians were told not to return the fire. The Gordons in the river could not fire for fear of hitting their colonial comrades, but the Shrops, from their trench, poured in a destructive enfilading fire that formed a good cover. The Canadians succeeded in occupying the edge of the trenches along the river, completely enfilading the rest. Suddenly the first ray of the sun appeared over the treetops and the regiment stationed on the crest of the hill saw a white flag and burst into cheers. "Hurrah" after "Hurrah" burst from their throats. Cronje had surrendered!

III.

Our wounded was still being brought in when General Colvile and Colonel Ewart, of his staff, arrived, and the rumour quickly spread that the rat had come out of his hole. But our men were too tired and weary to cheer at the time, yet hand met hand in friendly firm clasp as comrade turned to comrade without saying a word. Shortly afterwards a note arrived for Lord Roberts stating that General Cronje surrendered unconditionally, and General Prettyman was sent to take the surrender. At six o'clock Cronje came out of his retreat accompanied only by his secretary and in charge of General Prettyman. This small group crossed the plain toward headquarters. Lord Roberts, pacing silently to and fro near the cart in which he sleeps, ordered the guard of Seaforth Highlanders to form in line to receive the surrendering general.

The group of horsemen came nearer, and on the right of Prettyman rode an elderly man wearing a rough, short, dark overcoat, wide brimmed hat, much the worse of wear, ordinary tweed trousers, and shoes difficult to tell whether they were brown or black, so covered were they with the red dust. The face, shaded by the wide brim, was almost black from sun and exposure to all kinds of weather, and the thick beard was tinged with grey. This was the "Lion of the Transvaal," Cronje!

The face of the Boer was like a mask. Was he thinking of Potjesfontein then? Who can tell? The Field-Marshal's staff stood waiting.

"Commandant Cronje, sir," said Prettyman, addressing his chief. Cronje touched his hat in salute; Roberts returned it. The whole party dismounted; Roberts stepped forward a pace or two, shook hands with Cronje and said, "You made a gallant defence, sir." This was the first salutation of the Marshal to the conquered leader, who then entered the mess tent where he was entertained with food.

And over among the Boers were strange sights. The men stood up unarmed on the trench banks, and white flags showed among the trees and along the red earth trenches. Men were wandering aimlessly to and fro, each carrying his blanket. They did not seem to be sorrowful at the surrender, but what troubled them was their ultimate destination, where would they be sent, or if they would be parolled. Over on the other bank were women and children, good, faithful hearts that had accompanied their husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, to the field, not to fight against the hated "Rooineks," but to cook for their men. The women were red-eyed and crying and wringing their hands at the dread thought of being torn from those they loved. And little children clung piteously to their mothers' skirts and looked up pathetically, wondering what it was all about. Weeping, the women begged for something to give their children to eat. All were hungry. Their oxen had perished, their horses stampeded; they were helpless, and this—this of all days was Majuba day!

Within the laager the sight was a doleful one. Burned waggons, red crooked pieces of iron, heaps of ashes, and everywhere great holes splashed with the pale yellowish green of the exploded lyddite. The foot crunched on shrapnel, shreds of steel lay all about, while a great 100-pound shell lay unexploded upon the sand. Death and destruction reigned supreme. The whole place stank with putrid flesh, notwithstanding the fact that thousands of Boers, horses and cattle had been thrown into the river in the vain endeavour to rid the place of the stench. It seemed impossible that human beings could have existed in such a noisome place. The trenches were constructed in a most marvellous manner, making it quite probable that our bombardment was not as deadly as might have been expected.

The wounded lay unattended under the trees or hid in holes in the river bank. Broken boxes, dead horses and men were everywhere. Further up the river three Krupps poked their black muzzles from a wall built with parapets of sand bags. Some artillery-

men were hurrying about the guns. When we came to take possession the breech blocks were gone and doubtless rest in the mud at the bottom of the river.

Then the soldiers began to arrive, and order grew out of chaos. Sharp words of command were shouted, the confusion grew less ; the mob sifted itself into queer-looking groups forming by commandos, just as we form by regiments. Squatting upon their rolled or folded blankets, they awaited further orders.

And these, this rabble, unkempt, dirty, ill-clad—these men with their old-fashioned faces and peasant clothes —these were the men who had hurled back the flower of the English army at bloody Maagersfontein, and there they sat or stood slouchily, prisoners of war. There was the old grey-beard of three score, the clean-lipped, keen-eyed youth of sixteen, the fathers and the sons, hard men all. They did not look like the men to roll back our British lines, or stand a bombardment that would have broken the morale of even the finest army. And they, with pardonable pride, looked pleased when told that they fought well, and gazed at the Mausers and at the ammunition that overflowed the trenches, at the munitions of war that alone linked them to modern times.

And then came the order to cross the river. In two ever-increasing heaps the rifles were thrown. Some cast their rifles aside as though glad to get rid of them. Others among the greybeards placed their rifles slowly and tenderly upon the heap as though parting from some well-beloved child, and then went on with bowed head. The scene at the ford was one of the most marvellous ever witnessed. Each man took with him all he could carry—pots, pans, and blankets. The river had swollen and many of the prisoners took off their trousers to cross. The whole scene was that of a picnic rather than a scene from the tragedy, War. Laughing and splashing one another, the men crossed, appearing to look upon the surrender as a huge joke, but among them were serious faces, grim and old, which looked with anger or sorrow upon the sporting of the others. The women waved their hands in farewell. Loving words of parting were shouted from bank to bank. A young Boer stops, looks back. His mother is standing over there. One kiss, one more caress he must have. He starts back. A gleaming bayonet is lowered to his breast. But the mute look of appeal in his honest grey eyes touches the heart of "Tommie," who has a grey-haired old mother at home, and the boy is soon at his mother's side, only to be back in his place again before the section reaches the other bank. War is not all glory.

And so Cronje surrendered over 4,000 men and six guns, and the shot-marks on the surrendered pom-pom gun showed how fierce had been the leaden hail.

GREATER BRITAIN.

YOUR course shall mark the way of progress plainly,
And bid the true and daring walk therein.
Against you shall the bravest war but vainly,—
Who fights for progress can but grandly win.

Johnson Brigham.

CANADA AND BISLEY.

By Lieut. H. C. Blair.

THE National Rifle Association of Great Britain was founded in the year 1860 for the purpose of giving permanence to volunteer corps, and for encouraging rifle shooting throughout the Queen's dominions. That it has succeeded is proved by the fact that, to-day it stands the strongest rifle association in the world, and its annual meeting is by far the greatest meeting of riflemen in existence.

It has a membership of nearly three thousand, and its assets are valued at over £70,000 stg. It has for its Patron Field-Marshal His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., and for its President Field-Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. On its Council list appear the names of some of the most distinguished men in the United Kingdom.

Cash prizes are given annually to the amount of upwards of £12,000 stg., besides many handsome and valuable trophies.

In one of the most beautiful parts of the county of Surrey, in England, lies the famous Bisley common. For two weeks each year, commencing on the second Tuesday of July, it is a city of tents and the home of about two thousand riflemen. Over one thousand men are employed by the N.R.A. as range officers, markers, register keepers and assistants.

A number of very fine bungalows have been erected by different regiments; among these the Canadian bungalow is the largest and most elaborate. Next comes the Army and Navy, the Scottish Twenty Club, and the Members' Club. In addition a great many private colleges have been erected. All are tastefully painted and surrounded by neat flower gardens. During the matches, trains run hourly to and from London, distant in a north-easterly direction about forty miles. For the first thirty years of its existence the matches of the Association were held at Wimbledon, near Putney.

On the left of the range are situated the long range targets, twenty-five in number. This is known as "Stickle-down." The longest distance shot here is 1200 yards. On the centre is the main range. Here we find in an unbroken line 102 targets. Of these 12 are used as extra series, and the remaining 90, known as the "90 Butt," for the regular matches. A miniature railway train, owned and operated by the Association, carries us a distance of one mile to the Wharncliffe range, where are twelve more targets also used exclusively for extra series matches.

The matches last year amounted in



BISLEY—THE MORNING GUN.

number to one hundred and twenty seven. The most important, the first week besides the skirmishing, were the "Kolapore" and the "Prince of Wales."

The Kolapore cups were presented in 1871 by H.H. the Rajah of Kolapore, and are to be competed for annually by teams of eight; one team from the Mother country and one team from the militia and volunteers of each British Colony or dependency. The ranges are 200, 500 and 600 yds., seven shots at each. Last year the coveted trophies. Ever since, a team of twenty men, with a commandant and adjutant has been sent by the Dominion Rifle Association to compete in the annual matches of the N.R.A.

In the years 1897 and 1898 teams of twelve men were in like manner sent from Australia. This Australian team was also, in its first venture, successful in winning the Indian's handsome prize, it being carried off by the Victorians with, up to that time, the record score of 751 points.

His Royal Highness the Prince of



SHOOTING AT BISLEY FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

cups were won by the team from the Mother Country with a record score. Out of a possible 105, each man on the winning team averaged 96 points. The Canadian team won the second prize, £80, with an average of 95 points per man.

The first Canadian team was sent to Wimbledon in 1872, by the Dominion Rifle Association, assisted by the Militia Department of Canada, for the purpose of competing for the Kolapore cups. This team was successful, carrying back to Canada the much-

Wales gives annually for competition the sum of one hundred pounds sterling; to this is added by the Association another hundred pounds. The first prize is £100 and the Prince of Wales' badge, and is of course, one of the plums of the meeting.

The ranges are two hundred and six hundred yards, ten shots at each; the match is open only to winners of the N.R.A. medal, which narrows the number of competitors down to about four hundred. Last year the prize was won by Sergt. Wattleworth,



PHOTO. BY KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

Lieut.-Col. McLean,
Commandant.

THE CANADIAN BISLEY TEAM FOR 1899.



CANADIANS EN ROUTE FOR BISLEY.

of Liverpool, with the fine score of 95 out of a possible 100. Sergt. Wattleworth enjoys the distinction of having won the same prize in 1897, and, of having also shot on the International team seventeen times. He has been in the Queen's final "hundred" seven times, and, although he has come within an ace of winning the blue ribbon of the meeting, has not yet succeeded.

Besides the numerous matches which are competed for by individuals, there are a great many team matches. The "Evelyn Wood" is shot for in accordance with the conditions of the attack practice, formulated under direction of the General Officer commanding the Aldershot district, by companies from the infantry regiments of the regular army, 12 files from each company. A march of eleven miles must be accomplished in three and a quarter hours. Then the team begins volley firing at disappearing targets at 800 yards. Rushes by alternate sections are made up to 250 yards, when bayonets are fixed, and independent firing is carried on. The match was won in 1899 by the team from the 2nd Northampton Regiment with 169 hits out of a possible 300.

The "Mullens" prize of £200, being the interest for one year upon the sum given by Mr. J. A. Mullens, is open to three teams of six volunteers qualified to shoot in the Queen's. The ranges are from 600 yards to between 200 and 100 yards, the conditions require that the competition will take place at moving targets, each representing a man. The teams commence firing volleys at 600 yards, and advance at the double, firing volleys every 50 yards until within 200 yards when independent fire is kept up for 30 seconds, or until the cease fire is sounded. The first prize in this match is £100; £50 of this goes to the winning team, and the remaining £50 to its battalion, for the encouragement of field firing at the discretion of the Commanding Officer. The first prize in 1899 was won by the 13th Middlesex R.V. team with 62 hits.

The "Elcho Shield" match is open to teams of eight from England, Scot-





THE CANADIAN BISLEY TEAM FOR 1900.

Lieut.-Col. Delamere,
Commandant.

land, Ireland and Wales, and consists of 15 shots at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. The match is always most keenly contested, and as match sights are allowed, some very fine shooting results. Last year it proved another Flodden for the Scots, and another Boyne Water for the Irish, for the English team proudly flaunted the St. George's Cross to the front for the nineteenth time since the inception of the match in 1862.

The score for the eight men was as follows :

ENGLAND.

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	
Lieut.-Col. Mellish, 4th Notts	71	71	67—	209
Major, the Hon. T. F. Freemantle	64	69	68—	201
Mr. H. Whitehead, Bury	64	73	64—	201
Major G. C. Gibbs, 2nd Glos. Engr.	63	71	66—	200
Major Edge, 4th Notts	63	67	66—	196
Major T. Lamb, 1st South Lancas.	61	66	68—	195
Capt. J. Hopton, Hythe Staff	57	67	64—	188
Mr. T. Smith-Bunny	62	63	62—	187
	505	547	525—	1,577

In a match for the Duke of York's Cup Sergeant Woods, of the 1st V.B. South Staffordshire, compiled a score of 105 for 21 shots, fired at 200, 500 and 600 yards, the highest possible score attainable. Such is the precision of the modern service rifle, and the proficiency of the rifleman of the present day, that possibles are of quite common occurrence. In the first stage of the St. George's at 500 yards over sixty "possibles" were recorded. One of the competitors, Corpl. Ommundsen, of Leith, scored a possible at each range, 500 and 600, and thus came back to the 800-yards range without having dropped a point. Beginning at this range with two magpies, he then put on eight consecutive "bulls" and won the much-coveted Vase, Dragon Cup, Gold Cross and £30, a remarkable performance with the open sighted service rifle in the hands of a competitor but 21 years of age.

The Revolver matches occupy a prominent place in the Bisley programme, no fewer than 18 competitions being on the cards last year. Stationary targets, targets moving across the line of fire, appearing and disappearing, advancing and retiring, in fact every conceivable form of shooting which would be useful to a soldier on active service. Other competitions include the "Running Deer," the "Running Man" and the "Morris Tube."

The first day of the second week always marks the high-water point in the Bisley meeting. On that day the competition for the Queen's prize begins, and every marksman in the volunteer service who thinks he has even a remote chance of being the Gold Medallist of the year is in camp. The opening stage of the Queen's always puts on his mettle every man on the downs who carries a rifle. The weather last year, however, was not conducive to a display of energy. It was the hottest morning ever experienced at Bisley. A blazing sun made the inside of a tent intolerable, and the open air did not afford much relief. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and the flags down the ranges which serve as windgauges to the competitors, hung lifeless on their poles. A hot misty haze was in the air, and the smell of crushed heather filled the nostrils as one walked over the downs. The 1,770 contestants were on the ranges before



nine o'clock waiting patiently for gun fire and the hoisting of the red signal cone. The long line of multi-coloured figures waiting in the heat presented a most picturesque sight on the wide stretch of Bisley down. All along the wide front of the "90" Butt stretched a broad front of moving colour. Every uniform in the volunteer service was represented, but, whether a man wore the scarlet of the line, the invisible green of the rifle corps, the blue of the gunners, or tartan or hodden grey, he topped it with a white cap. This Bisley headgear is unique. It is never seen elsewhere unless an odd specimen finds its way to another rifle meeting. Soon the gun fires and the red drum is hoisted and a savage fire is instantly commenced the whole length of the line. So earnest are the riflemen, and so fervent is the firing that one could almost imagine a lot of Mahdists were intrenched behind the butts. The first squad had hardly finished when the word passed round that a possible had been made, and then another, and another, and presently no less than five men had made a score in the first range which lacked no single point. Twenty-six men made 34 each, and over a hundred made 33 each. When the shooting in the first stage, seven shots at 200, 500 and 600 yards, was completed, it was found that one competitor had scored 101, and that all scores of 93 had to shoot off for final places in the 300.



BISLEY—"PRESS" QUARTERS.

For the third time in its history the Queen's prize contest of 1899 resulted in a triple tie, and for the first time on record, the gold medal, the blue ribbon of British marksmanship, went to the Channel Islands. Previous triple ties are interesting to look back upon. In 1861, the very second year of the contest, Private Jopling, 2nd Middlesex, Viscount Bury, 21st Middlesex; and Sergeant Bingham, Bristol, stood equal with 18 points out of a possible 42; and in 1886, Private Jackson, 1st Lincoln; Colour-Sergt. Barrett, 2nd Lancashire and Corpl. Richardson, 2nd Cambridge, tied with 265 points out of a possible 330, whilst last year Private Wm. Priaulx, 1st Guernsey Militia; Col.-Sergt. Anderson, 4th Lanark and Private F. Jones, 1st Welsh Fusiliers, tied with 336 points out of a possible 380. No more sensational conclusion has ever attended the great trial of British marksmanship than the latter, and the contest will always remain a memorable one to all who had the good fortune to witness it.



BISLEY—TEAM SHOOTING IN THE McKINNON.

The gathering of spectators who journeyed to Bisley for the purpose of seeing the gold medal shot for, was one of the largest which ever assembled on the final day of the meeting. The weather was brilliantly fine. In the early part of the day it looked decidedly unpromising. Almost up to the time when Bisley shooting ordinarily begins, heavy rain had fallen, and a thick haze still hung over the common, but finally the sun broke through, and the day turned out one of brilliant sunshine and oppressive heat. The rain and subsequent heat, however, produced a peculiar state of the atmosphere from the rifleman's point of view, and when some of the competitors went up to the long ranges in the morning to have a few practice shots at pool, they found the elevation to be very different from what they had been using during the week. That was no doubt the chief reason why, when the final stage of the contest was actually entered upon at midday, so many of the hundred missed the target with their sighting shots. The wind on the other hand was pretty easy to gauge, because, while fairly strong from the right, it was steady.



PHOTO. BY FOY, BRIGHTON.

CHAIRING THE QUEEN'S PRIZE WINNER.

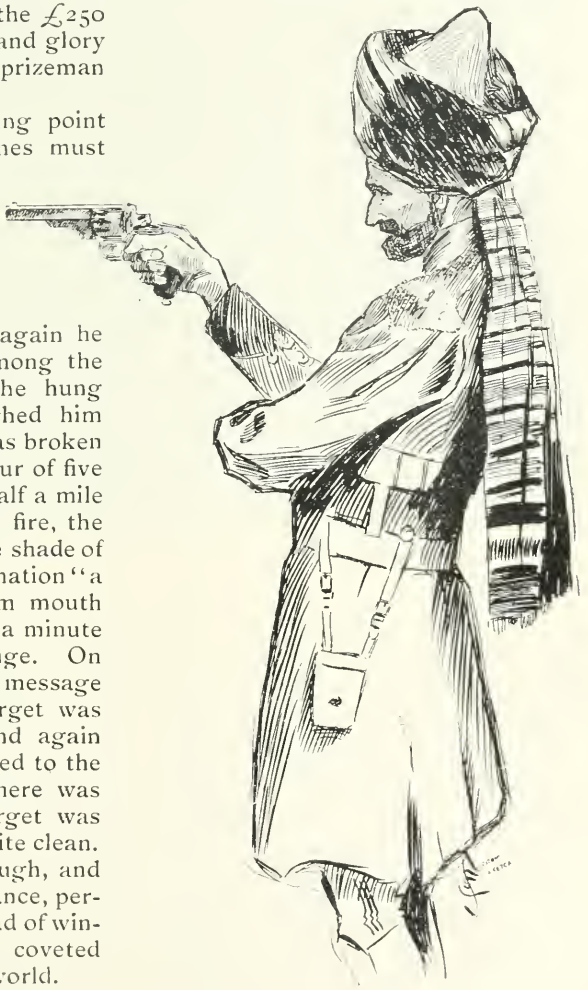
With the shooting at 1000 yards, the real tug of war commenced. The five leading men leaving the 900 yards were Jones, Black, Priaulx, Boyd and Anderson. Three Scotsmen, one Channel Islander and one Welshman. Jones began in great style with three bull's-eyes in succession, and already the bystanders were spotting him as the winner. Most unfortunately, however, he missed his fourth shot, having been blown past the left. Then the spectators betook themselves to those targets at which other leading men were shooting.

Black had missed his fourth shot and Priaulx his third shot. After his miss, however, Priaulx made no more serious mistakes. He had still a shot or two to fire when some men had finished shooting. Armourer-Sergt. Fulton, the Queen's prizeman of 1882, finished with 332, and was then highest. Col.-Sergt. Shannon, 3rd Welsh, and Sergt. Cameron, 10th Lanark, who had pulled up splendidly, closed with 334 each. All the while Priaulx's comrades were intently watching him shooting, and when he registered the last bull's-eye, which made him 336, they burst into excited applause, imagining that he had won the gold medal. They were evidently unaware of what was going on right and left of the target at which Priaulx was firing. Even now Anderson had rounded off his score with three bull's-eyes, which brought up his aggregate exactly to the figures reached by Priaulx. Jones had now three shots still to fire and his total stood at 328. To his target, accordingly there was a great rush of spectators, who at once began to discuss Jones' chances in such eager tones that the police had repeatedly to suppress the conversation. To a man

who had scored an inner and two bull's-eyes after his untoward miss, Jones task of scoring nine points with his three remaining rounds appeared very simple. First he had an inner, then, when his turn came, he did not have a bull's-eye, which would have made the gold medal his right away, but another inner. Accordingly if he hit the target at all with his last shot, the £250 cheque, and all the honour and glory which attend the Queen's prizeman were his.

The crowd behind the firing point was now so large that Jones must inevitably have known that the issue depended upon his last shot. Long and carefully he aimed, but was unable to hold satisfactorily, and took his rifle down. Again he aimed and again he rested. The excitement among the spectators was intense. As he hung on the shot the crowd watched him with breathless silence that was broken only by the chiming of the hour of five upon the camp clock nearly half a mile away. When at last he did fire, the target stood motionless in the shade of the sloped butt, and the exclamation "a miss" went in a whisper from mouth to mouth. After the lapse of a minute or so Jones decided to challenge. On the receipt of the telephoned message from the firing point, the target was lowered for examination, and again thousands of eyes were directed to the butt to note the decision. There was a long pause before the target was raised and then it came up quite clean. Jones had missed, surely enough, and had thrown away the best chance, perhaps, that a volunteer ever had of winning the greatest and most coveted rifleman's prize in the whole world.

With all despatch the three men who had reached the same figures at 336, were called together at another target in order that the tie might be shot off. Priaulx lay down on the right, Anderson in the centre, and Jones on the left, and fired in the order named. For their sighting shots Priaulx had a "bull," Anderson an inner and Jones a "bull." Then for the first counting shot Priaulx had a bull about ten inches in at nine o'clock, Anderson a magpie which just touched the top of the target, and was as nearly as possible a miss, whilst Jones had an inner about six inches out of the "bull" at twelve o'clock. Priaulx for his second shot had another "bull," which made him ten, while Anderson had a ricochet which was at first signalled a bull's-eye. It was now Jones' turn to fire, and he, like Priaulx, had a "bull" which made him 9. Priaulx made an inner for his last shot.



MADRAS LANCER AT REVOLVER RANGE.



PHOTO. BY KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

BISLEY—RECEPTION ROOM, CANADIAN BUNGALOW.

Anderson had an outer right, and everything, consequently, depended on Jones' final shot. To the dismay of everybody, his ill luck in the competition itself followed him in his tie shots, and he once more missed the target. Priaulx was warmly congratulated on his victory and in accordance with the usual custom, was "chaired" and, followed by a large crowd, was carried across the Common to the Jersey camp, where his health was cordially pledged. Afterwards he was taken to the umbrella tent where the prizes were presented, and the gold badge was pinned to his breast by the Duke of Cambridge.

Only once before has the Queen's prize been carried out of Great Britain, Sergt. Hayhurst, of Canada, having won it in 1895 after an exciting shoot-off with Private Boyd, of the 3rd Lanark. During the forty years of competition fourteen times has the big prize been carried north of the Tweed by the "canny" shots from the land of the "mountain and the flood." Only one man has ever attained the distinction of winning it twice, Angus Cameron, of Inverness. In 1866, and again in 1869, was the nervy Scot brought in triumph to his home in far Lochaber—

"And wild and high the Cameron's gathering rose,
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills have heard,
And heard too have her Saxon foes;
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills, savage and shrill;
But with the breath that fills their mountain pipe,
So fill the mountaineers with the fierce native daring
Which instils the stirring memory of a thousand years,



PHOTO. BY KENNEDY, TORONTO.

SHOOTING TEAM OF 48TH HIGHLANDERS, TORONTO.

Winners of the Gzowski Cup and the British Challenge Shield at the Dominion Rifle Association Matches at Ottawa, 1899—Lieut.-Col. W. C. Macdonald, Commandant of the Highlanders, is third from the right.

And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears."

Previous instances of the big prize having been lost in the last shot are recorded, notably that of Kelman, of Beauly in the shire of Inverness, who long ago would have won the blue ribbon but for the catastrophic fact that his last shot, an inner, was planted on the wrong target.

For the first time in its history the "Grand Aggregate" of the meeting was won by a Canadian, Surgeon Lieut. Bertram, of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, carrying off the Gold Cross, the Dominion of Canada Challenge Trophy, valued at £250, and £20 in gold. The same brilliant shot also won the Volunteer aggregate, which carries with it the magnificent Hop Bitters Trophy, valued at £1,000.

The National Rifle Association of Great Britain can take credit to itself to-day, for a great deal of the high standard of rifle shooting, which exists in the army and among the Volunteers of the British Empire.

During the second week of the meeting it was necessary to have three direct wires to Scotland, and on one occasion four wires were pressed with work in the telegraph department with Glasgow and Edinburgh. In the course of the meeting over a million words were signalled in press messages, and over 15,000 private telegrams were sent and received.

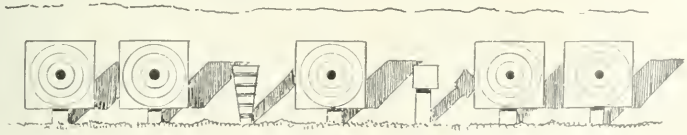




PHOTO. BY SAVANNAH

LIEUT.-GOV. McINNES, WHO HAS JUST BEEN DISMISSED BY THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT.



PHOTO. BY SAVANNAH.

HON. J. H. TURNER, EX-PREMIER, DISMISSED IN 1898; PRESENT MINISTER OF FINANCE.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POLITICS.

By T. L. Grahame.

ON Saturday, June 9th, came to an end the fiercest and the strangest election campaign in the records of the Province of British Columbia. Unfortunately for the Province, the extraordinary condition, of which that election campaign was merely a fractional part, an incident, did not also come to an end. At the present writing there appears to be no end to it. Since 1898 British Columbia has been a seething cauldron of political unrest. Ministries have risen, played well or ill their part, and vanished into the limbo which yawns for the unfit and defective; men have come and men have gone, but the confusion has remained. But of all who have borne a part in the hurly-burly none has been so conspicuous as Joseph Martin. He, in short, has been the hero in the strife. It began when he entered the arena two and a half years ago, and his enemies say that it will continue until he vanishes from the scene. In casting a retrospective glance over the history of those two years this is always the central figure; in all the vicissitudes of that time it is he who looms up large and masterful, the man

"That 'mid the tide of all emergency"

did, actively and strongly, and, as I believe, rightly in each crisis.

Two years ago the Turner Ministry was in power, but was being subjected to the severest press criticism ever levelled against any administration in this province. The leaders of the Government were charged with sundry offences, amongst them being their improper participation in the affairs of certain Klondike mining and exploitation companies. In the midst of this bitter war of words Joseph Martin arrived from Manitoba and quietly settled down to



HON. CHARLES A. SEMLIN, EX-PREMIER, WHO FORMED A GOVERNMENT ON THE DISMISSAL OF THE HON. MR. TURNER IN 1898. HE IN TURN WAS DISMISSED.



HON. JOSEPH MARTIN, EX-PREMIER, WHO SUCCEEDED THE HON. MR. SEMLIN BUT WAS DEFEATED AT A GENERAL ELECTION.

the practice of his profession in Vancouver. Then came on the provincial election at the end of the fourth year of the Turner Government's term, and Mr. Martin easily secured nomination as a candidate for Vancouver City. Immediately before the elections the Lieutenant-Governor, Senator MacInnes, had begun to assert his vice-regal prerogatives in a very decided manner. Scenes of anything but a friendly or dignified character, it is reported, took place almost daily and nightly at Carey Castle, the romantic seat of the Lieutenant-Governors of British Columbia, (unfortunately burned to the ground last winter). His Honour believed that his advisers were not doing their duty to the country, and he refused to sign warrants for the expenditure of fifteen thousand dollars, an appropriation ostensibly for roads and bridges in the district of Cassiar. The elections were then only a few weeks off. The inference seemed to be clear. Before election day the dispute between His Honour and the Cabinet had reached a painfully acute stage. No sooner was the result of the voting made known to the Lieutenant-Governor than he summarily dismissed the Turner Ministry and called upon Mr. Robert Beaven, an old politician, but who had just suffered defeat in the election, to form a Ministry. This Mr. Beaven could not do. Then His Honour called upon the man whom every one thought should have received the call first, Mr. Charles A. Semlin, leader of the Opposition. Mr. Semlin had no difficulty in forming a Cabinet and chose as his Attorney-General, Mr. Joseph Martin. The other members of the Ministry were Mr. Francis Carter-Cotton, Finance; Mr. John F. Hume, Mines; Dr. MacKechnie, President of the Council. The only elements of strength in this Cabinet were Messrs. Martin and Cotton. The one is a Liberal with ideas almost radical; the other is a Conservative of the strongest convictions. Mr. Martin signalized his entrance into public life in British Columbia by introducing



HON. JAMES DUNSMUIR, THE PRESENT PREMIER WHO SUCCEEDED TO OFFICE IN JUNE.



HON. D. M. EBERTS, THE PRESENT ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

legislation of a much bolder type than any that had ever been attempted in this province. Chief amongst those novelties were the Alien Exclusion Bill and the Eight-Hour Law. Their fate is too well known to call for more than mention here. When they were introduced they were applauded by both sides of the House. Shortly after this began the series of mysterious actions with which Mr. Martin has been so freely charged. His private conduct was alleged to be grossly improper, and the Opposition press teemed with attacks upon the Attorney-General, but up to the present moment not a particle of evidence has been adduced to prove those charges. Then came the famous Rossland banquet, at which all present are alleged to have been too drunk to care much for the refinements of society, and when Mr. Martin referred to the assembled guests as "a gang of white-shirted hoboes." It has since been alleged that Mr. Martin was purposely baited and annoyed on that occasion until under the provocation he said a number of things he would not otherwise have uttered. Then came the dispute over the Deadman's Island Sawmill site in Vancouver Harbour, and the deadly feud between Messrs. Martin and Carter-Cotton. This was followed by the Government caucus at Victoria, at which Mr. Martin was formally expelled from the Cabinet and party. Then began the savage attacks upon the character of Mr. Martin which have been kept up almost incessantly ever since in the provincial press. The last session of the Semlin Government is without a parallel in the annals of the province. Depleted by the expulsion of Mr. Martin and still further weakened by the precarious and capricious support of one or two of its adherents, the Government faced the House with a majority of one, and that one was the Speaker, whose casting vote repeatedly saved the Government from defeat. Of course, strenuous protests were made against this prostitution of the constitution, but the Government held on with wonderful tenacity for nearly six weeks. In the meantime some most extraordinary scenes occurred on the floor of the House between Messrs.



MR. RICHARD McBRIDE, PRESENT MINISTER OF MINES.

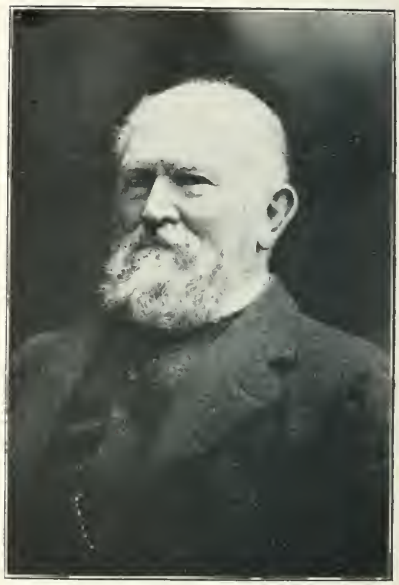


HON. W. C. WELLS, PRESENT MINISTER OF LAND AND WORKS.

Martin and Cotton. One day the latter dropped the word "career" in discussing the reasons which, as he said, had compelled Mr. Martin to leave Manitoba. Mr. Martin was upon his feet in a moment and then began a scene probably without a match in Canadian political history. After hurling the bitterest invectives and recriminations at Mr. Cotton, who was once the manager of large properties in Colorado, and who had subsequently an unfortunate misunderstanding with his partner in business in Vancouver, which resulted in Mr. Cotton going to gaol for a time, Mr. Martin presented a resolution calling for a committee of the House to investigate Mr. Cotton's past. This was carried, but the next day Mr. Cotton vindicated himself on the floor of the Legislature to the satisfaction of both sides of the Chamber. The closing hours of the session were full of excitement, and the splendid talents of Mr. Martin for organizing were well displayed. It was entirely due to his astute management that the Government were caught napping when the vote on the Redistribution Bill was called. The Government found itself defeated. That was on a Friday. The Lieutenant-Governor allowed the Premier until Tuesday to decide whether he should resign or ask for an appeal to the country. The Government did neither. In the interim they entered into negotiations with members of the Opposition to form a coalition. Premier Semlin informed His Honour on the following Monday night that he had succeeded in securing sufficient support to carry on the business of the country without difficulty. Next noon Lieutenant-Governor MacInnes dismissed the Semlin Ministry. For two days it was not known to the House who had been called upon to form a Ministry. Mr. Martin, after many bitter speeches had been made charging him with complicity in the alleged unconstitutional course adopted by His Honour, informed the House that he had been favoured with the confidence of His Honour. Prorogation took place next day. When His Honour arrived in the House with his brilliant retinue, all the members, as by concerted signal, rose



HON. F. CARTER-COTTON, EX-MINISTER OF FINANCE.



MR. CHARLES E. POOLEY, PRESENT MEMBER FOR ESQUIMALT.

from their seats and deserted the Chamber, leaving it absolutely empty. Immediately before the entry of the Lieutenant-Governor a resolution had been carried unanimously declaring want of confidence in Mr. Martin as Premier, and His Honour, with calmness and dignity, read his speech amidst a perfect hurricane of insulting calls from the crowded galleries, and took his departure. The members immediately rushed back tumultuously to their places and shortly afterwards dispersed.

The efforts of Mr. Martin to form a Cabinet are too fresh in the mind of the public to require mention. No man ever set out upon a task under more discouraging conditions than confronted Mr. Martin when he began his work of appealing to the electorate of British Columbia. And no man ever fought a braver fight than this lonely champion of an idea. He began by issuing a "platform" so admirably conceived and so complete in its scope as to win the admiration of his bitterest enemies. The main "plank" was the construction of a Government line of railway from the Gulf of Georgia to the mining camps of Rossland and the Boundary country, to run through the fertile valley of the Fraser, tap the great copper region of Similkameen and pass through the centre of the far-famed Okanagan. Almost equally prominent was the anti-Mongolian "plank," promising re-enactment of the Asiatic clauses in provincial legislation until Dominion and Imperial Governments were forced to attend to the case of British Columbia. Then he started out on his tour of the constituencies and spoke at over fifty meetings. Meantime the Opposition press, that is every newspaper in British Columbia with the exception of the Vancouver *Daily World*, opened its guns upon him in a perfect hurricane of vituperation and personal abuse. No charge was too vile to hurl against the Premier; misrepresentations of the worst description were made, and judged by those journals he was the epitome of all the demons. Mr. Martin never ceased to assure the people that he was fighting their battle against the corporations, against privilege, monopoly and unfairness, and never once throughout his campaign did he



HON. R. E. McKECHNIE, M.D., EX-PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.



HON. ALEX. HENDERSON, A MEMBER OF SEMLIN MINISTRY.

descend to personalities. The whole campaign turned upon personal hatred of this man. Many who never even saw him were influenced by the prevailing outcry and came to believe that he was as black as he was painted. Only when they heard him on the public platform did they realize that there must be some dreadful mistake somewhere. It was most significant that not one of his opponents, even the most violent, ever dared to meet him face to face upon a public platform and prefer the charges which were boldly flung about when Mr. Martin was not present. The manner in which he gained friends throughout the country astonished every one. Wherever he spoke he made an excellent impression, and when he returned from his tour of the interior he was to be pardoned if he felt somewhat confident and elated at the prospects. It was the greatest political fight ever waged by any man in Canada. Mr. Martin believed he was right, and

"Because right is right to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Those who have closely studied Joseph Martin in all his moods and have encountered him in public and private business, are firmly convinced that he is an honest man. His defeat at the polls carries no disgrace with it. The people of British Columbia may yet rue bitterly what they did on the 9th of June, and come to see that Joseph Martin was the one clear-headed man fit to cope with the influences which are in a fair way to paralyze public energy in this province. But it is wrong to suggest that this defeat disposes of Joseph Martin. Far from it, although most men would accept that verdict as final, not so he. While there is life there is fight, and Mr. Martin is very much alive to-day. We are not out of the tangled web by any means. Messrs. Dunsmuir, Turner and Eberts have apparently a difficult task before them in their attempt to hold the House together for more than one session with such an array of talent against them as Joseph Martin, J. C. Brown, Smith Curtis, W. W. MacInnes, Charles Munro and the others who compose the ex-Premier's following in the House.

Mr. Martin's friends have always insisted that he is a man who keeps



HON. J. FRED. HUME, EX-MINISTER OF MINES.



HON. SMITH CURTIS, A MEMBER OF THE MARTIN ADMINISTRATION.

his word. The extreme rarity of such an accomplishment in modern times has attracted the attention of Mr. Martin's enemies to the assertion, that if he were not sustained at the polls, or if he had to depend upon the support of the independents he would resign immediately. This, of course, was looked upon as a purely pie-crust promise, such as all honourable gentlemen make before election. It was unmercifully ridiculed, and quoted as an example of the utter recklessness of the man.

Within five days after the election Mr. Martin placed his resignation in the hands of Lieutenant-Governor McInnes, thereby silencing the sneering criticism of his foes and proving afresh to his friends that he is a man of his word. Lieutenant-Governor McInnes thereupon called in Mr. James Dunsmuir, the millionaire proprietor of the great collieries of Vancouver Island. The Premier soon formed an administration as follows: Premier and President of the Council, James Dunsmuir; Finance, ex-Premier John Herbert Turner; Attorney-General, David M. Eberts; Lands and Works, W. C. Wells; Mines, Richard MacBride; Provincial Secretary, J. D. Prentice.

Soon after the election a meeting of the members-elect was held in Vancouver, and a resolution was unanimously carried, calling upon the Dominion Government to dismiss Lieutenant Governor McInnes because his usefulness was gone. To the no small surprise of the convention, which was mainly Conservative, Sir Wilfrid Laurier responded to the appeal with alacrity. Lieutenant-Governor McInnes was requested to send in his resignation. This he stoutly refused to do, whereupon he was summarily dismissed, and Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière was appointed his successor.

The Dunsmuir Ministry is to meet the House on the 19th of July, and they have the pledge of the convention that they are to be allowed to operate the government of the country for one session, the convention having promised its support for that length of time.



STARVING—PHOTO. TAKEN NEAR GOONA, CENTRAL INDIA, MAY, 1897.

THE SUFFERING IN INDIA.

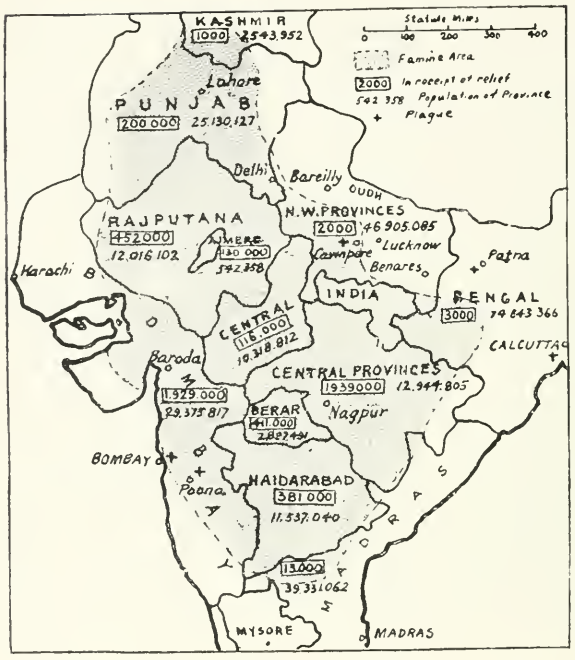
By Caroline Macklem.

THERE are few who are not aware of the terrible suffering every day witnesses among the poor natives of India. Slow death by starvation is a sad thing to contemplate, yet since October of last year many have had such scenes before them in India. The cause of these famines, we are told, is the partial or complete failure of the monsoon rains, upon which the farmers depend for the production of their crops. At the best times there is only a narrow margin which separates a certain proportion of the people from starvation, and a failure of the crops at once plunges them into distress. In the famine of 1896-7, two and a half million people died of starvation—a number exceeding half the population of Ireland. The present famine affects a much larger area than the last one did, and alas, the distress is on the increase.

At a meeting held in Calcutta, the Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, said :—

"If any rich man in this city is in any doubt as to whether he should subscribe, I would gladly give him a railway ticket to a famine district, and take what he chose to give me on his return. He might go with a hard heart, but he would come back with a broken one. Nor need any poor man desist from offering his mite. A mite to him may be almost a fortune to the starving."

What was said in Calcutta may be echoed here and all over the world, for India is holding up empty hands to all who will hear her cry to-day. The Indian Government is doing its utmost to meet the wants of the sufferers, but as it only aims at merely saving life, much remains to be done by private charity. The missionaries are doubtless the best dispensers of charity. They are daily besieged by the piteous cries of the hungry and starving, and will carefully handle all money entrusted to them,



SHOWING THE EXTENT OF THE INDIAN FAMINE.

that they may the better be able to save more lives.

In the poor-houses near the large towns, the people are better provided for, but in other places they strike one as being more like beasts than human beings. Clothed with scanty rags, which cannot hide their emaciated limbs, the poor creatures fall at your feet craving for a little food. Experience has again and again shown that on the part of petty Hindu officials, the tendency is constantly to pass over outcasts in distributing relief. Some of the natives are absolutely unscrupulous and seek every device for giving short measure; they mix dirt and stones with the grains, and sometimes taking the money first, before anything is supplied, insist that no payment has been made, and so cruelly rob the people. Thankful indeed are the starving ones when an Englishman investigates their cases. It is here that the agency of the missionaries proves so valuable.

Our church papers tell us that the famine funds raised during the famines of 1877 and 1897 provided for the relief of over 100,000 sufferers, without respect to race, cast, or creed, and for the maintenance of hundreds of orphans.

The sad and pathetic stories that have appeared in our papers showing some thing of the terrible suffering caused by famine has awakened the sympathy of many, and Canada no doubt has had the blessing of saving many lives in India—but can we not save more? Lord Curzon tells us that the distress must continue for months, so our charity must not slumber. Can we realize the mental as well as physical suffering that these people have to endure? Death by starvation is said to be the most painful of all forms, the burning sensations and mental fantasies are described as horrible in the extreme. We know to what crimes and cruelties it has led distracted parents; everything seems to be forgotten, except the one great struggle for existence. Yet very little feeds these people—one dollar, it is said, will feed twenty for a day. Ah! how many dollars uselessly spent on unnecessary pleasures and luxuries, might have been the saving of many of these suffering people. Many have given most generously, many out of their hard-earned wages have sent their dollar and half-dollar—all has been counted and treasured and appreciated.

Those desiring to send help to the missionaries in India may do so through Miss Caroline Macklem, Sylvan Towers, Rosedale, Toronto.

Many are glad to send help, especially to the Leper famine fund, in which case this should be mentioned. These poor creatures, whose pitiable condition always appeals to the sympathetic, are doubly in need of our assistance this year.

THE MAPLE LEAF IN SOUTH AFRICA.

WITH SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

By a Canadian Officer.

THE gift of three thousand Canadians for service in South Africa, and another thousand for garrison duty in Canada, was no small military gift from a country with a permanent military establishment of less than one thousand. It was a true gift, however—free, timely and of sterling quality. Canada rejoices to have been able to make the gift. She rejoices that her soldiers have shown in South Africa that the Britishers of the colonies are the equals of the Britishers of the mother country—equals in pluck, equals in strength, equals in bravery, and equals in sagacity. The gift has endeared her to the Empire and the Empire's Queen, and raised Canada to a more important position than she had previously held in the eyes of the world.

From December 9th to February 12th the thousand Royal Canadians, who comprised the first contingent, garrisoned the little depot at Belmont. The brick-coloured sand, the limestone veldt, and the paltry little village palled upon these impatient heroes as they performed routine duties and waited for the word. It was there, however, they learned to know their duties and themselves more intimately, and it was there they acquired much of the knowledge which was afterwards to make them famous as the heroes of Paardeburg.

During the last week in December they were joined by some Australians, and the whole garrison passed under the command of Colonel Pilcher. On January first came the Douglas raid, when they saw the first shot fired in earnest. A few days later A B and H Companies, under Major Pelletier, took part in a similar raid eastward. On Jan. 23rd there was a reconnaisance into the Tredear district by an Australian and Canadian force. This column did not return to Belmont for nearly a fortnight.

Early in February the Canadians heard they were to be ordered north. The lion's whelps were to be unleash-



R.C.R.I.—DISTRIBUTING THE QUEEN'S CHOCOLATE.



R.C.R.I.—SIGNALLING TO AN OUTPOST.

ed. They were entered in the 9th Division, which consisted of two Brigades. One of these was the 19th, under Major-General Smith-Dorrien, consisting of the 2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the 2nd Shropshires, the 1st Gordon Highlanders, and the Canadians. On Feb. 12th they were inspected by Smith-Dorrien, and sent to Gras Pan. On the 18th they were at the Modder River, thirty miles east of Jacobsdaal. Two days later they received their greatest baptism of fire, having a score killed and three score wounded. For six days longer they held their ground with little to eat and less to drink, and then made the final rush an hour before Cronje surrendered. In this engagement they had 13 killed and 31 wounded. Paardeburg had been fought and won, and the Canadians had taken a heroic part in the tragedy.

Worn and weary, emaciated by the lack of food, burning with fever brought on by impure water, ragged and unkempt, they set out for Bloemfontein with General Roberts. They acted as supports at Poplar Grove and took a slight part in the battle of Dreifontein on March 10th. Three days later Roberts entered Bloemfontein, and the Canadians were not far behind.

Two months of waiting and one month of fighting, and the thousand "boys" who went to South Africa on a sort of picnic trip were tried and trusted veterans. They and the other colonials taught the world that the citizen with militia training takes little drilling to make him the equal of any soldier of the line. They and the other colonials taught the world that colonial troops are more capable of acting coolly and judiciously in an emergency than those soldiers who have been trained into automatic machines. They taught the world that the development of individual intelligence does not mean a loss of bravery or courage.

II.

What about the Mounted Rifles and the Artillery? The *Laurentian* landed the first portion of the Second Contingent at Capetown on February 17th, and eight days later the *Pomeranian* arrived.

Early in March D and E Batteries, under Colonel Drury, and the Canadian Mounted Rifles—such as had arrived—were sent up the railway to Victoria west, and were then marched west to Carnarvon, which they reached about the middle of the month. This town was used as a base from which to march into the Kenhardt district of Cape Colony, where rebel farmers had gathered in considerable force.



R.C.R.I.—EXTRA MEN SENT OUT TO FILL VACANCIES—GREEN POINT CAMP, CAPE TOWN APRIL 26TH

The column moved up to Van Wyk's Vlei, where it was detained some time owing to heavy rains. Here Gunner Bradley, the first of the Second Contingent to give up his life, died from pneumonia brought on by being nearly drowned while watering his horse. Early in April, the rebels having been dispersed, the column was back at Carnarvon. On the 8th it was ordered to march across country and report at De Aar. This it did on the 14th, and the whole of the Second Contingent was brought together for the first time, except C Battery, which had gone up the coast. A few days later the Mounted Rifles were sent on to Bloemfontein, and the Artillery left to do duty at the base.

The Mounted Rifles were glad to be ordered up to the front. At Bloemfontein they passed under the command of General Hutton, recently G.O.C. in Canada, and formed part of the mounted brigade which he so skilfully led to Pretoria. On May 3rd the mounted Canadians first came under under fire at Bisiebult, west of Brandfort. Next day they saw fighting at Constantia, and the next at the Vet River. Here Lieuts. Borden and Turner, with five men, swam the river to reconnoitre, and were credited with being the first British soldiers on the territory north of that stream. On the 12th A Squadron and the 17th Lancers were the first troops into Kroonstadt, where they met the other Canadians, who had, without horses, covered an almost equal distance and passed through nearly the same territory.

This march included a series of six engagements, and in every one the Canadian Mounted Rifles proved themselves efficient and reliable soldiers. Mr. Ewan, the *Globe* correspondent, accounts for the small number of casualties by the fact that our men under fire were not inclined to huddle together as British troops do. Their lack of drill discipline and their greater intelligence and self-reliance made them different from the British troops, and this very difference made their losses much less numerous.

Major Forrester, R.C.D., who went out with the First Contingent was with the Mounted Rifles in this march. Lieut.-Col. Evans was in command of the Westerners, owing to the necessity of Colonel Herchmer retiring to Capetown from Carnarvon. The latter was in hospital for a time at the base, but afterwards went to Kroonstadt to take command. General Hutton, however, preferred to keep Col. Evans in command, and Col. Herchmer was invalided home. It would seem that the latter's treatment has been ungenerous. The Canadian authorities, however, cannot be blamed if General Hutton chose to prefer a younger man to command troops which were intended for dashing and daring movements.

III.

We left the Royal Canadians at Bloemfontein. It was April 21st before they permanently moved out of their camp on Bloemfontein Common. They were then 637 strong. Three days later they assisted in the occupation of the Waterworks. The next day they formed the advance guard in the attack on Yster Nek, a strategic position in the maze of hills to the east. They were thus in the centre, and made the frontal attack. They performed their work well, but had one killed and several wounded. It was here that Col. Otter nearly lost his life. He was struck in the neck by a bullet which passed close to the jugular vein.

On the 26th the division moved on to Thabanchu, the R. C. I. under command of Col. Buchan. On the 30th they were a little to the north, and took part in the attack on Taba Mountain, an engagement which lasted nearly all day, and was continued on the next (May Day). Their losses here were two killed, one being a son of Lieut.-Col. Cotton, and six wounded.

On May 3rd the division started north, as one of the easterly columns of Roberts' general advance on Kroonstadt. On the 4th they were at the



PHOTO. BY REINHOLD, THIELE & CO., LONDON, W.C.

R.C.R.I. — R.M.C. GRADUATES AT BELMONT.



STRATHCONA'S HORSE—THE KITCHEN AT CAPE TOWN.

Vet River, and next day at Winberg. In thirteen days they had marched 100 miles and taken part in nine engagements. Here they were joined by the "draft," which had been following them. Here also they left sixty-nine men in Hospital, and the battalion was reorganized. On the 9th they advanced, and on the 10th again had serious fighting, losing one killed and three wounded. This is an indication of the work they were called upon to perform all the way to Kroonstadt and then on to Johannesburg. So arduous had been the task that when that city was taken they were sent to do garrison duty at Springs, a railway terminus just east of Johannesburg, in order that they might have time to recuperate. Even here their luck for fighting did not leave them, and they were obliged to withstand a heavy attack. Needless to say they "kept the flag flying."

IV.

To return to the artillery. When C Battery, under Major Hudon, arrived at Cape Town it was at once sent on up the coast to Beira, and attached to the garrison at Marandellas camp, in Mashonaland. On May 5th it left there, and went by train to Buluwayo, some three hundred miles. The next day it again proceeded by train, and on the 12th reached Ootsi. Three days later it had marched the seventy miles separating it from Col. Plumer's camp, and was ready for action. The next day, after twenty-four hours' rest, it took part in the four hours' battle before Mafeking and marched twenty-five miles with the relief column, entering Mafeking on May 17th.

This battery received praise from Lord Roberts for its speed, and acquitted itself well in its first engagement. From Mafeking it was in the advance east to Pretoria. After a month's hard work it was reported at Rustfontein just west of Pretoria, where the first battalion C.M.R. was then on duty.

D and E Batteries, under Col. Drury, were for a long time on the line of communications about De Aar. On May 16th, the day C Battery was engaged before Mafeking, E Battery was leaving Belmont for Douglas, forming part of Sir Charles Warren's punitive column marching into Griqualand. Major Ogilvie was in command of this battery. On Warren's staff were also Lieut.-Col. Hughes, Brigadier of one of the two columns, Surgeon-Major Worthington, Vet.-Major Massie, Capt. Mackie, of Warren's Scouts, and Capt. Duffus, A.S.C.—all Canadians. This column saw considerable action. On May 21st it

entered Douglas after some sharp skirmishing. On the 30th it was attacked at Fabersput and lost twenty-two killed and thirty-eight wounded. Col. Spence, of the D.E.O.V.R., was killed. Only one Canadian artilleryman lost his life. On June 5th the column had reached Campbell, and on the 10th Griquatown.

D Battery has been less fortunate in seeing actual fighting, as it remained inactive until the first of July, when it was sent up to assist in the movements east of Bloemfontein. Colonel Drury, commandant of the artillary, and Capt. Thacker, the Adjutant, have been unfortunate in not being present in any engagement. It is difficult to understand why such a clever artillery officer as Colonel Drury should be left idle.



STRATHCONA'S HORSE AT CAPE TOWN.

V.

Strathcona's Horse was the last Canadian contribution to arrive at Capetown. For some time it was in camp at Green Point, where the other Canadians had been at earlier dates. Then it was sent up to Durban to join General Bul-



STRATHCONA'S HORSE—THE "POM-POM."

ler. It went up the railway and joined the advance upon Laing's Nek. It did not come into the fighting line until about the 1st of July, near Watervaal in the Transvaal. In its first engagement it had one man killed and two missing. On the 5th and 7th it was again subjected to slight losses, but so far has given an excellent account of itself.

The Mounted Rifles have been separated. The First Battalion has remained with General Hutton and shared in the advance past Johannesburg and Pretoria. On June 18th, at Rustfontein, just east of Pretoria, it captured two Boer 12-pounders. On July 7th it was in action near Bronkhorst Spruit, and Capt. Nelles was wounded.

The Second Battalion C. M. R. was on duty at Kroonstadt for some time. Here a small party distinguished itself by marching some distance into the country and capturing General Olivier and a son of General Botha. They were found in a farmhouse which was surrounded in the night. Later this Battalion was doing duty along the railway lines in the northern part of the Orange River Colony.

This necessarily incomplete account of "The Maple Leaf in South Africa" may fittingly be closed with Lord Roberts' latest despatch to His Excellency Lord Minto concerning the Mounted Rifles :—

"Pretoria, July 6, 1900.—I have much pleasure in bringing to your Excellency's notice the good work done by the First and Second Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles, who have been repeatedly conspicuous for their gallant conduct and soldierlike instincts.

"During the attack by the Boers on Katbosch, on the 22nd June, a small party of Pincher's Creek men of the 2nd Battalion displayed the greatest gallantry and devotion to duty, holding in check a force of Boers by whom they were largely outnumbered.

"Corporal Morden and Private Kerr continued fighting till mortally wounded. Lance-Corporal Miles and Private Miles, wounded, continued to fire, and held their ground.

"On June 18 a party of 1st Battalion, under Lieut. Young, when operating with a force under General Hutton to the northwest of Pretoria, succeeded in capturing two of the enemy's guns and brought in a herd of cattle and several prisoners without losing a man."

(Signed) "ROBERTS."

IN TIME OF WAR.

FOR those who went, for country and for right,
To brave the battle, and to face the fight,
And keep the flag triumphant in her might,
Lord, we beseech Thee.

For those who fall upon the shadeless plain,
Who suffer wounds and agony of pain,
And pray for strength to join the fight again,
Lord, we beseech Thee.

For those who watch, alone and sick at heart;
Who gave their best, and smiling bear the smart;
Who play the lesser, but the harder part,
Lord, we beseech Thee.

For those who lie within a soldier's grave,
The Empire's sons, the valiant and the brave
Who gave their lives, the Empire's life to save,
Good Lord, we praise Thee.

Kathleen Kirchhoffer.



KIMBERLEY—SHRAPNEL HOTEL.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BOER WAR.

By Norman Patterson.

LAST September it began to look as if there would be serious trouble in South Africa. Special Cabinet councils were held in London to consider the unsatisfactory replies made by President Kruger to the representations of the British Government that something must be done to remove Uitlander grievances. Troops began to be despatched to augment the forces in South Africa, the British Government being animated by the patriotic spirit which rings through Tennyson's last Ode to the Queen :

> The loyal to their Crown
> Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
> Our Ocean Empire with her boundless homes,
> For ever broadening England and her Throne
> In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle
> That knows not her own greatness.

Early in October came the Boer ultimatum, the despatch of an army corps and Sir Redvers Buller to South Africa, and the advance of Transvaalers and Free Staters into western Cape Colony and Natal. The war to decide between the British and the Afrikanders in South Africa was on in earnest. A special war session of the British Parliament was opened on October 17th, three days after General Buller had embarked on the *Dunottar Castle* at Southampton.

The first serious fighting took place in northern Natal near Glencoe and Newcastle. The Boers appeared in strength and endeavoured to get in between the forces at Ladysmith and those farther north. On October 20th there was stiff fighting around Glencoe and Dundee, marked by the death of General Sir William Penn Symons, commander of the Natal forces. The following day Sir George White issued out of Ladysmith and ably assisted by Major-General French stopped the Boer advance by a hard won victory at Elandslaagte. Four days later White again fought at Rietfontein in order to cover General Yule's retirement from Glencoe. The junction of



KIMBERLEY—SANDBAGS FORMING A SHELTER FROM WHICH TO REPEL ATTACKS UPON THE RESERVOIR.

the two forces was effected after a memorable march by General Yule's army, and 12,000 British troops were concentrated at Ladysmith. The whole of northern Natal was thus left to the Boers and Free Staters who, to the number of 15,000, had crossed the passes with the intention of driving the British into Durban. On October 30th, White endeavoured to attack the enemy, but lost the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the Gloucester Regiment and No. 10 Mountain Battery, owing to the cutting out of the mules with the ammunition waggons.

In the meantime the Boers were advancing in the west, and Kimberley and Mafeking were besieged. From this time forward, the three border garrisons were isolated and the great interest in the early weeks of the war centred in the possibility of relief.

On November 12th, a British armoured train moved out from Estcourt south of Ladysmith and was attacked and destroyed between Frere and Chieveley, showing that the Boer forces were penetrating south towards the Tugela. Major-General Hilyard found it necessary to defend Estcourt from an attack.

On the 23rd, in the west, Lord Methuen, who had accompanied Sir Redvers Buller to Capetown, met the Boers at Belmont where Colonel Gough had been holding them in check. The British lost over 200 killed and wounded, not having learned that frontal attacks are foolish in fighting a mobile force armed with long range rifles and assisted by modern artillery. Two days later the Boers again endeavoured to check Methuen at Gras Pan, again inflicting much loss on the victorious British. On the 28th, Methuen crossed the Modder River in the face of strong opposition and found himself within a few miles of beleaguered Kimberley. His loss on this occasion was, four officers and sixty-eight men killed, nineteen officers and 396 men wounded—an almost indefensible casualty list.



BLOEMFONTEIN COMMON—WATER-CARTS BEING FILLED.



BLOEMFONTEIN—BURYING SIX MEN WHO DIED OF DYSENTERY.



TORONTO—CELEBRATION OF THE CAPTURE OF JOHANNESBURG AND PRETORIA, MAY 30TH.

December opened with Gatacre's defeat at Stormberg, where instead of surprising the enemy he was himself surprised, and lost nearly 700 men and two guns. The Northumberland Fusiliers and the Royal Irish Rifles were the unfortunate battalions. Scarcely had the British public recovered from this sharp surprise, when word came that Lord Methuen had been defeated in an attack on the Boers at Maagersfontein, the Highland Brigade being badly cut up and General Wauchope killed. This was one of the most serious disasters of the war, the casualties in the Highland Brigade alone numbering 650. Two or three days later, General Buller, who had gone to Natal to personally lead a relief expedition to Ladysmith, was defeated at the Tugela with heavy loss.

London was dazed.

The British Government acted promptly in the emergency. On December 16th, the day after Buller's defeat, the Cabinet met and decided to appoint Lord Roberts commander-in-chief in South Africa, with Lord Kitchener chief of staff. On December 27th, the same steamer that had carried Sir Redvers Buller to Cape Town, sailed from Gibraltar with Roberts and Kitchener aboard. In the meantime troops were sent from Great Britain in large numbers.

Duke's son—
cook's son—
son of a hundred kings—
Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay.

The leading colonies were sending contingents, amounting in all to about 6,000 men, all the reserves were called out in Great Britain, 10,000 yeoman cavalry were ordered to be enrolled, and sixty volunteer rifle corps were asked to contribute six officers and 110 men each.

Thus the year closed in gloom after two and a half months of disastrous campaigning. The Boers had lost perhaps 2,000 men, while the British losses totalled over 7,000. At first it was thought that 100,000 "Tommies," commanded by the darlings of British society would be ample to defeat the 70,000 uncultured Boers; but when Winston Churchill escaped from Pretoria he hastened to tell the British people that 250,000 men would be required, and the nation heard and believed him. The men were sent. It was a stupendous contract, but the Empire never faltered. About the same time, Secretary Wyndham announced in the House of Commons that the army would be democratized.

January was another dark month. On the first day of the year the Canadians and Australians distinguished themselves at Douglas, and there were similar isolated successes throughout the month. On the 6th, however, seventy men and seven officers of the



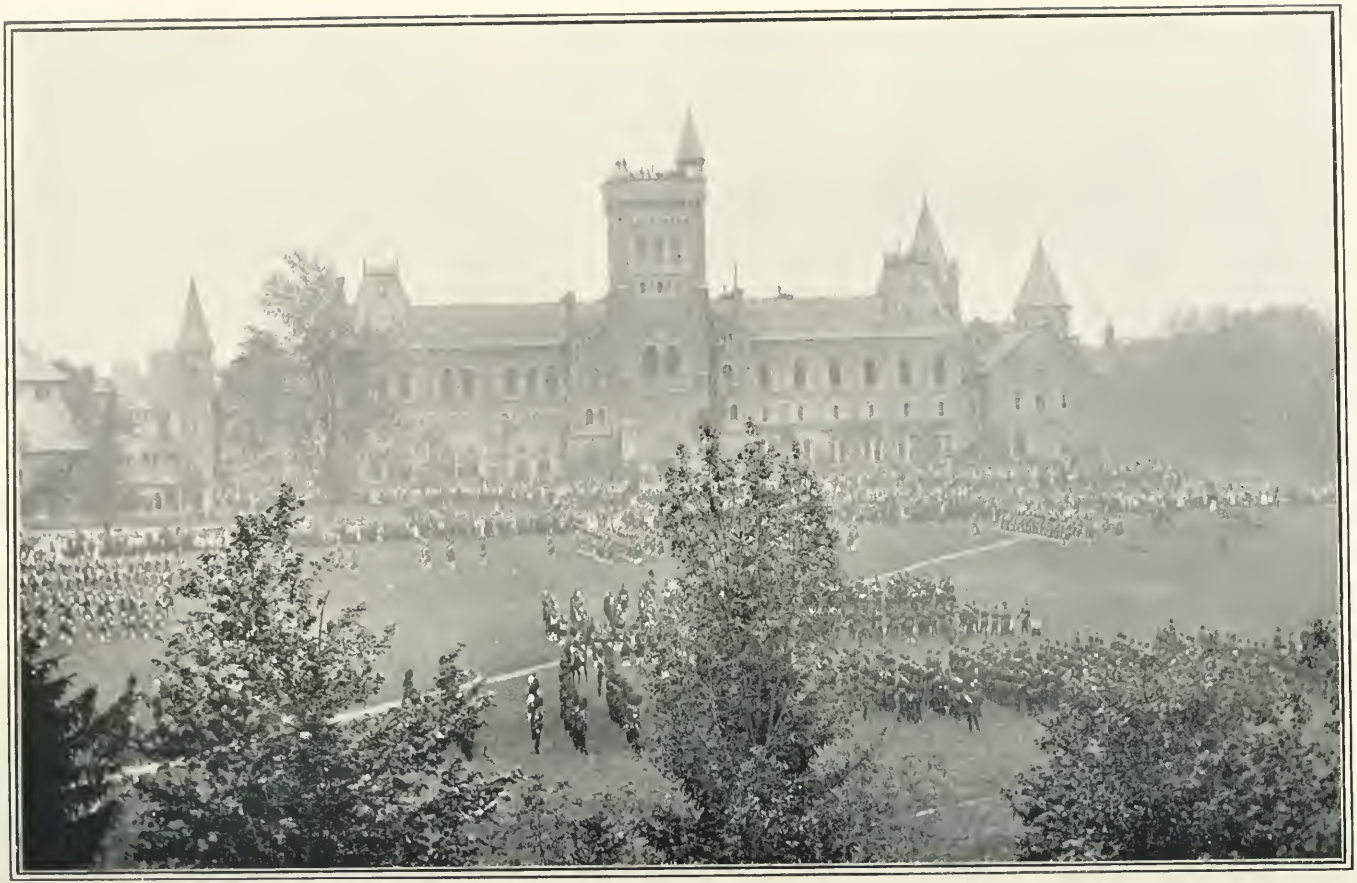
ANOTHER CELEBRATION SCENE AT TORONTO.

First Suffolks were taken prisoners near Colesburg. On the 10th, Roberts and Kitchener arrived at Cape Town, and next day Buller again started a forward movement on Ladysmith. His progress was slow and doubtful until the 20th, when Sir Chas. Warren moved upon Spion Kop. This the British took on the 23rd and abandoned the second day after. All the British forces were then withdrawn beyond the Tugela and Sir George White was left to defend himself as best he could. Lack of equipment, lack of cavalry and ignorance among his officers prevented Buller from being entitled to the honours which the British public denies to men who do not win.

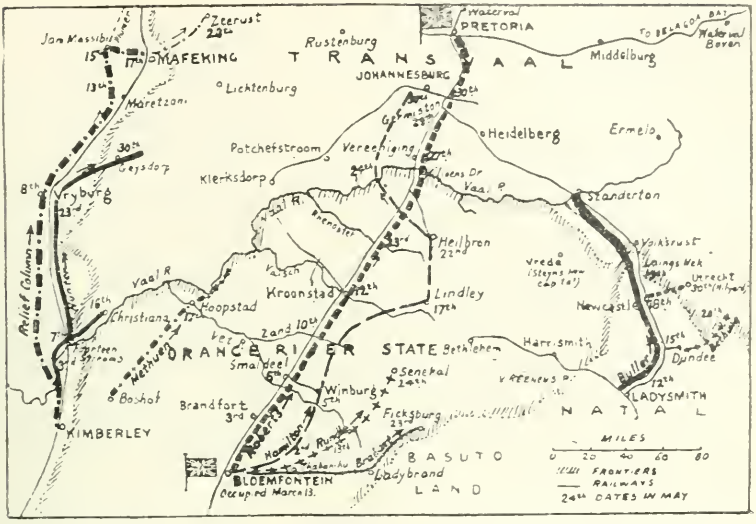
And here the dark chapter of this war closes. The British had to learn that soldiers of the line, who were once most useful, are not invincible under more modern conditions. Foot soldiers are almost useless against a mounted army like the Boers unless aided by strong bodies of cavalry and mounted infantry for flanking purposes. The British had also to learn that Aldershot methods are out of date and that the wearing of a handsome sword and a glittering uniform is not the only attribute of a clever officer. They had to learn that when an officer departs from Aldershot to fight battles he must leave his sword and again press his wits into service. He must learn to meet tactics with tactics, subterfuge with subterfuge, wile with wile, and that eternal vigilance is the price of victory. It required three and a half months of constant reverse to teach the British these things, but in the name of our brave colonials we may thank heaven that the Aldershot men finally learned the lesson. When Lord Roberts arrived at the Modder River on February 10th he inaugurated the new era of common-sense fighting. Behind him stood the iron-nerved hero of Omdurman who had never rested his hopes on anything but common sense.

II.

When Lord Roberts organized that famous three weeks' work, which included the relief of Kimberley, the capture of Cronje's 4,000 soldiers at Paardeburg, and the entry into Bloemfontein on March 15th, he had under him in South Africa somewhere about 230,000 men and 500 guns. Great Britain had sent against the Boer the mightiest army that had ever gone forth to fight under the Union Jack—an army worthy of the shrewd foes against whom it was sent. Fully 250,000 men were enrolled, and allowing for the killed, captured, wounded and disabled, Roberts had nearly 230,000 for his immediate purposes. About 130,000 of these were absent from his side—some with Buller in Natal, some with Gatacre in central Cape Colony, and



REVIEW OF TROOPS BEFORE THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL ON THE UNIVERSITY LAWN, TORONTO, ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY
THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS MARCHING PAST. THE QUEEN'S OWN AND ROYAL GRENADIERS IN THE FOREGROUND.



SHOWING ADVANCE ON PRETORIA—THE DATES ARE FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

many scattered along the various lines of communications. With 100,000 men available at Modder River that second week in February he fought several battles and performed a march which must ever rank with his famous march to Kandahar. On that cruel ride, no less than 10,000 horses were done to death, and many a regiment of infantry went into Bloemfontein at not more than one half its strength. But what matter? Methuen had been defeated in the west at Maagersfontein, Gatacre had been repulsed in the centre and Buller had been fought to a standstill at Colenso. British military reputation was at stake. The world was weighing the Empire in the balance. "Little Bobs" threw his mighty weight on the British side of the balance and Cronje and Bloemfontein captured taught the world that the Briton can still fight, that the lion and his whelps are still invincible. What matter if it cost us innumerable horses and men? We had gone so far that we dare not turn back. We were forced to fight, so we fought; and—we won. Not only did Roberts win his way to Bloemfontein, but he forced the Federals to withdraw part of their forces from Natal so that the persistent Buller was able to force his way to the relief of Ladysmith.

At Mr. Steyn's abandoned capital city Lord Roberts halted. He needed thousands of fresh horses and thousands of tons of ammunition and supplies before he attempted the march to Pretoria. His men required a period of rest after so wonderful an effort. Preparations for a move northward must be full and ample. These preparations were necessarily slow since Lord Roberts was 450 miles from Port Elizabeth, and 750 miles from Cape Town.

While Lord Roberts waited, the Boers showed fairly good strategy. This was unusual, too, for while their tactics on the battlefield had been excellent, their strategy had been lamentably weak. They had let Yule lead his troops back to safety; they had refrained from invading Cape Colony until it was too late and they had held Methuen in check when they might have bottled him up in Kimberley with Kekewich. Their new strategy led them to occupy the difficult hill-country to the east and south of Bloemfontein instead of concentrating at Kroonstadt to the north. Thus they held Roberts in fear of his long line of communications, kept some heart in the Free Staters and the disaffected Cape Colonists. Here was unexpected wisdom.

On March 30th, the 7th Division, under General Tucker, with some cavalry and guns, met 3,000 Boers at Karee, just north of Bloemfontein. The Boers were strongly entrenched in a

line of wooded hills, but they were outflanked and forced to retire with considerable loss.

Away to the south-east General Olivier was retiring from Colesburg with 4,000 men, eighteen guns and 800 waggons. He was in danger of being cut off by the advance of the British from Bloemfontein towards the Basutoland border. General French was sent east to intercept him, but the mighty commander of cavalry had only exhausted horses and he failed. Olivier reached Ladybrand and was joined by Grobler and Lemmer and the whole force passed under the command of General de Wet. That general is still in command of that force and that is over three months ago.

On the night of March 31st a British force under Colonel Broadwood encamped at the Bloemfontein waterworks, twenty-five miles east of the captured city. Two miles away was a deep gully known as Koorn Spruit. In the depth of the night, a daring Boer commander led a force past the British and took possession of the gully which lay in Broadwood's line of march. How the Boers knew this is a question to be settled in the future. In the morning the British moved carelessly into that gully. The mules and horses were shot down. Seven guns, eighty waggons and all the baggage fell into the hand of the Boers. The British lost 450 in killed, wounded and missing. The greater part of the force extricated itself, but Koorn Spruit was a disaster. One squadron of the 6th Dragoons fought so bravely that out of 140 who went into the fight only ten answered their names at roll call.

On April 4th General Gatacre made his last mistake, and he is now recruiting his health in England. Six hundred men of the Irish Rifles and the 9th Mounted Infantry were at Reddersberg, thirty-five miles from Roberts' headquarters. They had no artillery —fatal error—and when they were attacked by General de Wet and 5,000 Boers they surrendered after twenty-one hours' hard fighting. Reddersberg added to Stormberg sent one British general back home. British generals must win.

Lord Methuen about this time had some success at Boshof, west and north of Bloemfontein.

Colonel Dalgety stood a severe siege at Weppener, sixty-five miles south-east of Blomfontein, but he held his ground with his Cape Mounted Rifles and eight guns.

On March 27th Joubert had died, but the Boers were successful at Koorn Spruit and Reddersberg, while Olivier broke through to Ladybrand. Joubert and Cronje were gone, but the Boer war did not end.

III.

However, Lord Roberts had not waited in vain. All difficulties in the way of accumulating supplies and training fresh horses were surmounted, and he was ready to strike another blow. Dalgety was still besieged at Weppener, and the Boers were still in force in the south-east of the Orange Free State. It was necessary to clear that district. Rundle was sent by way of Reddersberg, Brabant came north from Rouxville, French and Ian Hamilton moved towards Ladybrand. The Boers were menaced by three converging columns, some 25,000 in strength. On April 25th Brabant cleared the Boers from before Weppener, Hamilton chased a commando at Israel's Poort, while French kept Botha and de Wet moving. Then there was a race for Ladybrand, and the swift Boer army won. But the southern part of the Free State was cleared and Roberts was ready to go north.

Then there was a two weeks' march —another memorable feat—and Roberts had covered 120 miles from Bloemfontein and entered Kroonstadt. With Hutton's Colonial Brigade and French's cavalry he doubled up every Boer position and caused the allies to retreat hastily day after day. Having once put the pressure on at the Vet River, he never relaxed until he reached Kroonstadt on May 12th. He was at

Brandfort on May 3rd, crossed the Vet next day, seized Winberg the next, Smaldeel the next; on the 10th he crossed the Zand River, and two days later he was at his destination. President Steyn retreated to Heilbron, and in a few days the Orange Free State became the Orange River Colony.

Lord Roberts had solved the problem of how to beat the Boers. Perhaps Kitchener taught him part of it on that long sea voyage from Gibraltar to Capetown with every day spent in perfecting plans. But that is not likely. Bobs found it out himself, and if he lives long enough he will tell us how. This is the method: make no frontal attack, but go round the other way. That requires mounted men, and Roberts supplied himself with them in abundance.

At the head of the mounted men were two great fighters, Hutton and French. Of the latter a writer says well and truly:

"And in every move General French has served splendidly as the eye of the army, and the long right arm sent ahead to feel the way and strike swift blows. He led the relief of Kimberley; he headed Cronje's men off like a herd of stampeding cattle at Paardeberg, and made his capture possible; he commanded at Dreifontein, and was first into Bloemfontein. He won Elandslaagte with his guns and cavalry, and out-Boered the Boers with his mounted infantry at Colesberg. He is the smartest cavalry leader of the day, as cavalry is now mostly used—not for charging purposes, but as the more swiftly-marching part of an army. He has been to Roberts what Stonewall Jackson was to Lee, or Skobeloff to the Russian army in 1877-78."

While French and Hutton led, the infantry followed on those terrible marches. Let Conan Doyle describe the brigade which so many Canadians have followed from Belmont to Johannesburg:

"It was only General Smith-Dorrien's Brigade, but if it could have been passed just as it was down Piccadilly, it would have driven London crazy.

"I watched them—ragged, bearded, fierce-eyed infantry—struggling along under a cloud of dust. Who could have conceived, who had seen the prim soldier in time of peace, that he could so quickly transform himself into this grim, virile barbarian?

"Bull-dog faces, hawk faces, hungry wolf faces, every sort of face except a weak one. Here and there a man smoking a pipe, here and there a man who smiled; but most have swarthy faces and lean a little forward with eyes steadfast and features impassive but resolute.

"Here is a clump of Highlanders with workmanlike aprons in front and keen faces burnt black with months on the veldt; and the honoured name they bear is on their shoulder-straps.

"'Good old Gordons,' I cried, as they passed me. A sergeant glanced at dirty enthusiasm in an undershirt. 'What cheer, matey?' he cried, and the men squared their shoulders and put a touch of ginger into the stride.

"Here is a clump of Mounted Infantry, a grizzled fellow like a fierce old eagle at the head of them. Some are maned like lions, some have young, keen faces, but all leave an impression of familiarity upon me; yet I have not seen Irregular British Cavalry before.

"Why should it be so familiar to me, this loose-limbed, head-erect, swaggering type? Of course! I have seen it in an American cowboy over and over again. Strange that a few months on the veldt should have produced exactly the same man as springs from the Western prairie!

"But these men are warriors amid war. Their eyes are hard and quick. They have a gaunt, intent look, like men who live always under a show of danger.

"Here and there are other men again, taller and steadier than the infantry line, grim, solid men, straight as poplars. There is a maple-leaf, I think, upon their shoulder-straps, and the British Brigade are glad enough to have those maple leaves beside them, for the Canadians are the men of Paardeberg.

"And there, behind their comrades in glory, come the Shropshire Light Infantry, slinging along with much spirit after their grand sporting colonel."

Lord Roberts did not rest long at Kroonstadt. During the few days he was there, other things happened. When the Chief rode into Kroonstadt, Buller rode out of Ladysmith and began the advance for which he had been preparing. Three days later he was at Dundee, and in three days more at Newcastle. Next day his advance guard saw the Boers disappear from Natal. Of course, he had fighting to do in the mountains, but he did it well—much better than when he was fighting a confident enemy at the Tugela. That was in the east. To the west of the main line of advance Methuen pressed forward from Boshof to the Vaal River via Christiana and Hoopstad. General Hunter left Four-

teen Streams and pressed north to Vryburg along the railway which runs to Mafeking. Colonel Mahon, still farther west, flew along to the relief of Mafeking, and the little garrison was relieved on May 17th, one day before Roberts had promised to accomplish the feat.

While these four columns had been doing lively work, Lord Roberts was pressing the allies around Kroonstadt, Lindley and Heilbron. On the 23rd he crossed the Rhenoster River, and three days later the Vaal, the main force crossing at Vereeniging on the 27th. On the 28th Roberts was at the Clip River, and on the last day of the month in Johannesburg.

On that day at Lindley, in the Orange River Colony, the 13th Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry was surrounded and captured, showing that the Free Staters were still capable of striking a blow. Sir Henry Colvile, between Ventersburg and Heilbron, had also considerable fighting, and farther west Rundle's advance was steadly opposed.

In spite of these things, and his sixty-seven years, the indefatigable Roberts started for Pretoria. On the 4th of June he had a stiff fight with the enemy, and next day he entered their chief city. He had taken a victorious army from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, nearly three hundred miles, in thirty-four days, opposed every day by a wily and elusive enemy. This is a performance which is unsurpassed in military history, and one of which the grand old General may feel proud.

The Boer forces made for the mountains in the north-eastern Transvaal, from which they can be dislodged only by months of hard work. The two chief towns of the Transvaal, all the important railway lines and the valuable mining regions are now in the possession of the British. The end of the war is near—but how near nobody knows.

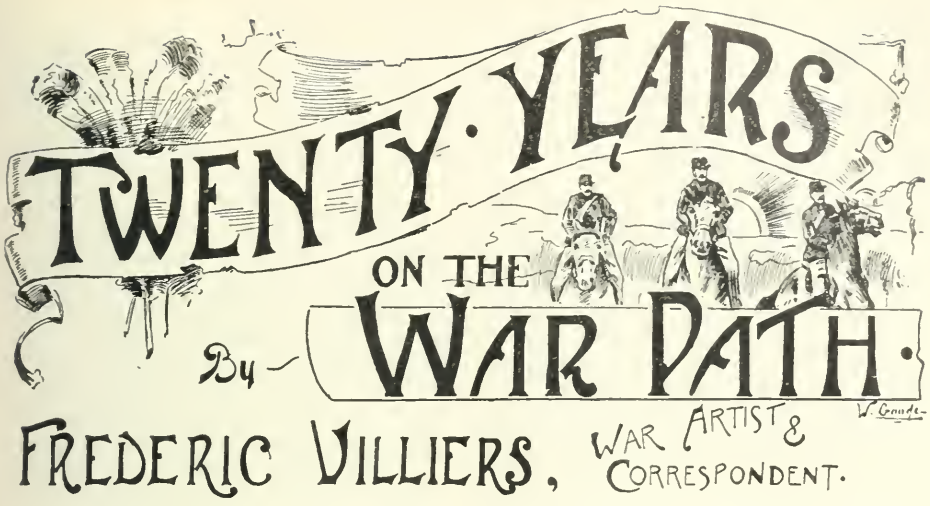
RECOGNITION.

MY heart at thy feet was blindly laid
Aeons ago, in a far-off world,
Where pleasure has no base alloy,
Where all is peace, and love, and joy,
And the flowers never fade.

But we left that world so far away;
Sweetheart, both you and I;
For all must learn—'tis best they say—
To suffer, and grieve, and die.

We lost each other, and then forgot,
And we knew not what we wished;
Till I found you this day in a lovely spot
And remembered the other life long ago
That far-off life which we both know;
And a promise is sealed which binds me so
To the life I so long have missed.

Augusta Helen Thompson.



X.—DONGOLA.

WHAT impressed me more than anything else in my resolve to share the fortunes of the British Army, the object of which was the relief of General Gordon in 1884, was an article which I read in one of the daily papers. In this remarkable article was a description of the palace of the Mudir of Dongola. The oriental splendour depicted in the account written by the author of this article was not excelled even by the best stories from the "Arabian Nights."

The Mudir, according to it, was the oriental potentate of one's boyhood conception, attired in turban and Turkish trousers with scimitar by his side. His throne was a Turkish carpet of rare beauty, on which he lounged supported by soft cushions of Broussa silk. Damacine lamps, burning fragrant oil, hung from the lofty Moorish ceiling and diffused a soft light on the swarthy faces of his courtiers, who prostrated themselves before their ruler. A screen of the finest Musharabe, or lattice work, divided the divan from the harem, and soft laughter, low beating of the tom-tom, and scraping of a stringed instrument, resembling the fiddle in its worst mood, told the western visitor that the stern-featured Mudir had a soft place somewhere beside the cushion of Broussa silk on which he was seated. This was more or less the tone of the article I read, and I resolved that I must see that Mudir, and, if possible, penetrate into his harem.

There must also have been a spirit of adventure about this daring correspondent, for no person was allowed outside the British outposts; and he must have given the sentries the slip and have crossed a weary stretch of desert, and have suffered much hardship for many days before reaching his goal.

A Frenchman, M. Oliver Pain, had already snapped his fingers at the British authorities, and had plunged into the sandy waste for the purpose of joining the Mahdi. I read that article over and over again, and longed to follow in the footsteps of the author of it. At last the time came. I hurried to Cairo. A few hours in the city of lattice work and I made my way to Asiout. Here I found that Lord Wolseley was about leaving the next morning by steamer for Wady Halfa. I waited up all night, not knowing when the special train with the Commander-in-Chief would arrive. When, at an early hour, it steamed into Asiout, I asked the General's permission to join his party.

This was speedily granted, and in an hour I was steaming up the Nile in the direction of Dongola. What a

charming journey it was! We took in all the wonderful temples during the day, and when we anchored in the evening we were entertained in quaint Arab fashion by the elders of the nearest village.

We gazed on the lilac sunset, the yellow moonlight—the stars hanging like clusters of gems in mid air, so clear was the atmosphere—and then came the ruddy dawn. The chocolate-brown waters reflecting the cobalt blue sky, the sand dunes, the palm trees, the quaint mud villages with their blue-gowned inhabitants, all made the voyage delightfully interesting and picturesque.

At last the first cataract was reached, and Philæ was visited while our steamer braved the rapids and arrived safely in the calm waters beyond. When we were once more aboard, steaming up the Nile to Korosko, where poor Gordon abandoned his last touch with the outer world and pressed on into the desert for Abu Hamed, Berber and Khartoum, never to return. Wady Halfa reached, the General came to a halt for a time, and waited for the whale-boats which had been made in England; and here the Camel Corps was formed. Camels were bought, and Tommy Atkins made his acquaintance with the ship of the desert. Tommy took to the awkward beast with great good will, and a fine serviceable force the Camel Corps became, thanks to the energy of that smart British officer, who went under the *sobriquet* of "Curly Hutton," now Major-General Hutton, in command of the Colonial brigade in South Africa. I met him not long ago in Australia, and he hardly looked a day older than when, fourteen years ago, one memorable morning, I sketched him capturing one of the enemy's guns in the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir.

When the boats at last arrived they were collected and portaged round the second cataract, and an advance on Dongola by land and water was made.

What a quaint fleet that was as it stood out in full sail from the Sarass levée, the Camel Corps cheering from the shore as the Canadian *voyageurs* steered their English brethren safely past the porphyry rocks which looked like huge black teeth in the dead white sand on either side of the narrow pass that enters the Sarass basin.

I purchased a camel at Wady Halfa, and after being instructed in the mysteries of mounting and dismounting, in a short time I became fairly accustomed to the novelty of camel-riding, which has a peculiarity all its own. Unlike a horse, mule, donkey, or even elephant, you can never make a pet of a camel; you never seem to advance in his good graces, however well you may treat him. Young, old, or middle-aged, he has always the same evenly-balanced temperament, neither vicious or sweet, but a normal state of I-don't-care-two-straws-about-anything-in-particular demeanour. He is certainly unpleasant to ride; his breath is odoriferous, and he has calm and doe-like eyes, with a mournful, tearful expression about them, which rather excites one's sympathy for the beast; but this feeling is soon dispelled when the brute grouses, and this he will do on the slightest provocation. I suppose this word grouse, which is applied to the language of the camel, emanates from the word "grouze" (origin obscure), to devour noisily, that one sees in the dictionary; and yet the word grouser (origin unknown) which should apply to a grousing camel, means quite a different thing—a temporary pile, or iron-shod stake stuck in the river.

But the camel and everything concerning him is peculiar. This noise, which is called grousing, does not occur only while he is eating, but at all times, early or late. It comes gurgling from its funnel neck, sometimes resembling the bray of an ass; eventually it rises to the dignity of the roar of a lion, with the bleating of a goat thrown in, and will as quickly change to the solemnity of a church organ. It is so peculiar a noise that no pen can properly describe it; only a phonograph could do adequate justice to it. When the camel is about to start on a long journey and one is about to load him

he will grouse vociferously. When the day's work is done and you relieve the beast of his burden, he will grouse. If you strike him he grouses, or on patting his neck gently he will grouse. If you offer him something to eat or twist his tail he makes the same peculiar noise. No doubt the camel's vocabulary is a scant one, and he is compelled to express all his varied sensations in this simple but unsatisfactory manner. With this, to me, novel animal, I joined the company of the Camel Corps under Captain Pigott, and started across the desert.

Pigott was known to his men by the *sobriquet* of "Bloody Pigott;" for though a man of a mild-looking exterior—in fact, his face was almost effeminate in appearance, pale and hairless, with delicate features, thin lips, and pale grey eyes—there was a devilish recklessness in him which made both friend and foe have a wholesome respect for him. A common thing in a fight was to see Pigott engage a Fuzzy-Wuzzy in single combat, like the brigands of the romantic drama; and on one occasion, ever memorable to a small audience of Mr. Atkins, who held aloof to see fair play, Pigott proved his blade, which, by the way, was the sabre of his sire, by cutting off the head of his assailant and pointing another through the neck as he came to a comrade's assistance.

Alas! poor Pigott is no more. He died the death of a consumptive, through exposure and arduous soldiering on the West Coast of Africa. Still, he died game. His doctors recommended San Remo and retirement, but directly Pigott knew his days were coming to an end he resolved to die in harness. He remained in England, going the round of society, and living like a man sound in body, till he dropped by the way, full of pluck to the bitter end.

What a strangely quaint march that was, under the blazing sun! We slouched along at two miles an hour, through short deserts, always gaining the Nile by nightfall. Some of us, who could not stand the glare of the sun, would keep our eyes fixed on the ground, watching the numerous trails, wondering by their imprint what beast or reptile had left its mark on the yielding sand. Others would watch the shadows of the camels gradually shortening till the sun told us that mid-day was nigh, when we would halt for our rations of tinned beef, biscuit and water. Then, after an hour's rest, we would move forward till four o'clock, when we would settle down on the bank of the Nile for the night.

While the rations were cooking we would take pot shots at the crocodiles, which lashed the waters furiously with their tails when a bullet struck a crevice in their armour. Many a cartridge was thrown away on a snag of wood or jagged rock sticking above the water, so keen was our belief that hverything in the Nile was a crocodile till it was proved otherwise.

When at nightfall we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and courted slumber, a slight breeze would freshen the air, sweeping across the desert, imperceptibly skimming the sand of its lighter particles, covering us with an impalpable powder, almost choking us with its suffocating dryness, and blinding us with the drift in our eyes. When the reveillé sounded, we might have been a few of the Great Majority rising from their graves, so completely had we been embedded in the sand.

Soon the banks of the Nile assumed a greener aspect. The cultivated fringe widened as we entered the fertile Wady of the Province of Dongola, and presently on the west bank was visible the city, the goal for which I had longed, and to attain which I had endured considerable hardships.

The city of Oriental splendour was an utter delusion. Surely this straggling town of squalid mud and plaster houses, with half-ruined mosque and tottering minarets, could not be the beautiful Dongola I read about! In spite of this cruel disappointment, I was still hopeful regarding the inner life of the city and the wondrous palace. The splendour of the Mudireh I hoped against hope might still be

hidden, like a Kimberley diamond in its original setting of blue clay.

With beating heart, I crossed by the native ferry, and soon found myself in the streets of Dongola, which turned out to be tortuous lanes through labyrinths of mud walls. I was billeted in a house of baked mud with Harry Pearse, one of my brother-correspondents. Pearse had brought with him a brand-new saddle and bridle, which he hung on a wooden peg on the mud wall of our room. Scorpions, centipedes, ants, and other loathsome insects were running, crawling and meandering about the earthen floor. So we stood the legs of our angareel, or native bedstead, in empty jam-pots filled with water, and strove to sleep the sleep of the unmolested just. There was a scramble round the jam-pots all night, but no insect was bold enough to adventure the depths of the cans.

In the morning I woke up and discovered Pearse's saddle still hanging on the wall, but minus the stirrup leathers. The stirrup irons, it is true, were glistening in the sun, now streaming into the room, but apparently they were hanging by nothing visible. I awakened my comrade and pointed to this phenomenon. He jumped out of bed, and examined the saddle. In another moment he was cursing, in vigorous English, all ants, black, white, and red. The stirrup leathers had been encrusted in the wall and eaten by white ants in less than six hours. As he touched them they broke away from their mud crust like pieces of charred paper. We found that the insects had nibbled at everything in the shape of leather; our saddle-bags, revolver-cases, portmanteaux, valise-straps, had been scoured over and over. All that we could do was to congratulate ourselves on our personal safety; but for those jam-pots, we might have lost leather too.

A hasty meal of Chicago beef and hard tack, washed down with boiled tea, and I was ready for the glories of the Mudireh. A native pointed out my road, and I made my way to the palace. As I entered the compound, it flashed on me in a moment that the special correspondent of the London daily could never have been there at all. As I mounted the steps of the whitewashed, mud-walled building, I was motioned by one of the attendants to wait awhile; the Mudir was about to officially receive his officers or sandjacks. My heart sank within me. I mournfully realized that I had been utterly deceived by the brilliant imagination of a Fleet-street special.

Well, this is what I saw. In a whitewashed square hall opening on to a balcony was the Mudir, just seated —not on any Turkish carpet, but cross-legged on a Vienna bent-wood chair. By his side was another chair, across the cane bottom of which was a Dervish sword, pen, ink, and sand, and the seal of office. At the back of the Mudir stood a servant swaying to and fro a long bamboo stick to keep the sparrows from sitting on the chair or even the shoulder of the Mudir, for they were both numerous and tame.

The Dongola Mudir wore the simple black frock Stambouli coat, a fez, with small turban, trousers rather short for his legs, and red morocco slippers. Above him, from the mud ceiling, hung no Damascus lamp with oil of rare fragrance, but a two-and-sixpenny opaque kerosene lamp, which exuded a strong smell of paraffin. After paying my respects to the Mudir, I entered the reception-room. No Oriental splendour was here. A cabbage-rose-pattern Brussels carpet partly covered the floor. A divan, draped with cheap French damask, occupied three sides of the dingy apartment. A table in the centre wore a red baize cover. Standing against a column supporting a fly-blown, whitewashed ceiling was a tall French clock with flower-painted face, a clock which struck the wrong time with uncertain vigour.

I left the Mudireh sad and dejected, but on lighting my pipe and reflecting for awhile, I came to the conclusion that, after all, the Fleet-street special's description was much more pleasing and satisfactory to the unthinking public. People at home naturally look

for something Oriental from sometimes the East, and they get it laid on with a generous brush.

Two years after this little incident I was at a public dinner, when the author of the Dongola article was introduced to me. I looked at his interesting face, said I had longed to meet him, expressed enthusiasm for his work, and told him how much impressed I had been by that description of his visit to the Mudir of Dongola. He beamed with satisfaction, and said he was rather pleased with that article himself.

"Yes," said I, "it impressed me so much—so very much—that I resolved to——"

"To what?" said he, falling back in his chair.

"Go there myself," I slowly continued; "and what is more, my friend, *I have been.*"

THE END.

THE COLONIAL.

WHEN the old blood thinned in the ageing Line,
And the mother was spent and grey,
O who where the sons of the failing house
Sent one by one away?

When the cry that rose from the crowded board
Was more than a cry for bread,
Who then were the sons went sadly forth
Where the outland roadways led?

'Twas the hardier son, that, heavy of heart,
Rose up from the mother's knees,
And followed the trail of the luring West,
And fathomed the lonely seas.

'Twas the best of her blood she gladly gave,
And few were the words she said;
But she felt in her heart he would soon forget,
And she mourned him as her dead.

Where his axe and his camp-fire startled the night,
Afar from the beaten track,
By prairie and bushland, river and veldt,
The desert he shouldered back.

In his pride he carried the old proud name
From the palm to the northland pine,
And if he old ways, in the wilds, forgot,
He forgot not once the Line.

Thro' his dreams he could hear the English lark,
And the nightingale sing again ;
And winding by ivied hall and lawn,
He could see an English lane.

Where the valleys lay purple and green and sad,
'Twas the peat-smoke rose once more,
And the shamrock stood by the cottage wall,
And the children round the door.

He beheld the deer by a Highland burn,
The mist on the mountain side,
And the heather that purpled the homeland moors
Where the lonely curlews cried.

.

But the green mound left at the lone portage,
And the grave by the trekking wain
Were strewn in the path of his frontier fires,
Where his dead were sown, as grain.

And the night was starred with his glimmering homes,
And his prairie with wheat was gold ;
And it fell in time, as it ever was,
That the New became the Old.

Its blood was the blood of the home-born sons,
And its strength, and life, was theirs,
But the old home turns to its yesterday,
While the new to the morrow fares.

Yet the child shall age as the mother aged
And her best, in her time, shall give :
By her outward-bound shall the old house stand,
By her lost shall the old home live !

Arthur Stringer.

ON THE HOUSETOP.*

BY ROBERT BARR, ATUHOR OF "IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS," ETC., ETC.

GILBERT STRONG awoke suddenly. Something was wrong, of that he was certain; but what the something was, he had but the vaguest idea. His flat was on the seventeenth floor of the tall Zenith Building, near Fifth avenue, and above the seventeenth floor there was nothing but the flat roof. He liked this elevation, for the air was purer than farther below, and the comparative quiet of the situation, high above the turmoil of a New York street, soothed and comforted a literary man.

Gilbert dashed from his bedside to the window, touched the spring blind, and it flew to the ceiling. But one glance out and down was needed to tell a New Yorker what the trouble was. Tearing along the side street with alarm gong a-clang, rushed the fire engines. The lower sections of the houses on the opposite side of the thoroughfare were aglow with the reflected light of a conflagration just begun, and grim apprehensions thrilled the scantily clad frame of young Strong as he realized that the fire was in the first stories of the tall edifice he occupied.

He was paying an exorbitant rent because the Zenith apartment house was fireproof, but somehow this remembrance brought little consolation to him at the moment he stood by the window. "Fireproof" is an elastic term, and to the average New Yorker it merely means that the sky-scraper so designated will occupy a few minutes longer in burning than some others that have not marble stairs, concrete floors and steel frames.

Gilbert Strong dressed himself speedily, yet with more deliberation than a man might be expected to use in similar circumstances. He was thinking, not of himself, but of another—the occupier of flat 68, his own apartment being numbered 67. He wondered if she had come home the night before. He had not heard her come in. Four things he knew regarding her: She was the most beautiful woman in the world; her name was Maud Colburn; she was an artist; and, lastly, that he had never been able to summon courage to speak to her, planning for a formal introduction, but always failing to find a proper intermediary. Diffidence melts before a fire. Gilbert Strong strode down the hall, and struck his fist lustily against the panels of No. 68.

"Who is that?"

"Miss Colburn, come out as quickly as you can, the house is on fire. I am your neighbour, Gilbert Strong."

There was a shuddering cry from within, then silence. Strong walked to the elevator, and, from futile habit, rang the electric bell. He heard the jingling far below. Some thought came to him of kicking in the door of the elevator, and pulling the wire rope to bring up the car; but through the glass he saw the shaft thick with smoke, and he knew that a breach at the top would but make a roaring furnace of this smoky funnel, while the chances of getting down in the car, even if it came up, were exceedingly remote. As yet the upper hall in which he stood was almost smokeless, although a strong smell of burning pine was in the air.

The door of 68 opened and Miss Colburn came out, arrayed with admirable disorder, a loose dressing-gown of fascinating colour and make around her, the abundant black tresses profuse over her shoulders. He had always seen her in fashionable garb, and thought her the most superb woman of her time; but now she seemed adorable, her beauty heightened by the augment-

*Copyright, 1900, by Robert Barr.

ed roses in her cheek, and the appealing glance of fear in her dark eyes.

"Oh, you are not gone!"

"I was waiting for you."

"That is kind of you. We are not in danger, are we? The electric lights are still burning in the hall."

"Yes, that is a good sign. No, we are in no danger; but we may have to go down the fire escape to the street."

"But there are no fire escapes on this building. They said it was fireproof."

"They will say anything in New York. I was meaning the wheeled escapes of the fire department, and we must go down some stories yet before we come within their range. Come."

A red lamp indicated the stair. They walked down the marble steps together. Strong noticed that the doors of the flats they passed on the landings were open; a silence as of long desertion hung about the empty rooms and halls. The fire had made further progress than he had surmised at first; perhaps the two occupants of the top floor had been forgotten in the general alarm; and if this were the case, their situation was more serious than he cared to admit even to himself. Two or three flights down the choking smoke began to meet them, growing thicker as they descended. Silently he offered his arm, and she took it gasping.

"I am—I am a coward," she faltered. "I have always had a fear of heights, and yet—and yet I took that flat. I thought this house was fireproof. Let us get down, down, down, and quickly. If one has to fall, the distance will be less."

He smiled grimly. All they could accomplish in descent would make little difference.

"You must not be afraid. Don't speak, please, and breathe through your nose. Better hold your sleeve against your face, and breathe through that if you can."

But even as he spoke he saw that their endeavour was hopeless. The girl leaned more and more heavily against him, then with a moan sank helpless at his feet. He lifted her, passed down the hall to a window and threw it open. The cool air revived her, but a glance through the open window sent her swooning to the floor. They had not yet come down to the level of the opposite roof that covered a ten-story building. Leaving her where she lay, Gilbert went down the hall and opened the window at the other end, the wind blowing through almost clearing the passage of smoke. When he returned she was sitting with her brow pressed against the sill.

"Leave me," she moaned, "and save yourself—if you can."

"You don't mind being left alone?"

"Oh, no." Her face sank in her open hands.

"Then you see you are not a coward after all. My courage would fail if you left me. Give me your hand and spring to your feet. In spite of the open window this smoke is becoming stifling. We must make for the roof."

"The roof? No, no."

"Life is impossible here. Come, or I'll carry you."

She went with him, protesting.

"The roof will be worse at the last."

"It can not be any worse, and the air will be breathable."

He assisted her, and there was need of it. The electric lights had gone out, and the stairways were thick with smoke. In the darkness he groped for the ladder that led to the hatchway, ascended, leaving her clinging to the foot of the ladder; he flung up the trap-door and caught a glimpse of the soothing starlit sky, whose existence he had forgotten as he fought his way from that murky pit.

"Can you climb the ladder?"

"I think so, if you help me a little."

He reached down a hand, and at last lifted her through the square opening and closed the trap-door. Once on the flat roof she swayed slightly, and covered her eyes with her hands as if to shut out any realization of the dizzy height at which she stood. They seemed to be on a square gravel-covered island far above the earth and un-

connected with it, or on a very material cloud floating close under the sky. Miss Colburn was the first to speak.

"How sweet the air is. It is like life. I never seem to have appreciated the pleasure of mere breathing or mere living before. How long—when will the fire—how short a time have we?"

"I hope our days will be long in the land, Miss Colburn. The fire may be put out; they may shoot a rope over this roof; there are a hundred things between us and disaster. I count strongly on the ingenuity of the fire department, and on the bravery of the men. No soldier faces peril more unflinchingly than a fireman."

The girl came closer to him, something almost like a smile softening the lines that fear had drawn about her lips.

"You are saying that to comfort me. I had a glimpse of your face by the open window down below, and saw that all hope had left you. You know there is no chance for us."

"You are entirely mistaken, Miss Colburn. There are many chances in our favour."

"Then why have you made no attempt to let those in the street know we are here on the roof? How can the fire department do anything for us if it thinks every tenant has escaped?"

"By Jove, you are right. I hadn't thought of that. It isn't despair, it is merely a man's stupidity."

Gilbert walked to the parapet, leaned over and shouted. The air shuddered with the incessant palpitation of the fire engines. He saw standpipes, which he knew to be tall, pouring floods through the shattered windows of the fifth or sixth stories, yet from his height the streams seemed to be on a level of those shot from the pavement. Now and then the shrill whistle of an engine calling for coal pierced the throbbing air. The streets were crawling with human black beetles, inefficiently kept within bounds by the police. How familiar the scene seemed, yet Strong had never witnessed it from this point of view, animated by vivid personal interest. These men so far below were battling for his life, and for the life of another. He turned back from the parapet and saw her standing where he had left her; the fear she had confessed of dizzy heights returned to her wide-open eyes.

"You cannot make them hear?"

"Some one may have heard me, and the word will quickly spread that we are on the roof."

"Then they will shoot the rope over the house top?"

"They will do something of that I am assured."

"Will the something effect our rescue?"

"Such is my hope. Of course, I mentioned that merely as a guess. They understand fighting a fire and I don't. I can not tell the exact method they will adopt. Your door is open: may I go down and bring you up a wrap?"

"Oh, no, no. I am really warmly clad. It is awful to think of any one going down into that stifling pit."

"Then let us walk under the stars for a while."

He took her unresisting hand and placed it under his arm. They walked along the flat gravel roof as if they were old friends, she shrinking a little when they approached the parapet, whereon he turned, remembering her formerly expressed fear.

"It is so humiliating to be a coward," she said, seeing he had noticed her shudder.

"You do yourself scant justice," he replied. "I think you a very brave woman."

"That is delusion on your part. You are actually brave, and so I may appear a pale reflection of courage, if I am even that. You are brave, and I am pretending to be. How did you know my name was Colburn?"

"It is engraved on a brass plate on your door."

The girl laughed lightly.

"So it is. I had forgotten. A lady friend of mine presented it to me when I took that flat, and so it has remained where she put it. There is no name on your door."

"No. May I introduce myself? I am called—"

"You are Gilbert Strong, whose latest book all America is reading. Such a success must be very gratifying."

"It was yesterday."

"Ah, you speak in the past tense. There is more truth in your 'was' than in your optimistic remarks about our rescue. Then I was right—all hope has fled."

"Quite the contrary. Hope is newly awakened."

"Why, what has happened?"

"I am talking with you."

"I know. But what has that to do with the fire?"

"To tell the truth, I was not thinking of the fire."

"I do not understand you. Of what, then, were you thinking?"

"Of the pleasures of hope, to use an old literary title. And now that books are our subject, may I ask what will seem a conceited question: Have you read my last?"

"Your latest, you mean. Yes; and I have wanted to speak with you about its title. Why did you call it "Inspiration?" I suppose I am very dull, but I could find little connection between the name and the story."

"Well, one critic said it was because I had so much self-esteem that I thought myself inspired; another that I supposed it was a catchy name; and a third that it cost less to advertise a book whose title was a single word than one designated by a phrase."

"Yes, but what was the real reason?"

"The first man was right."

"What? That you thought yourself inspired?"

"I was inspired."

"Oh!"

"Are you very much shocked? It is the truth, and I wanted to tell you about it if I thought the recital would not tire you. May I?"

"I'll tell you when I'm tired. Go on."

"Thank you. Well, to understand the situation, you should have read one or more of my other books; but they are volumes nobody bought. The first five books were deserved failures, because I could not depict a woman. With the men I was reasonably successful, but the women were simply sticks."

"Oh, I don't agree with you, Mr. Strong. You are now going to the other extreme, and self-depreciation is almost as bad as self-conceit. Your women were always charming—a little too good, if anything."

"You mean too goody-goody; in truth, they were not alive at all. They were not fixed in my own mind, and naturally I could not write convincingly of them so that they might remain for a moment in the reader's recollection. Why, in one of my books the heroine has black hair in the first chapters, and is a blonde toward the end of the volume!"

"Oh, that is quite true to life," said Maud with a laugh.

"Not with the kind of girl I was trying to picture," replied Strong, joining in the merriment of his companion. "However, that girl does not matter; she was a mere phantom, like all her sisters. But one day I saw a real woman. I tremble now to think how near I came to taking a car, for then I would have missed her. But I walked, and so I met her."

"How delightful! In prosy old New York, too, I suppose?"

"On Brooklyn bridge."

"Oh, worse and worse. What a spot for so enchanting a meeting."

"What! Don't you like Brooklyn bridge? To me it is—?"

"Oh, I dare say. Please go on with your story. You are at a most interesting point."

"But I can't have you do injustice to my favourite structure. Just pause a moment and look at that bridge. See how it hangs against the dark sky, a very necklace of pearls. Could anything be more beautiful?"

From their great elevation the immense bridge was plainly outlined with points of light. The girl withdrew her hand from his arm, and stood a step farther from him, while he with great enthusiasm and no little eloquence

dilated on the beauty of the picture.

"Oh, yes, it is all very well in its way," she said carelessly. "Nevertheless, they are not pearls to me, but sputtering globules of electric light, the most blatant of illuminants. If you want electricity, look at the Jersey shore. There are miles of electric lights."

The young man was disturbed by the lack of sympathy with his mood that had so suddenly come into her tone, and his attitude showed his bewilderment. She laughed, but without much merriment.

"How horrid I am," she said, taking his arm again. "I am like the little girl who had the curl on her forehead, with the exception of the very good part. I'll admit that Brooklyn bridge is the ideal place for a lover's meeting. I suppose you come up here all alone on dark nights just to pay your distant devotion to that loop of lights?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then, as I seem to know so much more about women than you, let me give you some advice. Present your adoration to the girl, and forget about the bridge. It will be much more to the purpose."

"I believe you are right. I'll follow that advice."

"Then, so far, you have not adored her?"

"Oh, yes, silently."

"Ah, that doesn't count. Well, tell me about her. Don't you see I'm dying of curiosity? You take so long in getting on with your story, introducing unnecessary bridges, and all that. Have you met her?"

"Oh, yes."

"And talked with her, of course?"

"Certainly."

"Did her conversation at all equal her good looks?"

"Good looks? There are hundreds of good-looking girls; New York is full of them. This lady is superb. There is no one to be compared with her."

"Really! As a general thing these superb creatures are tiresome when they begin to speak. I'm glad your Lady Superba is an exception. She must be a paragon. I suppose, then, she is the inspiration—she is the Denora of your story!"

"She is both the inspiration and the heroine."

"How charming! Did she help you with the actual writing of the book, or was she only the model?"

"I don't like your word 'only.' Were it not for her the book would never have been written. You see, her presence was so strongly stamped upon my memory that when I wrote she was before me—almost as if actually there. All I had to do was to put that woman in my book, and success was mine. Although the public has praised the so-called creation, I alone know how far it has fallen short of the reality. But I did my best, hoping not for their approval, but for hers."

"And did you get it?"

"I am not sure that I did."

"Have you asked her about it?"

"We have discussed the book together. At first I thought she liked it, but afterwards I began to have doubts."

"Probably the poor girl has no opinion one way or the other; she wants to say what will please you, but is uncertain of her ground. I know of no situation more embarrassing. You literary people are so sensitive that misplaced praise is almost as disastrous as blame."

"Do you know many literary people?"

"I know one novelist. Is the Lady Superba aware that she is the heroine of your book?"

"I think not."

"Then she can't be very clever. Still, I am doubtless doing her an injustice. She probably knows all about it, and plumes herself greatly on the fact to all her friends except you. Nevertheless, I should like very much to meet her. Will you introduce me?"

"I should be delighted, but I fear you would not do her justice."

"Oh, yes, I would. My estimate would probably be much nearer the

truth than yours. We women are said to be severe critics of each other. In reality we are true critics, which a cynical person might say was the same thing. Have I said anything which makes you think I should be unfair in my judgment of her?"

"Yes, you have."

"Oh, well, I was talking carelessly. Besides, it is all your fault in being so exasperatingly slow in your telling of a story. Even now you haven't finished your story. You met her on Brooklyn bridge. What then? Did she take any notice of you?"

"Not the slightest. I doubt if she saw me; she was looking straight ahead."

"Yes, that was the fashion two years ago. What next?"

"I forgot instantly what was taking me over to Brooklyn; I turned and followed her."

"Oh, never!"

"I had to. Do you think I was going to run the risk of losing her now that I had found her? I determined to learn where she lived. I succeeded."

"And then arranged an introduction—or was an introduction necessary? Perhaps you simply called on her and said, 'I am Mr. Gilbert Strong.'"

"Well, really, Miss Colburn, you are nearer the truth than you imagine."

"Ah, if that is the case, I don't think much of your Lady Superba."

"That is not the worst you have said of her."

"Oh, what I said before was merely by way of a joke, or rather with the purpose of bantering you. You were so much in earnest. What did I say that offended you?"

"You called her a coward."

"What!"

"Down by the open window you called my Lady Superba a coward. I said and say she is the bravest woman in the world."

Maud Colburn stepped back a pace or two, and stood with clasped hands and bent head, her eyes on the gravelled floor at her feet. He could see her face plainly now—pale at first, then slowly flushing. Her mind, he surmised, was retreading the steps of their conversation, adjusting sequel to precedence. When she looked up her brow was glorified by the salutation of the coming day.

"How beautiful is the dawn," she whispered

He glanced over his shoulder, and saw the widening band of light along the eastern horizon.

"Yes," he said; "but more beautiful is the Goddess of the Dawn."

"It was I, then, whom you met on the bridge?"

"Yes."

"How incredible it seems that I should not have seen you!"

"It was the fashion then to look straight ahead, you remember."

"Ah, I am afraid I did not see very far ahead that day."

"I did. I saw you and me standing together somewhere alone. I heard myself say, 'My lady, I love you;' but there prophetic instinct deserted me, and I could not hear your answer."

"The answer! I fear no prophet was needed to foretell the answer."

He took her willing hands and drew her to him, his kiss lightly touching brow and cheek.

Suddenly she pushed him from her, starting back. The trap-door was rising and a wet helmet had appeared, angering the young man with its unnecessary intrusion.

"You're all right," said the man in the helmet. "The fire is out."

"What—what fire?" stammered Gilbert Strong.

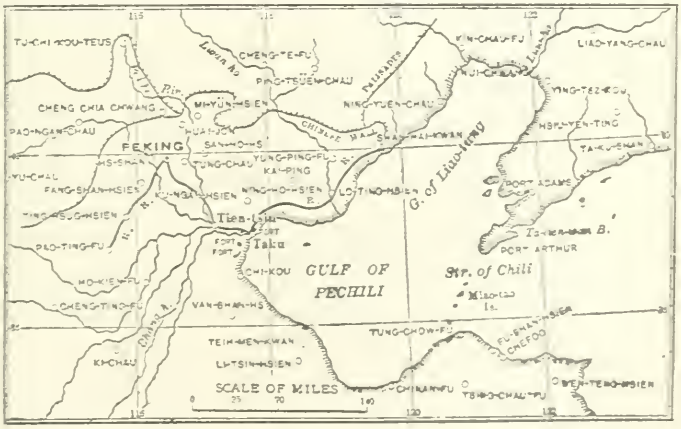
Current Events Abroad

by W. Sanford Evans

WHAT is not unlikely to prove the most important event of the century is occurring in its closing year —the awakening of China. If we could say positively that the huge mass of China is at last thoroughly aroused, we need have no hesitation in thus characterizing it. But we know nothing positively, except the incidents of Admiral Seymour's abortive attempt to reach Pekin, the bombardment of the Taku forts, and some details of the fighting around Tien Tsin. The appalling tragedy of the massacre of the Europeans in Pekin is assumed, upon what are unfortunately only too strong grounds. On some of the matters affecting foreigners, we thus have information or ground for belief; but on the situation as it affects the Chinese themselves, we are in almost entire ignorance. Are they by this time united under one strong leader; are there faction fights in progress; has the old feud between Manchus and Chinese separated the people into two camps; or has the hostility to the foreigner united both Manchus and Chinese in a common cause? If we could answer all these questions it might be possible to estimate the immediate importance of this awakening of China. If the new energy throws itself into military activity, the resources of all the great powers may be taxed to subdue it. If the military activity is only temporary, and the energy goes, as in Japan, into general development, the present status of commercial and industrial life will be disturbed; for if China once adopts modern methods and modern enterprise, all other nations must readjust themselves to the new conditions. In any case the shaking of the easy confidence with which the great powers were dividing up the world, and the forcing them into co-operation for common defence, will have important effects in international politics.

* *

The European nations talk of vengeance. There is something ominous in this cry. It shows the gulf between the yellow race and the white. Yet the powers have themselves to blame. They thought, after Japan's easy victory, that China was without spirit; but they did not allow for the new stimulus afforded by the sting of defeat and by the humiliation inflicted by the western nations in their rush for territory and concessions. They forgot that the Chinese were human beings and subject to the permanent forces that make history. They took the risks deliberately. They knew that



MAP SHOWING PEKIN, TIEN-TSIN, PORT ARTHUR (RUSSIAN), AND OTHER PLACES IN THE DISTURBED DISTRICT.



AGUINALDO: "Keep it up, Oom; he's getting into another row and in a few minutes we'll be forgotten."—*The Chicago News.*

the Chinese would indulge in wholesale massacre if they ever took the field, yet they provided no adequate means of safe-guarding their representatives in Pekin. If these representatives could not read the signs of the times, they were unfit for their posts. If they did, as is most probable, and sent in due warnings, there must be uneasy consciences to-day in the Chancelleries of Europe. Lord Charles Beresford was in China only a few weeks, and yet he called attention, in his book, to "the terrible prospect of a civil revolution extending over an area as large as Europe, amongst four hundred millions of people, upon which catastrophe the thin line of European civilization on the coast, and a few ships of war, would have little or no effect." Now the nations are put to it to restore in some measure their prestige in the Far East, and perhaps even to check, before it gets beyond control, a power that may conceive the idea of overrunning the world. The invasion of Russian territory on the north may be the beginning. It must be remembered, too, that Japan is the natural ally of China, and is not bound to the western nations by anything except temporary interest. It is in humility and all seriousness, and not with boastfulness or mere bloodthirstiness, that the western nations should gird themselves for the work before them.

* *

Of course, the Allies can reach Pekin. If they continue to think the object is worth the cost, and if they hold together, they can march through China from end to end. Whether this could be accomplished with comparative ease, or whether it would call for all the resources of Europe and America, depends entirely upon the degree to which the Chinese are aroused. They can manufacture guns and ammunition, and they have millions of men to use them. They can afford, too, to learn strategy and tactics by repeated failures. In the engagements that have already taken place they have surprised the world with their military efficiency and their straight shooting. This is a formidable beginning. And the problem will not be solved by a march to Pekin. China is an altogether different power to-day from what she was when Japan attacked her. It was then a Government matter and the people were not stirred. The possibilities here conjured up may be extreme and too pessimistic, but they are still possibilities. Of all the Allies, Russia stands to gain most or suffer most. Her territory has been invaded. This will be her pretext for massing a great army in Siberia, and sweeping down, if she can, upon all northern China. If she succeeds, she will remain. If she fails, she may have before her years of fighting to maintain the boundaries of Siberia. Japan would not be displeased to see her checked. At present all must be speculation; but the developments as they occur will be watched with anxious interest.

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The two most prominent Englishmen in Pekin were Sir Claude M. Macdonald, K.C.M.G., the British Minister, and Sir Robert Hart, the

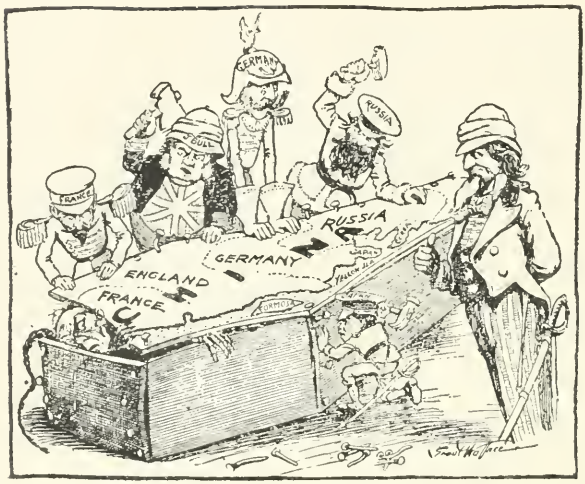
Director of Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs. For details of their fate, and that of the whole fifteen hundred or more foreigners at the capital, the world is waiting in shuddering anxiety. Sir Claude Macdonald's rise in the diplomatic service was rapid, for he was not yet fifty. Born in 1852, and educated for a military career, he entered the 74th Highlanders in 1872 and served through the Egyptian campaign of 1882-4, attaining the rank of major. In 1887 he was sent to Zanzibar as Agent and Consul-General. His services at this post showed him to be a man of exceptional capacity. In 1889 he was sent on a special mission to the Niger, and was next appointed Commissioner and Consul-General of the Oil Rivers Protectorate on the West Coast of Africa. Here again he was eminently successful and was considered competent to fill one of the most difficult and responsible positions in the whole diplomatic service, that of H.M. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Pekin. Here he had to contend not only with the wiles of the Chinese Court, but with the intrigues of the other foreign representatives in the greatest game of modern times. It is high praise to say that he so managed British interests as to preserve the confidence of the British Government and people.

Sir Robert Hart was the best informed and most influential foreigner in the Far East. He regarded the Chinese Customs Service, which he entered in 1859, as his great life-work, and refused the position of British Minister which was offered him. By his great ability and devotion to duty he was one of the chief forces making for order in China. His work was appreciated, too, and there is nothing improbable in the story that some influential Chinese would have aided him in escaping at the end, but that he chose to remain with those whose case was desperate and use his influence on their behalf and share their fate. His message to his wife in England, to prepare to hear the worst, was the last authentic message from Pekin.

In South Africa another period of re-arrangement and preparation followed the capture of Pretoria and the forcing of Laing's Nek. During this time General Hunter's and General Baden-Powell's forces marched across from the west; General Buller cleared his line of communication with Pretoria; and as many divisions as could be spared were set to work to round up the enemy's forces that had been dangerously active in the northeastern part of the Orange River Colony. Many very sharp engagements have occurred and the progress of the British has seemed slow. The amount of attention given to the Boers under de Wet, south of the Vaal, left General Botha some freedom to dispose his forces on the north and east of the British and strike some blows. At Nitral's Nek his men again succeeded in surprising a British post, and capturing men and guns. The Canadians have been engaged in several localities, and have suffered not a few casualties.



SIR CLAUDE M. MACDONALD,
THE BRITISH DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVE AT PEKIN.



THE REAL "BOXERS."
—*The San Francisco Chronicle.*

The dogged determination of the Boers is remarkable. The sphere of hostilities has been materially narrowed during the month, and the Boer cause is clearly more helpless than ever; but the end is not yet.

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain have laid down the future policy for South Africa to be the incorporation of all the territory in the Empire, and the spirit to be that of conciliation. The carrying out of this policy has been entrusted to two very able men. Sir Alfred Milner, who is now both British Commissioner in South Africa and Governor of Cape Colony, will retain the former office only, and will devote his time to the larger aspects of the question of settlement. The Governorship of Cape Colony has been accepted by Sir George Taubman Goldie, who is one of the most capable and most honourable administrators England possesses. His experience has been gained and his reputation earned, not in official connection with the British Government, but as managing head of the Royal Niger Company, which consolidated and developed a vast tract in Africa, and by this means secured it to the British Crown. When the control of the territory was taken over by the British Parliament a year or two ago, unqualified praise was bestowed upon the Company and its head for its unspotted record. The task before these men is one of great difficulty.

South African papers to hand give a much better idea of the state of public feeling than can be gathered from short press despatches. It is evident that both British and Dutch in Cape Colony are extreme in their feeling, and in the expression of it. The colonists of Dutch descent, while professing their constant loyalty to the British Crown, are most outspoken in their condemnation of what they call the scheming methods of the Colonial Office, and are bitterly opposed to the annexation of the two Republics, whose independence they hold should not be destroyed. The English colonists, on their part, are not disposed to moderation. They most emphatically endorse the annexation of the Republics, and demand various forms of punishment for those guilty of taking up arms. In April last Vigilance Committees were formed among the English colonists in all parts of the country, and upon the same day they called public meetings all over the Colony, and presented resolutions endorsing Lord Salisbury's recently announced policy. The answer to this on the part of the Afrikanders was a great public gathering at the end of May, called The People's Congress. The speeches were in most cases intemperate, and if the applause which greeted them shows that they fairly represent the attitude of the Afrikanders, who are the majority of the colonists, then reconciliation is still far off.

In the United States the issues have now been drawn, upon which the two parties will appeal for the support of the people in the elections in November.

The Republicans adopted their platform at the Philadelphia Convention on June 21st, and the Democrats theirs at Kansas City on July 5th. The Republicans congratulate the country upon its remarkable prosperity, and upon the high standing of its credit, which they claim to be chiefly due to Republican administration. The Spanish-American war is defended in glowing terms, and the course of events in the Philippines is defended. The whole administration of President McKinley is endorsed. They renew their allegiance to the principle of the gold standard, and declare their steadfast opposition to the free and unlimited coinage of silver. In a vaguely-worded clause they seem to favour legislation against trusts and other combines and conspiracies to restrict business. They renew their "faith in the policy of protection to American labour," that is, to the general policy of protection of industries. They favour a more effective restriction of the immigration of cheap labour from foreign lands, and legislation tending to improve the condition of the labouring class. The hope is held out that war taxes will be reduced on account of the excellent results of the amended Dingley Act. The construction, ownership, control and protection, by the Government, of an Isthmian canal is declared for. They commend President McKinley's conduct of all external and internal affairs, especially mentioning the part taken with reference to the war in South Africa; and they assert their "steadfast adherence to the policy announced in the Monroe doctrine." President McKinley was nominated as candidate for the Presidency and Theodore Roosevelt for the Vice-Presidency.

The Democratic platform does not contain so many clauses. Anti-Imperialism and free silver are the two chief features of the Democratic policy. There is no sparing of words in condemning the Republican administration for its actions in the Philippines and in Porto Rico. They pledge the Democratic party to "unceasing warfare in nation, state and city against private monopoly in every form." On the financial question they endorse the Chicago platform of 1896, and reiterate the demand for an "American financial system, made by the American people themselves, which shall restore and maintain a bi-metallic price level, and as part of such system the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent of any other nation." They favour the construction of the Isthmian canal, and charge that the Republicans were insincere in their canal plank, because they failed to pass necessary legislation. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty is condemned, and sympathy is formally extended to the Boers. William J. Bryan and Adlai E. Stevenson were the candidates chosen. Had the Democrats left out the free silver plank, the election would have proved of the utmost interest, since the American people would then have been called upon to choose between Imperalism and Anti-Imperialism. It is hard to believe, however, that they will give a majority in favour of free silver, and it would seem as if the Republicans were likely to win upon their gold standard plank, quite as much as, if not more than, upon their Imperialisn.



LORD SALISBURY ON THE MISSIONARY.

"My Christian friend, you are undoubtedly a good man—but you're a horrid nuisance to us. This Boxer trouble is all your fault."

—*Westminster Gazette.*

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

OVER one hundred years ago Great Britain refused parliamentary representation to her North American Colonies and as a consequence thirteen of them revolted and set up an empire of their own. In 1831 the British House of Commons voted down a motion to give Canada three representatives, India four and Australia one. The people of Great Britain have fought steadily ever since against admitting colonial representatives to the House of Commons. They are afraid that the colonies have not the necessary wisdom.

Canada's attitude is more doubtful. It is questionable if Canada would accept the privilege of sending representatives to Westminster if it were offered. Sir Charles Tupper is against it, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not favourable to it. These two represent the older men in the two political parties. The younger men of the country, both French and English, view with considerable distrust a possible parliamentary representation in London which would bind Canada to share in the perils as well as the glories of the British Empire.

Under these circumstances the discussion of "parliamentary representation in the Councils of the Empire" is meet work for theorists and faddists. Other representation, such as on an Imperial Board of Trade, or on a Colonial Consultative or Advisory body, being less binding, would be more welcome and perhaps more beneficial.

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Then there is the other side. Over in the United States they have formed a National Continental Union League, and it has held its first quarterly meeting. When it is mentioned that one of the chief organizers of this association is Mr. F. W. Glen of "Annexation" fame, the character and objects of this new association are pretty fully set forth. The Newark (N.J.) *News* is right when it admits that there is "a smack of impertinence in this sort of thing." And then the *News* adds:

"Canada can be safely left to the operation of those natural causes, which are as inexorable as the flow of a glacier or the swing of the tides. The time will come when our good neighbour will be willing to change her allegiance without urging or argument by importunate Yankees. And Great Britain will be just as willing to have her put on a new livery. There is but little in the Canadian dependency, nominal at best, which our cousins over sea couldn't just as well spare, and save good solid cash by it with no loss of prestige. Many of the wisest Englishmen foresee the time and are quite willing to have it materialize when the fruit is ripe to drop into our lap."

It is rather interesting to have this estimable United States journal point out our "inexorable" destiny, even if the same statement has already been made by one of our own citizens of considerable reputation and standing. Yet Canada is standing face to face with this "inexorable" destiny and exhibiting more complacency than fear. When the Empire sees fit to pay us off, or when we get weary of doing out-post duty for those who sleep comfortably in the central camp, it is hardly likely that we shall assume any further onerous duties of a similar character. Separation from Great Britain does not necessarily imply a union with a new power. It is quite possible that the raw recruit might decide to fight under his own officers and generals.

⁂

Lieutenant-Governor McInnes, of British Columbia, has been struggling for some time with a peculiar state of political affairs. As he failed at a general election to get support for his advisers, he has been dismissed by the Ottawa Government. He is succeeded by Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, Minister of Inland Revenue in the Laurier cabinet. The vacancy at Ottawa has been filled by the appointment of M. E. Bernier, M.P. for St. Hyacinthe, to the head of the Inland Revenue De-

partment. The Hon. Mr. Bernier is a successful business man, and a member of Parliament who is not given to loquaciousness—two strong points in his favour.

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The day of the railway subsidy has not yet passed. The Dominion Parliament has granted three millions and a half dollars more in this form. Commenting on this the Montreal *Gazette* says :

"The idea suggested by the Government's latest demand for railway subsidies is that the grants are meant for individuals and not the country. The list is most extraordinary. Large sums are given to works begun and completed under former subsidy arrangements. Heavily subsidized projects which have killed opposition schemes that sought no public aid are given more. Grants are made to projects through territory already well served and marked by abandoned tracks that other companies had been bonused to construct. Money is offered to schemes competing with roads subsidized on the ground that otherwise they could not be built. Roads on paper running from nowhere to nowhere are in the list by the dozen. There has been nothing like it since the Mercier splurge in Quebec, which added ten millions to the Province's debt and is yet a burden on the treasury. With the subsidies of last session added, ten millions will barely represent the liabilities created in two years. There is only one good that can come out of the thing. It may help to awaken the public mind to the evil of the overdone railway subsidy system and so help to bring about its end."

※

Speaking of bonuses to railways, Alderman Barclay, of Winnipeg, estimates that the C.P.R. has cost Winnipeg $1,250,000. This came out during the agitation in that city for legislation to enable it to impose frontage and school taxes on the company. His details are as follows : "Exemption from taxation has cost the city $251,000 odd ; there was a bonus of $200,000 given the company 20 years ago, and the interest on this amount to date, aggregates an additional $216,000 ; then there are the Louise bridge debentures, $204,000, with interest to date $240,000 more, and the caretaking and upkeeping of this bridge which averages $3,600 to $3,700 per annum, while the rental from the C.P.R. is only $1,200 per annum, showing a net loss to the city of about $2,500 per annum ; also the overhead bridge, which cost the city $36,000 two or three years ago ; and then there are the lands given to the company, and the streets closed for them for their station, which at a low estimate of valuation will not amount to less than $40,000, and of course, the regular annual interest on debentures during their running term."

※

Apropos of remarks last month on the fanaticism of Canadian prohibitionists, it is interesting to notice that the Temperance party in Great Britain is pursuing gradual reform. They have just entered a Bill in the House of Commons to prevent the sale of liquor in public houses to boys under sixteen. Such a move would prevent the beer-drinker from sending his boys to purchase his beer. It was a good and proper Bill, and was supported by a petition bearing the names of two hundred members of the House. That the Government refused to allow it to go through this session was unfortunate.

※

There has been a great debate in the House over the emergency ration which the Department of Militia and Defence bought and sent to South Africa. A committee had been appointed to see whether the country had received value for the four thousand odd dollars invested in these little emergency cans. The committee was composed of four Liberals and three Conservatives. The four Liberals brought in a report absolving the Government from blame, and the three Conservatives submitted a minority report censuring the Department. The double-headed decision of the committee was an indication of the exhibition of partizanship which was to follow the presentation of the reports in the House. The debate on the reports was what one might expect under such circumstances, with, here and there, a little cool-headed criticism from the independents in the House—who are all Liberals, by the way.

Speeches were made and votes were taken. The event might have been described beforehand by one acquainted with the way in which such arguments are carried on. The only tangible result was to show that the Liberal Party in the House of Commons possesses a few members who have the courage of their convictions, and are willing that their votes should indicate this so long as the fate of the Government is not an immediate issue. The Liberal Party is to be congratulated on possessing ten men whose votes are not of the "slavish" character. Ten good men and true would have saved Sodom and Gomorrah.

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The Dominion House was prorogued on July 18th. The chief measures of the session were: some amendments to the Bank Act, which it is thought will strengthen the system which has given to Canada a world-wide reputation for strong banks and an elastic and stable currency; the increase from 25 to 33 1-3 per cent. of the preference given in import duties on goods coming from the United Kingdom and the other colonies; the legislation which in company with Imperial legislation will permit trustees in Great Britain to invest in certain Canadian stocks; and the Conciliation Act, which aims to prevent labour disputes, and establishes a labour bureau and a labour journal.

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The agitation for Provincial autonomy is proceeding steadily in the Territories. Senator Perley, in a recent letter to the newspapers, declares himself opposed to four new Provinces. He believes that Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca have interests in common, and could well be governed by one legislature. Ontario covers a wide area, and different districts have unlike interests, yet no one suggests that Ontario is unwieldy as a Province. One strong Provincial Government would be better than two weak ones. The cost of one government and one legislature would be much less than the cost of two or more. Territories are an anomaly, and the substitution of one Province for these four districts would be a distinct gain from the standpoint of a simple geographical nomenclature and from a simple national structure. A strong Provincial Government would help very much in the development and settlement of these newer portions of our Dominion.

John A. Cooper.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE field for the art journal seems to be broadening. Since the steel and wood engravers have been displaced by the photographer and the process engraver, the possibility of illustrated art journals has been patent. No one can examine the June and July *Studio* (Covent Garden, London) without being thankful that the science of the day is in the end likely to materially develop the artistic sense of the peoples. *The Studio* is a magazine for the people just as much as a class journal for the artists.

Brush and Pencil (McClurg Building, Chicago) is less popular and not quite so able a journal as *The Studio*, but it is certainly a creditable publication. Nor does it take notice of Canadian art and artists as does *The Studio*.

The *Keramic Studio*, which has just successfully completed its first year, is devoted to porcelains and potteries and the lovers thereof. That such a paper can be published in a small city like Syracuse (N.Y.) and still find readers everywhere, even at a higher price than *The Studio* or *Brush and Pencil*, is a proof of the growing interest in that which is termed "artistic."

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The person interested in the antiquarian side of books will find a great

deal to interest him in the spring *Book-Lover* (1203 Market Street, San Francisco).

Emile Zola's "Fruitfulness" has been translated by Vizetelly (Toronto: Langton & Hall). That it did not find a Canadian publishing house of long standing to take the Canadian rights, shows that it is not a book which can be generally recommended to the public. Nevertheless it is interesting to those whose social-economic studies have prepared them for a picture of the loose family ties which are characteristic of many of the ambitious French families. It is really a plea for maternity.

The Ontario Historical Society has published its second volume of "Papers and Records." This contains "The United Empire Loyalist Settlement at Long Point, Lake Erie," by L. H. Tasker, M.A. It is an interesting piece of work, but somewhat lacking in accuracy.

Mr. G. U. Hay, of St. John, N.B., has reached No. 10 in his series of ten-cent historical pamphlets. This issue contains: "History of Fruit Culture in Canada" by George Johnson; "Before the Loyalists," by James Hannay; "Father Le Clerq's Voyage in 1677 from Nepisiguit to Miramichi," by Dr. W. F. Ganong, and "Notes on Madawaska," by Rev. W. O. Raymond. The series contains many valuable articles, throwing strong sidelights on Canadian history.

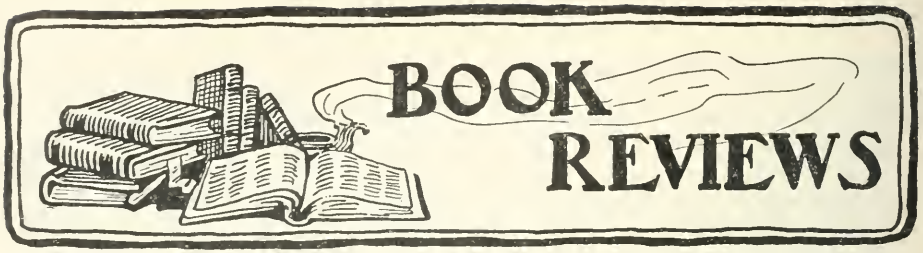
Recent pamphlets include: "Check List of the Birds of Ontario," by C. W. Nash, Department of Education, Toronto; "The Colonial Expansion of France," by Professor Jean C. Bracq, Judd and Detweiler, Washington; "An Address" on the industrial revolution of northern Ontario, by Francis H. Clergue, Board of Trade, Toronto; "The Short Line Railway from Toronto to Georgian Bay," Board of Trade, Toronto; "On the Need of an Art Museum in Toronto," Ontario Society of Artists; "Total Eclipse of the Sun," from the transactions of the Astronomical and Physical Society, Toronto; "Secondary Education in Ontario," by W. J. Robertson, B.A., LL.B., of St. Catharines, author's edition; "Ad Multos Aunos," a tribute to Sir Charles Tupper, by Henry J. Morgan, William Briggs, Toronto; "The Spirit of the North and Other Poems," by A. Evelyn Gunne, Imrie, Graham & Co., Toronto; "Canadian Forestry Association, First Annual Meeting," Government Printing Bureau, Ottawa; "Manual Training," by W. S. Ellis, Kingston, author's edition.

"North America Notes and Queries." Vol. 1., No. 1, is to hand. It is to be published monthly by Raoul Renault, Quebec, and is to be edited by E. T. D. Chambers, a well-known journalist and litterateur. The first number is very creditable.

Professor Adam Shortt continues his valuable contributions on "Canadian Currency, Banking and Exchange" in the Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association (Toronto).

Mr. W. A. Fraser has just returned from England, where he has been placing his new animal-story book. It will be issued by Scribners in New York, and C. Arthur Pearson, in London. While in England, Mr. Fraser spent a few days with Mr. Robert Barr at Waldingham, in Surrey, this being the first meeting of these two famous Canadian story writers.

"A Gentleman in Khaki," by John Oakley, is published in paper cover by the W. J. Gage Co., Toronto. This story aims to give some idea of the experiences of the British soldiers in South Africa.



CURRENT FICTION.

ONCE let the reader or the theatre-goer yield his senses to the charm of melodrama and he will read or sit on to the end. One lays down Mr. Goss's new novel* with the feeling that it is melodrama—not the cheap sort, to split the ears of the groundlings, but at best a series of strong situations in rather lurid colours. David is a young Quaker in the Ohio valley of half a century ago, who follows a travelling quack out into the world through love of the quack's beautiful gipsy wife. He falls very low indeed. By means of fraud and crime he obtains possession of the girl. Their life is not happy, and they separate. The story of David's attempt to expiate his sin, the vain effort to obtain forgiveness of the wretched man he has wronged, and his final re-union with the gipsy is the story of his "redemption." The sinner, like his illustrious namesake of old, is treated with considerable leniency as far as this world is concerned, and his sufferings and shame convey a wholesome moral. A good deal of dramatic power is displayed in more than one portion of the book, and its author has evidently read and reflected not a little. The dash and vigour of the narrative probably account for the popularity of this novel.



STEPHEN CRANE.

*

When the death of Stephen Crane was announced a few weeks ago, the references to his qualities as a novelist nearly all united in praising "The Red Badge of Courage" as the best product of his pen. A Canadian edition of this book,* hitherto little read in this country, is one of the timely publications of the month. It has been said in order to prove the highly imaginative powers of the author, that he wrote this novel without ever having witnessed a battle. Whether that be true or not, there can be no question that for strength, vividness, and a certain kind of bold confidence "The Red Badge of Courage" is a remarkable performance for so young and inexperienced a man. A lad on the verge of manhood joins the Army of the North in the American Civil War, full of expectancy, love of adventure, and, as he supposes, courage. The ordeal of battle grows nearer, and confidence begins to ooze slowly out of his half-developed frame. He finds other doubters in the ranks. The life of the camp generates weariness, disgust, then fear. The battle comes—and the hero runs away. But this retreat is not observed and he gets an opportunity to retrieve. The detailed description of the fighting strikes the reader as very real, and the emotions of the young soldier are related with a skill little short of marvellous.

*

The note of delicacy in Mr. James Lane Allen's writing is as conspicuous as the finish which generally characterizes his style. If his new book† is not so striking in either of these respects as its predecessors, it is not lacking in

*The Redemption of David Corson. By Chas. Frederic Goss. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

*The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

†The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

qualities of its own. In delineation of character, in analysis of motive, and in depicting the gradual development of the human mind, rather than in the constructing of a telling plot, are to be found this author's strong points. The basis of the present story may briefly be summarized : a youth trained in primitive beliefs and of poor parentage, finds himself outside the pale of orthodox creeds at the end of a course for the ministry. This is not a startlingly new experience either in fact or fiction, nor is the enlightened egotism of David a very impressive spectacle. But it is thrown into contrast by the character of the girl to whom he is engaged, a mystic in religion, as so many good women are. Two persons so diverse in all that goes to form the elements of happiness in these prosaic days should not marry, one would think. But these two do, and the author leaves us to imagine the result.

It is greatly to be feared that the young hopeful whom Miss Corelli has made to point a moral and adorn a tale* is, in his infancy, an idealized picture drawn by a lady who is not herself married. "Boy" in after years is exactly what we might expect from a home where the father is drunk when he is not profane, and profane when he is not drunk, and where the mother is so lazy that she only washes as a part of the debt due to society. The inherited qualities that ruined "Boy" were, in all probability, latent in him when his would-be god-mother thought him such a cooing cherub. Doubtless his education developed them more quickly. If he had remained under the good influences of sweet Miss Letty he might have escaped the tendency to lying and drink. But it is more than doubtful. It requires the most profound observation to determine in how many cases the forces of environment overcome the forces of heredity. The problem cannot be dismissed in a paragraph, and there is much in "Boy's" career, from the nursery days when he thinks his blackguard father a sick, instead of a drunken man, to his ineffectual efforts to carve out a nobler life for himself, to make parents pause.

*Boy. By Marie Corelli. Toronto : W. J. Gage & Co.

THE NATAL CAMPAIGN.*

To read Mr. Winston Churchill's narrative of experiences as a war correspondent in Natal and the Transvaal is to live over again those painful weeks when the whole British Empire thrilled in sympathy with each misfortune, blunder and tragedy that marked the path to Ladysmith. The correspondent's capture by the Boers furnished him with excellent "copy." We get inside the Boer lines. We catch the "tone" of their military spirit, their earnestness, their courage and their boastfulness. Well might this war be called the Great Misunderstanding. If the fighting lingers on at this late date it is because a section of the Boers are living up to the views which some of them poured so insultingly into the ears of the British captive as he was on his way to be herded with other brave Englishmen at Pretoria. The correspondent's escape is well told, and must make the writers of fiction despair. Mr. Churchill's sense of humour saves his narrative from an anti-climax when Durban is reached after his exciting journey. He records with equal philosophy the huzzas of the crowd, the warm congratulations of personal admirers, and the cabled message from the candid friend in London, begging him not to make "a further ass of himself." Then we are plunged into the thick of the fighting on the banks of the Tugela. The story is that of an eye-witness. In the hurry and the limited vision of a single individual—for generalize as skilfully as they may, writers for the press cannot in one glance take in the whole theatre of war—doubtless some injus-

*From London to Ladysmith via Pretoria. By Winston Spencer Churchill. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co.

tice is done to some one. It may be said, however, that Mr. Churchill generally defends the tactics of the generals. His book is early in the field, and deserves to be widely read.

ANGLO-AMERICAN DIPLOMACY, 1783–1872.

On this theme much has been written. But we do not remember to have seen before a complete record of the political relations of Great Britain and the United States cast in the narrative form. Mr. Edward Smith has composed, therefore, a volume* of considerable interest to Canadians. He understands the Canadian point of view well. He appears, luckily, to have no "object" in view: that is to say, no design of proving that on the altar of good relations with the States the sacrifice of most of our interests on this continent is desirable. We hear no word of a union of hearts, no whisper of an Anglo-Saxon alliance. There is, in short, within these pages no attempt either to excite the jingo spirit against the republic, or to prove that the "larger interests of civilization" demand the growth of a giant democracy in North America and an English peace with that democracy on any terms at any cost. As proof that Mr. Edward Smith is no jingo, there is the fact that he passes quietly over the exploits of Canada in the war of 1812-14, and that he comments with extraordinary moderation, considering the facts, upon the territorial, fisheries and other acquisitions of the States at our expense secured by means of a blustering diplomacy. That he is under no illusions as to the character of United States policy, on the other hand, and the absence of the magnanimity, mutual forbearance and generous recognition of the give-and-take basis which can alone ensure a lasting friendship between the two countries, is evident from the narrative. A Canadian would be disposed to add a good deal to the record. But Mr. Edward Smith seems not to be imbued with any strong colonial feeling. He presents himself in these pages, one infers, merely as a scholarly English gentleman who sees no harm in recording, for the benefit of those who want to know the truth, the whole story of United States diplomacy from the time when the imbecility of Oswald abandoned English rights in 1783 down to 1872, when the Alabama claims were over-paid to the extent of several millions. It is all very instructive, and really, after all, very amusing.

* England and America after Independence: a short examination of their international intercourse, 1783-1872. By Edward Smith. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.

GRANT ALLEN.

If Grant Allen was not a Canadian, in the strict sense, the associations of his family with this country, and his own birth here, entitle us to a special interest in his personality. His memoirs have just appeared.* His was a gifted and complex mind, and his character, as mirrored by Mr. Clodd, a very candid and lovable one. A boyhood spent among the Thousand Islands, where he fished, watched the habits of birds and animals, studied the flowers, and in the winter skated over the ice, seems to be his only personal link with Canada. He had, one may say, no nationality and no sympathy with Canadian aims, which, contracted as they may appear to a citizen of the world and a man of science, are real factors to six millions of people with definite material and political objects. He was asked two years ago to write a paper on the military defence of the Dominion. He recoiled with distaste from such a proposal. "I contribute gladly," he retorted, "to works designed to strengthen the bonds of amity between nations and to render war impossible, but I cannot contribute to one which aims at making peaceable Canadian citizens throw themselves into the devouring whirlpool of militarism." To be plain, Mr. Allen was a dreamer. His studies and writings as an investigator of science embodied his most practical efforts. The biography is daintily done, and the bibliography at the end is valuable.

* Grant Allen: a memoir. By Edward Clodd; with a bibliography. London: Grant Richards.

IDLE MOMENTS

A HURRIED POSTSCRIPT.

PONCE DE LEON HOTEL,
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA,
March 1, 1900.

DR. WILLIAM ———,
MELBOURNE,
AUSTRALIA.

MY dear brother,—I am going to take your advice—go out there, settle down and practice with you. Since I last wrote you I have had a year with the army at Manilla. I'm sick of it.

The fact is, Bill, I'm in love, or was, I don't know which; it's all the same.

While staying here a year ago, I met Mildred Jack. When I first saw her I thought of Thackeray's words: "Her golden hair was shining in the gold of the sun." Brown, too, saw her that day. He sees her every day. I sometimes think it's a shame a man can't see something beautiful that some one else doesn't see.

I stayed here a month after meeting her. Every day, when she wasn't driving or golfing with Brown, she was with me. Once I managed to keep Brown away all day. It would have been a great day, that, had I not been obliged to keep away myself, looking after Brown.

She wasn't like girls; different, altogether different; not the same. I was going to tell you the colour of her eyes, but I don't exactly know. I never could get a right look into them, they danced so much. But her lips were just like sister's used to be when we picked wild strawberries on the mountain side at Troy.

My time came at last. Mildred and I had had a turn in the dance hall, and, by evading her aunt, had strolled out and found an obscure seat near the fountain. Lights played upon the water, and through the palms and shrubbery filtered soft cadences of a Strauss waltz.

Could anything have been more fitting? I spoke my heart like a man.

She listened to every word.

When I had finished, she raised her eyes to mine, and with them her lips. I stooped nearer. The music seemed faint and far away. The lights on the water played in fantastic, rhythmic movement. I stooped nearer. Just as our lips—ah, I could swear it!—touched, the aunt coolly fanned herself into our presence.

Next morning, as I sat smoking, two letters were handed to me. One read:

"Your proposal of last night to become one of our family cannot possibly be entertained. I feel it my duty to request you to refrain from calling in future.

Sincerely,
MILDRED JACK."

Brown was in it; I knew he was; I felt it.

I had a chance to go to Manilla at once. I threw off my smoking jacket, donned a travelling suit, put my things in storage, and started.

This morning I arrived back here again, worn out. I opened my trunk, put on the same smoking-jacket, and sat down for a good smoke. Putting some tobacco into my pocket, I was astonished at finding there a letter. After a time I recollected that the morning I left for Manilla I received two letters. The disappointment of the first caused me to forget the second. But it was still there, so I opened it, and read:

"I had to tell Aunt Millie what you said last night. She said she would write you, telling you it was impossible. If she should do so, think lightly of it. She is my chaperon here, not my dictator. When I offered you my lips last night, I offered you my heart also. Come to-night.

MILDRED."

I went down to the promenade to see if I could see any one I knew, or

anything. The first person I met was Brown. He said he was here spending his honeymoon.

"Yes, I was married a week ago, were we not, Mildred," he said, as she came around the corner of the walk.

She and I bowed rather distantly.

Nothing further of any moment was said. Slowly they moved one way; I another. Her letter was crumpled in my hand.

Look for me on the first steamer, Bill.

As of old,

FRANK.

P.S.—I guess I'll not go as soon as I thought I should. Going to mail this letter, I met Mildred. We took a turn of the walks together. It seems I was somewhat mixed in my conclusions this morning. Brown married Mildred's sister. Mildred is leaning over my shoulder as I write. She says I shouldn't send this letter, but adds that if I do go to see you, it will be with her to spend our honeymoon.

F.

Newton MacTavish.

AGONIES OF A BOHEMIAN.

A YOUNG lady once rebuked a friend of mine for telling her I was an Englishman, because she had heard me say I was "Bohemian."

The kingdom of "Bohemia" is ruled by the monarch "Art," in all its branches, and some people are under the fond delusion that unkempt hair and long nails, to say nothing of very objectionable manners, constitute "Bohemianism." But such, however, is not the case.

I have wandered about the kingdom for some time, and spent many an entertaining hour amongst its subjects.

One of my first experiences was a reception, at a lady's studio in London. Everything was most "artistic," and the hostess was assisted by several friends; they were robed, I cannot say dressed, in draperies of gorgeous colours fastened in some mysterious way, and caught up on various parts of their persons with large copper clasps. I was still a Philistine, so felt strongly inclined to laugh.

Instead of shaking hands, my hostesses crossed their hands over their bosoms, and, with downcast eyes, sank gracefully to the ground. I tried to do the same, but failed.

The principal hostess took me under her immediate protection, and we both sank on a divan, consisting of two cushions, with very few feathers in them, placed carefully in the centre of the room. I went down suddenly with an awful crash and felt that all eyes were on me. But my hostess was more graceful. I chose a part of the cushion with a feather in it and sat carefully on that feather, fearing it might move, and so leave nothing but a thin satin cover to protect me from the hard floor.

Conversation began: "So you are studying under Armorincci. How interesting, personally I don't care for his style of teaching at all, but some people consider him very clever." I looked very much impressed with the originality of that statement. After this we started off with a rush for "Art." I hate talking "Art," for I know so little about it, and I am always putting my foot in it, and my hair stood on end when my fair friend asked me what I thought of "Beloochinnizque's" work. I had never heard of the gentleman, and confessed my ignorance blushingly. The look I received was not a nice one. After that followed a series of names, such as "Campoochinni," "Maccorinni," and a host of others of the same sort, all I believe, invented on the spot in order to impress me. The situation was getting desperate, and so finally, when a new name was mentioned ending in three z's and an x, and which almost dislocated her mouth to pronounce, I made a bold rush, and although I had never heard of the artist, looked my friend full in the eye, and said I admired his work very much. Then the fun began. "Do you like his work, how strange! Don't you think his colouring very peculiar?" I answered sweet-

ly that though the colouring might be peculiar, I thought his drawing very "strong." I knew that "strong" was a good word to use. The lady looked puzzled and said "Yes, but, dear me, that peculiar coloured hair, surely you don't like that?" I plunged boldly and said "No, but the eyes I thought were very full of life." I had just been reading George Moore on "Modern Painting," and so quoted him, suggesting that the eyes were like "Pools of Light." I wanted also to discuss the colouring of the horns, but was uncertain what the man painted, not knowing whether it was an animal or angel. Anyhow, after a tremendous lot of fencing, we decided that the colour was peculiar, drawings strong and the eyes full of life. Luckily, just then coffee was served, in small filigree cased cups, and I wiped my perspiring brow and longed for the time to leave.

Since then I have learned many tricks of the trade, and can hold my own more or less with most people.

I was often amused during the time that I studied to hear the various remarks made by people who visited our studio, as they evidently looked upon us as strange beings from another world. The great remark on entering was, "What an odour of paint," as if that was a matter for surprise. And they generally followed up the statement by saying, "Of course, you know I know nothing of painting, but I think I know what I like." After that brilliant confession, a most complicated criticism followed, in which set expressions and quotations from books were used. The whole conversation showed that they indeed did not know anything about painting, and I very much doubt the fact of their even knowing what they liked.

Once a friend much interested in my welfare, came to me and told me that a "lady" was most anxious to have lessons from in painting. I at once donned all my best clothes, combed my hair well in my eyes and tried to looked artistic. On the way I decided to ask very high terms, hearing that people think all the more of one if high terms are asked. When the house was reached, I judged of the future pupil's income, and promptly halved my terms. When I saw the interior, I quartered them and decided to demand fees in advance.

The lady appeared and invited me upstairs to her studio, and we went into a room about the size of a very large match-box, the walls thickly hung with startling works of art. There was no featherless divan this time for me to sink into, so I remained standing. I was called on to criticize, which I did. Bearing in mind that my friend had told me that this was to be a future pupil, I was gentle, though firm, softening all my remarks with a judicious application of praise, and played the part of painting-master beautifully, and felt uncommonly like the wolf in the fable who swallowed a lump of chalk to make his voice sound soft.

Landscapes, flowers, sea-scapes, oils, water-colours, pastelles, charcoals, nothing seemed too hard or too ambitious for this artist. Finally, still weak from various shocks my mind had received, I turned around, on being requested to do so, and came face to face with a life-size study of a tom cat glaring at me out of a huge gilt frame. He looked ready to spring at me on the slightest provocation, and I started back in horror. The animal's whiskers had been drawn with pure white chalk, and looked very fierce and military. After a faint gasp I expressed a feeble opinion, and that ended the lesson. What nearly ended me, was the information that my fair hostess did not want lessons in painting, or anything else, and that the visit had been requested in order that "we might talk" about her pictures. I could have talked a great deal about those pictures if I had only known at first.

The subjects of the King of Bohemia are numerous, and though his rule is very hard, at times, the life has many compensations.

A favourite remark made by people

who know nothing about the matter is, "If I could paint I would go on all day without stopping." The idea among so many, even in these days of higher education, is that all one has to do is to sit in a chair and put paint on canvas.

Occasionally friends, thinking to be very kind and anxious to advance one's interest, say, "This is so and so: he is quite an artist and does such dear little pencil sketches." Naturally on those occasions one feels an absolute fool. Who wouldn't under the circumstances? Then, again, the interest that other people try to pretend to feel in the work, often brings about very idiotic remarks. An intelligent looking being said, he supposed there was quite an art in mixing the colours alone.

Anxious friends will turn to you before people and say: "How are you getting on with your work? Are you painting a cat or a haystack?" very much in the same tone as you would speak to a little school child. Others again wonder why artists have their things framed. In vain are Academy rules quoted and reasons given. It is all useless: they know more than anybody else, and thus illustrate the well-known quotation that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Then again there are others who look at all one's cherished work, coldly, keeping up a severe silence, which is almost more eloquent than abuse. "This is a little thing I did one day: I like it myself, but perhaps you may not:" and the wretched victim, simpering and blushing, stands by the side of the "little thing" placed on the easel in a good light. The silence that follows is somewhat trying, and the critic, on leaving, invariably thanks you for the privilege of the visit.

How embarrassing it is to have a doting parent take down off the wall an oil painting done by the daughter of the house, and come out with the following remark: "Now, you are an artist, tell me what you think of this. My daughter did it, you know, and she never has had a lesson in her life, and you know, she is only thirty-nine: she did it all by herself." I generally feel inclined to recommend a speedy course of instruction.

Yes, the agonies endured by an artist are many. So, no doubt, are the sufferings of the friends to whom the productions are shown.

But, before finishing, let me add one warning to those who are meditating a visit to a studio. Don't say, "I don't know anything about painting, but I know what I like." The fact will be apparent enough. Smile sweetly and say, "How strong your work is, what lovely colour." This remark is very safe, and always gives pleasure. This was not known by a frame-maker who was shown one of my first productions. I was in the room at the time, and he did not realize the fact that he was in the august presence of "the artist who had painted the picture." One of my admiring relatives, thirsting for praise of my work, and recognition of my genius, asked the man what he thought. The brute looked at it, and said, "It is a very nice frame, but I cannot say much for the picture."

Since then I have taken the precaution of first telling the people who the picture is painted by before throwing myself on their mercy. I find this little plan, with very few exceptions, succeeds admirably; and I can recommend it to all who, like myself, are of a retiring and sensitive nature.

Phil. Wales.

FISH STORIES.

First Octopus: "Here comes Old Shark; let's swim away."

Second Octopus: "Why?"

First Octopus: "Oh, he's always telling about the time he caught a man ten feet long and let him get away."

—*Baltimore American.*



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

CANADA'S FOOD-PRODUCTS AT PARIS.

THE

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CANADA AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

By W. R. Stewart.

IT was a fitting sequel to the prominence which, somewhat unexpectedly perhaps, Canada attained in the eyes of the world through the brilliant achievements of her volunteer soldiers in South Africa, that when the Paris Exposition of 1900 opened a few weeks ago it found the Dominion one of the principal exhibitors. Under such favourable auspices, with the echoes still ringing of the praises of Canadian valour, and with the object lesson of the extent and variety of Canadian industry which the Exposition has afforded, Canada begins the Twentieth Century better known and better appreciated, with an assurance of widened markets for her products and a certain standing among the nations. In other words, Canada now has a reputation.

It would, indeed, be difficult to overestimate the value, actual and potential, to Canadian producers and manufacturers which the Exposition at Paris has afforded. Canada heretofore, as even the most patriotic of Canadians must admit, has been but little known in Europe, and that little generally wrong. It is not the fault of the present-day Canadian that his country is popularly regarded abroad as a land of all but perpetual snow and ice. That is a legacy from the past, a fallacy which only time and knowledge can correct. A splendid opportunity, however, now offers to correct the errors of the past and to begin with a fairly clean slate. The Exposition has served to advertise the Canadian producer, without any great individual effort on his part, and what is now necessary is that he should take advantage of it and go ahead. That Europe wants many articles that Canada can produce for export is beyond question. Even in the few weeks that the present Exposition has been open, and before the installation of all the exhibits has been completed, there have been scores of inquiries from all over France and from Great Britain, Austria, Italy and Switzerland asking the prices at which certain goods shown in the Canadian exhibit could be shipped to Europe, and requesting the addresses of the principal dealers in Canada. To these prompt replies have been sent, and a business connection has thus been opened between dealers in Europe and producers in Canada.

The Canadian exhibit at Paris is representative of the Dominion in its entirety, every industry and every section of the country having its adequate representation in some section of the grounds. Canada, as a land to live in, as well as an industrial community, has its attractions fittingly displayed before the visitor, while the intellectual growth of the country and its progress in art, science and letters is shown in a comprehensive educational exhibit compiled by the several provincial Departments of Education. Altogether there are some 1,800 separate exhibits in the

collection which Canada has sent to Paris, representing a cash value of a little under $300,000. This is considerably more than the Dominion had at Chicago in 1893, and the standard of merit is also higher.

The Canadian pavilion, in which the bulk of the Canadian exhibits are, occupies a fairly favourable location among the various colonial buildings on the Trocadero part of the grounds, not far from the Eiffel Tower. It

other British colonies. It certainly was one of the ironies of fate which led to the erection of the Boer pavilion immediately beside the British colonial buildings.

In exterior appearance the Canadian building is not all that could be desired. Its architectural design is far from being attractive, while a thick clump of tall trees in front serves to hide it somewhat from the general view. The interior, however, is very conveniently



THE MONUMENTAL ENTRANCE TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

covers a space of 27,000 square feet, while an annex, containing the exhibits of West Australia and Mauritius, occupies 9,000 square feet. India has a pavilion to itself, of about the same size as that devoted to Canada. Just a short distance to the right is the pavilion of the Transvaal Republic, whose close proximity to the Canadian, Australian and Indian pavilions will facilitate the annexation of Mr. Kruger's exhibit at Paris to those of the

arranged, and, as it now appears, with the several exhibits in place and attractively grouped so as to be seen to the best advantage, it presents an appearance at once pleasing and effective. The erection of the building was carried out under the direction of a colonial committee appointed by the British Government, and although the cost of construction was borne by the Dominion the direction and control of the operations was in the hands of the



THE FRENCH COURT OF HONOUR (CHAMPS DE MARS) ON THE DAY OF INAUGURATION.



THE WATER CASTLE (LE CHATEAU D'EAU).

Imperial Commissioners. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal was appointed the chairman of the colonial section of the Royal Commission in London. The Canadian Commission, which had charge of the collection, transportation and arrangement of the Canadian exhibits, was composed as follows: Chairman, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture; Honorary High Commissioner, Hon. J. Israel Tarte, Minister of Public Works; Commissioners, Dr. G. M. Dawson, C.M.G., F.R.S., Ottawa; Dr. Wm. Saunders, LL.D., F.R.S.C., Ottawa; Prof. J.W. Robertson, Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying, Ottawa; Major F. F. Gourdeau, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa; Hon. H. H. Gilmor, St. George, N.B.; J. F. Ferreault, Esq., C.L.H., Montreal; James G. Jardine, Esq., Toronto, and Wm. D. Scott, Esq., Winnipeg. Of these the only members of the commission who are in Paris are Hon. Mr. Tarte, Major Gourdeau, J. X. Perreault, James G. Jardine and Wm. D. Scott. In charge of the principal exhibits, however, are officials from the various departments represented, whom the Government have sent to Paris to look after the installation and arrangement of the collections in their respective sections.

The Canadian pavilion is divided into two principal compartments by an open passage-way which runs between them, but which permits of uninterrupted communication between the second stories overhead. On the ground floor of the western section are the exhibits of natural history, including fish and game, and of food products, as well as some private exhibits of pianos and organs and furniture. Opposite, across the intervening passage, is the exhibit of Canadian minerals, which naturally occupies considerable space, and also



THE GRAND PALACE OF THE FINE ARTS.

the exhibits of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railways, and some minor private exhibits. On the second floor are the agricultural exhibit, the educational exhibit, and private exhibits of furs and fur goods and other articles. A reading-room, containing fyles of the principal Canadian papers, and desks with writing material, is provided in connection with the section devoted to education, while a small but pleasant reception-room serves the further purpose of displaying the work of well-known Canadian artists, whose representations in oils and water-colours of typical Canadian scenes familiarize Europeans with the idea of the great natural beauty of the Dominion.



ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARD THE STREET OF THE NATIONS.

It would be useless to attempt to describe, within the limits of a magazine article, all the exhibits which Canada has sent to Paris, but the principal features of the more important of them may be noted. These may, for the present purpose, be said to be seven in number, viz., the exhibits of objects of Natural History, of Minerals, of Forestry, of Food Products, of Agriculture, of Manufactures and of Education.

The exhibit made under the general classification of objects of Natural History is a very complete and comprehensive one. It is not at all confined to the display of animals, birds and fishes of interest only to the student of Natural History, but is a collection of just such species of all three as are most likely to excite the attention and arouse the envy of every lover of rod and gun. For it is to the tireless huntsman, the peripatetic devotee of Nimrod and of Izaak Walton, that Canada must look for the spreading abroad of her reputation as a sportsman's Elysium, rather than to the re-



PAVILION OF THE CITY OF PARIS.



BRIDGE OF THE INVALIDES AND THE STREET OF THE NATIONS.

ITALY. TURKEY. UNITED STATES. AUSTRIA. CANADA.



INTERIOR OF CANADIAN PAVILION—GENERAL VIEW.



THE MINERAL EXHIBIT—NOVA SCOTIA AND KLONDIKE.

cluse of Science. Still, Science is not forgotten, for among the varied specimens which Col. Gourdeau and Prof. Halkett have collected and arranged are to be found many that can pour into the ear of Research a tale well worth the hearing.

In general, the collection embraces specimens of representative fish, birds, mammals and shells. The fish are both marine and salt water, large and small, eatable and man-eating. They have halibut and other flat fishes, bass of various variety, cusk, perch, sturgeon, wolf-fish, doré, paddle-fish, gar-pike, dog-fish, cat-fish, chimæra, shark, mackerel, tunny and others.

Among the birds perhaps the most notable feature is an especially fine collection of wild ducks, geese, swan and other water-fowl. No better idea could be conveyed of this great variety of small game in Canada than is afforded by this collection. There are also in



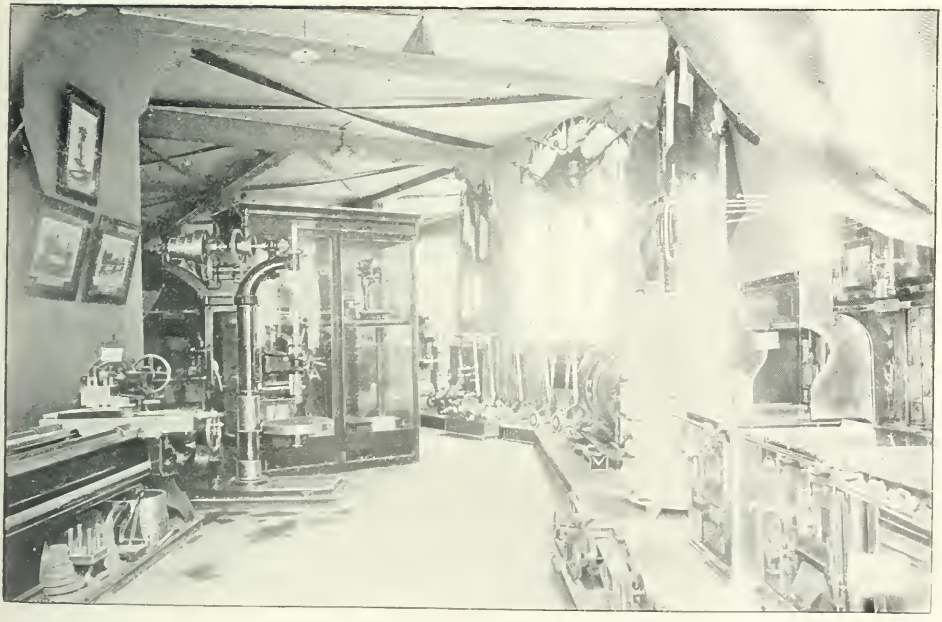
THE WORK OF CANADIAN ARTISTS.

been taken from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in ocean, lake and running stream. They are at Paris either for their commercial value or because they are interesting for some peculiarity of structure. Every fish known to the angler in Canadian waters here finds its stuffed inanimate counterpart. There are salmon from British Columbia and salmon from the Restigouche, trout, whitefish, pike, muskalonge, suckers, eels, cod, haddock, tom-cod, profusion, perching birds, ground birds and birds of prey. Among them are numerous species of owls, and several eagles, golden and bald-headed. A series of nests and eggs of smaller birds completes this portion of the exhibit.

The collection of mammals is equally complete, affording the same general idea of the number and variety of the large game of the Dominion that is supplied by the exhibit of birds. With



HEATING APPARATUS.



THE MACHINERY DEPARTMENT.



EXHIBIT OF LABATT'S ALE.

respect to the smaller game, it comprises moose, cariboo, red deer, wolves, foxes and others. There are also several small mounted mammals, principally from the Province of Quebec collection, such as beavers, wolverines, lynxes, otters and skunks. Among the mounted mammals' heads are specimens of buffalos, musk ox, moose, red deer, black-tail deer, antelope, Rocky Mountain sheep and others. A particularly fine specimen of a large moose stands facing the door at the northern entrance to the pavilion, and attracts the attention of every visitor to this section. It is exhibited by Hon. F. G. Dechene, Commissioner of Agriculture for Quebec.

All in all, the Natural History exhibit of Canada at Paris is an excellent one, and to such an extent has it aroused the interest of continental tourists and sportsmen in the natural attractions of its forests and streams of the Dominion, that no fewer than a round half-dozen parties of Parisians have been projected to visit Canada during the coming autumn.

On the same floor with the Natural History exhibit, but occupying the lower portion of the pavilion, is the display of Canadian food products, which embraces every thing from canned meats, fruits and prepared cereals to wines, beer, spirits and candies. It is a wide range of articles, but the wants of man are many and his foods various. This department, which has been the special care of Prof. Robertson, is under the charge at Paris of W. A. MacKinnon, of Toronto, assisted by R. P. Small, of Dunham, Que. It is one of the most interesting of all the exhibits, and is constantly receiving the attention of visitors to the pavilion. The display of apples and other fresh fruits in a large cold-storage case near the centre of the section is a special feature of attraction, for few Europeans have ever seen such large and luscious apples as tempt the appetite from the shelves and boxes arranged within it. These and the equally tempting rows of fresh Canadian maple sugar, the glass cylinders of maple



EXHIBIT OF MCLAREN'S IMPERIAL CHEESE.

syrup and the jars of preserved pears and peaches often prove too enticing to be resisted by the Parisian visitors, who make overtures to Mr. MacKinnon for their purchase then and there. But Canada is not operating a bazaar at Paris, as many of the other nations are, and whatever contracts may be entered into for future delivery there are no sales made on the grounds.

The exhibits of food products are largely made up of articles supplied by individual producers, canners and manufacturers in the Dominion, which have been brought to Paris and set up by the Dominion Government and will be returned by the latter to the owners at the close of the Exposition. They include exhibits of canned fruits, jams, jellies, and vegetables; canned meats of several varieties and canned fish and lobster; dried cod and mackerel; maple sugar and syrup; honey in comb and liquid; cheese, butter and eggs; wine, beer and spirits; confectionery, and flour of different varieties. The cold-storage case in which the perishable goods, such as fresh fruit, butter and eggs, are kept, is supplied with cold air from a refrigerating plant underneath the flooring, which is operated by an electric motor. The case is insulated at the top and bottom, and an even temperature of 38° Fahrenheit can be maintained if desired.



PART OF THE AGRICULTURAL TROPHY IN THE GALLERY OF THE CANADIAN SECTION OF THE BRITISH COLONIES' BUILDING.

As showing the possibilities for the extension of Canadian export trade in such articles as butter and eggs to France, it may be mentioned that the present lowest retail selling price for fresh eggs in Paris (July 10), is one franc forty centimes, or twenty-eight cents a dozen, while fresh butter retails at two francs, or forty cents a pound. These are not prices swelled by the Exposition, but are regarded by Parisians as quite a usual figure for this time of the year. Prices in Canada at the same date are presumably about fifteen cents a dozen for eggs and eighteen cents a pound for butter. The difference would seem to offer a margin of profit sufficiently tempting to be worth the experiment, even though the necessity for refrigeration in transit add somewhat to the cost of transportation. Heretofore the difficulty of obtaining cheap and adequate cold-storage on steamships sailing from Canadian ports has somewhat handicapped the Canadian exporter. But the difficulty no longer exists, and with



THE EDUCATIONAL COURT.

the new and fast freight steamers having cold-storage appliances which have within the past year or two been put on the St. Lawrence route, there should be little trouble in obtaining for Canadian produce a new and a wider market.

The mineral exhibit is the chief feature of the ground floor of the eastern section of the Canadian building, where it occupies a similar location to that devoted to food products in the western section. The collection of this exhibit, naturally one of the most important which Canada makes at Paris, has been under the direction of Dr. Dawson of the Geological Survey, who has been assisted in the work by the Bureaus of Mines of Ontario, Quebec, British Columbia and New Brunswick. The installation of the display at Paris was carried out by E. R. Faribault and W. C. Willimott, of the Geological Survey Department. The exhibit is essentially a Dominion one, the products of the several provinces being shown collectively in classes arranged according to the ore or mineral represented. Specially coloured labels, however, serve to indicate the provinces from which the samples have been taken. Generally speaking, only ores and minerals of importance for their commercial value have been sent to Paris, the restrictions of space having prevented the display of others important merely for their scientific interest.

The present Exposition is, of course, the first at which the new-found fields of the Yukon have had their representation, and the specimens of gold nuggets and gold-bearing sand from the Klondike country attract a consequent interest all their own. Two large glass cases, which are adequately protected by steel bars, are devoted to an exhibit of Klondike gold. Trays of nuggets which have been washed from specified quantities of sand are shown, and possess an unfailing interest to the visitor, who, perhaps, does not realize the hardships undergone and the privations endured before the precious residue was washed from Mother Earth. One of these trays of gold nuggets represents $896, which were washed from one pan containing twenty pounds of gravel. The nuggets weigh 61.39 ounces, and the claim from which they were taken was No. 2 above Discovery. Still another tray shows $301 worth of gold, which represents one-sixteenth part of an amount obtained by four men, on the same creek, sluicing for seventeen hours. There are a number of other interest-

ing features of the Klondike exhibit, including a rosary of gold nuggets—washed from various creeks in the Yukon and presented by miners of Dawson City to Rev. F. P. E. Gendreau, O.M.I., Vicar-General of St. Mary's Church at the northern capital. The rosary is worth $500.

There are four of these large show cases altogether, and in them are shown, besides the specimens from the Klondike, exhibits from the old alluvial fields of British Columbia, alluvial gold from the Saskatchewan and Chaudiere rivers, gold-bearing quartz from Nova Scotia, and quartz from the gold fields of Western Ontario. Further specimens of the latter free-milling variety are also shown in upright cases and piled on a large stand. On the latter, too, are large samples of the smelting ore (that containing pyrites and requiring to be treated by the cyanide and chlorination processes) from British Columbia. Portions of veins from the most famous mines of the Rossland country are among these.



PELEE ISLAND WINE EXHIBIT.

Apart somewhat from the actual display of gold specimens are some features of the mineral exhibit which are equally interesting, and of much value as affording an excellent conception of the nature of the Canadian deposits and the methods of working. Among these is a section of gold-carrying gravel from the Klondike, taken from a claim on Bonanza creek, which is arranged in a glass case fifteen feet high and shows the various layers of muck, clay, sand and gravel which the Klondiker has to dig or bore through to reach the paying dirt. Under the latter, in turn, is shown some three feet of rotten rock containing no gold. Samples of unusually rich auriferous gravel, as actually dug from the soil, are shown in two glass jars. One of these, taken from Claim 31, El Dorado, is exhibited by W. Leek, of Dawson City, and contains $93 worth of gold nuggets in about a gallon of sand.

A series of maps and models further indicate the nature of the deposits in the different parts of the country, and also show the distribution of the mineral wealth of Canada according to variety. A model made of blocks of wood, on which are traced lines showing the geological structure of the anteclinal dome of the gold district of Goldenville, in Nova Scotia, is one of the most interesting features of this part of the exhibit. It is ingeniously arranged so as to open and close at will, and thus serves to show the transverse as well as the longitudinal sections. To those who have a knowledge of gold deposits in different parts of the world a study of the model will show, according to Mr. Faribault, that the saddle veins of Nova Scotia are similar in structure to those worked so extensively at Bendigo, Australia, in the Victoria district. A series of photographs, some transparent and hung against the windows, completes this portion of the mineral exhibit.

But gold does not by any means monopolize the Canadian exhibit of minerals at Paris. Nickel, iron, cop-



THE CANADIAN PAVILION, SHOWING THE SECTIONS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA AND MAURITIUS AT THE LEFT.

per, lead, coal, mica, phosphate—all have their adequate representation among the specimens which Dr. Dawson and his collaborators have collected and sent here. A massive piece of native copper from Atlin, B.C., weighing over 100 pounds, as well as other specimens of copper ore, many of them gold bearing, give evidence of the copper wealth of the Dominion. Another case, twelve feet long and eight feet high, containing several shelves filled with many samples of lead and lead ores, affords equal proof of the wealth of lead from the Atlantic to the Pacific. On a large stand devoted to the exhibit of iron are piled specimens of every size of rich magnitite and hematite, limonites and bog ore, together with a collection of steel bars and angle from Nova Scotia. Chromic iron ore from the Province of Quebec is also shown. On another stand are some large specimens of nickel ores, and pigs of ferronickel, while a special case is devoted to various products of nickel. A solid nickel railing which surrounds the case is insured for $5,000. In a case devoted to oils are shown samples of crude petroleum from Quebec and Ontario, together with some fifty varieties of more or less refined oils. Graphite, stove-polish, and pencils made from the graphite of the Buckingham district form part of the collection in this case. Samples of asbestos are also shown, together with the fiborized material ready for weaving. The newly introduced asbestic plaster, which is rapidly coming into general use on account of its elasticity and its fire-proof qualities, complete the exhibit of asbestos. Among the other ores and minerals represented in the display are corundum from the counties of Hastings and Renfrew, mica from the Ottawa Valley region, building stone, including granite, marble, sandstone, limestone, and a few precious stones.

By nature allied to, though distinct in collection and arrangement from the exhibit in the section of food products, is the agricultural exhibit, which occupies the greater portion of the second floor of the western half of the pavilion. This, to the visitor, is one of the most

attractive of all the displays in the Canadian building, the pretty and unique arrangement of the sheaves of cereals and fodder plants and the pillars, urns and glass globes of threshed grains appealing at once to the eye, and constituting an exhibit of harvest wealth that is not equalled by any display in the same class at the Exposition.

The collection of this exhibit was under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, and, like the others of a similar nature, is wholly a Dominion one. The various provinces and private contributors have their several products labelled with small cards showing name and locality, but the exhibit as a whole is a Canadian one, and as such will be entered in the award. There are no fewer than 360 individual contributors to the joint collection, and every variety of grain and fodder plant grown in the Dominion is represented. There are samples, in sheaf and threshed, of oats, wheat, rye, barley, buckwheat, corn, pease, beans, flax, etc., and also of all kinds of fodder plants and grasses. These are arranged with much artistic effect in arches, pillars, columns and monumental trophies around three sides of the second floor, while one large trophy, in the form of a mammoth chandelier, formed of festoons of various grains in the sheaf, hangs suspended from the centre of the ceiling over the open court from the story below.

In the section of horticulture and arboriculture still further illustration is afforded of the extent and variety of Canadian farm products and of the fertility of Canadian soil. There are shown samples of vegetables in solution, of fruits in solution, such as currants, gooseberries, raspberries, cranberries, strawberries, pears, apples, and cherries, and trees and bushes of the same. Some forty or more varieties of Canadian leaf tobacco and samples of Canadian hops are also exhibited.

The Canadian forestry exhibit—the first of the Dominion's displays to receive a *grand award*—occupies a space on the ground floor of the Forestry Building, on the opposite side of the Seine from the Canadian pavilion. This exhibit is also a Dominion Government one, though several of the provinces and many individuals have contributed specimens. The section at Paris is under the charge of Mr. Jas. M. Macoun, Assistant Dominion Naturalist, by whom the material of which it is composed was collected.

Quebec, British Columbia and Manitoba furnish nearly all the timber in the Canadian exhibit, the Provincial Governments of those provinces alone having done anything towards sending specimens of their timber wealth to the Exposition. British Columbia perhaps ranks first as regards the quantity and variety of material exhibited, though the collection from Quebec, which comprises most of the display of polished woods and sections of trees, which formed part of the province's exhibit at Chicago in 1893, as well as new specimens, is also very complete. Manitoba, though not generally regarded as a timber-producing Province, ranks next to British Columbia and Quebec. The Ontario Government has not contributed to the forestry exhibit, though much of the manufactured material shown is the product of mills and factories in that province. The Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are not represented by either government or private exhibit.

The fact that the Canadian exhibit was accorded the *grand award* in competition with the exhibits of such famous timber-producing and manufacturing countries as Russia, the United States, Norway and Brazil is sufficient proof of the statement that Canada shows at Paris a greater variety of forest products than any other country. It is particularly the commercial woods of Canada, with samples of their various uses in manufactured articles, that the exhibit is intended to illustrate. To this end, besides the specimens shown of lumber and timber, sections of trees, deals and polished boards, there are exhibited a great variety of

manufactured articles of all sorts, hardwood specialties, fibreware, clothespins, cigar boxes, kitchen woodenware, broom handles, baskets, boxes and packages for fruit, hubs, axles, spokes, spools, bobbins and chairs. Many of these examples of uses to which wood is put in Canadian manufacture are new to Europeans, and frequent enquiries are made as to the cost of the articles and the probable expense of shipment here.

In addition to the features already noted, the Geological Survey Department has sent a collection of polished sections of all Canadian trees, and a set of photographs of Canadian forest trees, each framed in wood from the particular tree represented. More than two hundred platino-type photographs of lumbering operations in Canada, illustrating the various stages, beginning with the cutting of the trees in the forest and ending with the act of shipment of the lumber and square timber, form part of the wall exhibit.

Whatever may at times be said with regard to the deficiencies of elementary education in portions of the Dominion, more particularly, perhaps, in the Province of Quebec, the shortcoming, if it exist, can hardly be due to the educational systems obtaining in the several provinces. As to the World's Fair at Chicago, Canada, and especially the Province of Quebec, obtained the highest awards in the educational department, and at Paris a like result seems more than probable. Certainly, nothing but admiration can be expressed for the pains and thoroughness with which the exhibit in the educational section has been collected and arranged; and to European educators who have paid it a visit the display made of the progress of the Dominion in the arts and sciences has been a revelation. The section is under the control, at Paris, of Mr. B. Lippens, Inspector of Schools for the Province of Quebec.

To Quebec Province the display of its educational system at Paris has been somewhat of a labour of pride. Quebec—the New France that was—wished to show Old France an example of her intellectual life, to prove that she had not neglected the teachings of her youth, but had kept abreast of the learning of her former mother land—had, perhaps, improved upon the latter even. From Quebec accordingly comes the bulk of the Dominion exhibit, though Ontario, New Brunswick, British Columbia and Manitoba are well represented. All the religious communities of the Province, and many of the Catholic lay schools, exhibit samples of pupils' work, arranged and graded according to age and class, making a very complete and interesting collection. Laval University also contributes photographs and models, illustrative of the efficiency of its equipment in the various departments of higher education.

The exhibit from Quebec is by no means confined to the French-Canadian institutions. McGill University, Montreal, has sent a series of photographs which afford a capital idea of the very complete equipment of its class rooms and laboratories, which stand favourable comparison with anything of a similar nature shown at the Exposition. The Protestant Commissioners of the city of Quebec have an exhibit of no fewer than fifteen large cabinets containing samples of pupils' work, graded according to the year and the curriculum. A private exhibit of Canadian literature from the earliest times to the present day, by Granger Freres, Montreal, is one of the features of the section. It comprises more than 1,000 volumes, many of which, especially the earlier ones, are of much historic value.

From the other provinces come equally valuable, if less numerous, evidences of the attention which education receives in the Dominion. Ontario has sent tables and general statistics, photographs of the principal school institutions, books in use in the schools, and educational reports of a varied nature. New Brunswick, British Columbia and Manitoba send photographs and a few books and reports. Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are unrepresented.

With the exhibits in the several departments of food products, agriculture, forestry, natural history, minerals, education, and horticulture and arboriculture the list of distinctively government exhibits at Paris is exhausted. But there are private exhibits in great number, many of which are equally deserving of mention as still further evidencing the progress and wealth of the Dominion. The exhibits in the various branches of manufactures, certainly a not unimportant item in a display which is sought to be made comprehensive of every phase of Canadian industry, are among these, and while it is obviously impossible to here give a list of the many hundreds of exhibits in this department, both in the Canadian pavilion and in the machinery building at the Vincennes annex, it would be an inexcusable omission to pass them over without a reference.

At no time in the world's history has the rivalry in manufactured goods been so keen as at the present, and in every country of Europe and America the chief effort of rulers and legislators is directed equally to the fostering of home industries by preserving to them the home market, and to the acquisition of new markets abroad for their surplus products. The three leaders in the race at present are Great Britain, the United States and Germany. Russia and France are straining every nerve to regain their lost ground, but the pace is too swift, and Canada, with her vast and as yet but scarcely touched wealth of natural raw material, her constantly increasing facilities of transport, her salubrious climate and industrious population, should soon prove a factor in the competition, and it is a satisfactory evidence that this will be that Canadian manufacturers have taken so keen an interest in the present Exposition and have exhibited so largely at Paris.

In the departments of mechanical and civil engineering, electricity, transportation, etc., Canadian manufacture is well represented, and while not so imposing in bulk as the displays from Germany, Great Britain, the United States and France, forms an exceedingly creditable representation. Carriages, waggons, bicycles, sleighs, boats, stoves, ploughs, harvesters, reaping and mowing machines, pulleys, pianos, and organs are shown in considerable variety, and in quality bear comparison with any exhibits at the Exposition.

The exhibits of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railways should not be passed unnoticed. Both companies, through their displays of paintings and photographs of Canadian scenery, have done much to make the natural beauties of Canada better known, while their gratuitous distribution of hundreds of thousands of illustrated pamphlets has further contributed to convey a better appreciation of the Dominion than most Europeans possess. Many of the paintings in the Canadian Pacific's section were specially painted for the Exposition, and are genuine works of art as well as accurate representations of many typical spots of peculiar grandeur and beauty. This road has also on view a section of a sleeping car, which is an exact reproduction in size and finish of a section of the sleepers in use on the line in Canada.

Canadian art is not forgotten in Canada's show at the Exposition. On the walls of the main pavilion, along the stairway leading from the first to the second floor, in the reception salon, and at various other spots, are many representative specimens of paintings, drawings and sculpture by Canadian artists which have received more than one flattering comment even in Paris, the home of art. Among them are large and small paintings, in oils and water-colour, pen-and-pencil drawings, satin and plush works, ceramics, free-hand, architectural and mechanical drawings, decorative paintings, wood engravings and bronze statues and plaster casts. All in all, Canada is well represented at the Exposition.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS.

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF FOUR ARTICLES REVIEWING THE POLICY PURSUED BY CANADIANS TOWARD RAILWAY CORPORATIONS, WRITTEN WITH THE CONVICTION THAT GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP IS FEASIBLE AND DESIRABLE.

By R. L. Richardson, M.P.

TO discuss the transportation problem of the Dominion within the compass of four magazine articles, and in doing so to afford readers anything like an approximate insight into so important a question, is a task requiring much greater skill than I pretend to possess. However, if I can succeed in presenting two or three phases of the question in a manner sufficiently lucid to stimulate public interest, and, in addition, can demonstrate that there is a remedy within our grasp which could be speedily applied without creating any disturbance, national or commercial, I shall be more than compensated for my trouble.

In the Province of Manitoba, where I have long resided, public opinion has been so aroused in regard to the sacrifice of the people's interests in connection with railway transportation, that the question of Government ownership has become the dominant issue in provincial politics. The new Government, led by Hon. Hugh John Macdonald, adopted the principle of Government ownership in the platform upon which it carried the country last fall, and at the present writing we find the honourable gentleman's Government carrying on negotiations looking to the construction of railway lines necessary for the accommodation of the settlers, these lines to be constructed out of public funds, and to be owned and controlled by the Government in the interests of the people.* Whether they shall be operated by the Government or leased to existing railway corporations, and by them operated on a rental basis is, I understand, a question so far undecided, although I incline to the belief that they will be so leased, the Government taking care that the freight rates thereon are reasonable, and retaining the ownership in order to insure just treatment for the settlers.

I mention this for the purpose of emphasizing the value and potency of an educative campaign. It is only about four years since the question of Government ownership was first discussed in that province, and yet within that brief space the people appear to have grasped the issue, to have recognized the remedy, and to be perfectly ready to apply it.

Realizing what had been accomplished in so brief a time in the Prairie Province, and recognizing that public opinion throughout the Dominion is rapidly crystallizing in the direction of a radical reform (I am convinced that the people are in advance of the politicians in appreciating the true bearing of the problem), I suggested some months ago to a number of eastern friends the desirability of inaugurating a platform educative campaign throughout the provinces east of Lake Superior ; for I was, and am still, convinced that all the people require is to have the facts placed before them, and they will see to it that the remedy is applied. The difficulty in this case, as in all others, is that the public neither know the facts, nor understand the real nature of the issue. A great many of those whose duty as leaders

* These papers were prepared at Ottawa in May last. Since then Premier Macdonald has announced that, owing to crop failure, he has delayed the carrying out of his Government railway scheme until next year.

is to enlighten the public either do not comprehend the question themselves, or if they do, are unwilling to present the facts lest the result might prove disastrous to their own interests or the interests of patrons. My suggestion with regard to the inauguration of an educative campaign having come to naught, I the more readily comply with a request to discuss the problem through the columns of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

I shall try as far as possible to avoid tiresome details, confining myself to a few features of paramount importance, and using only a limited number of examples to emphasize the points I shall endeavour to make. The statements and data which will be used have been drawn very largely from public and newspaper records, debates in parliament and official returns.

At the outset let me disclaim the slightest hostility towards any existing corporation. I have nothing but the warmest admiration for the efficiency and ability displayed in the management of our two most important railway transportation companies, and especially the Canadian Pacific Railway. The trouble lies not with the corporations, but with Government, for without the sanction or acquiescence of Government no public injustice or injury to public interests could be wrought by corporations. The history of governmental or parliamentary dealings with railway corporations during the last twenty or twenty-five years has been such as to lead thoughtful and observant citizens of the Dominion to the conclusion that if Government does not soon undertake to control the transportation power, the transportation power will control Government. All who have closely observed the operations of the transportation interests at Ottawa during even the present session, must feel that strong corroborative testimony has been furnished to the statement in the sentence preceding this. Owing to the reckless and unskilful manner in which the transportation problem has been dealt with by our Canadian statesmen, the solution has been rendered much more difficult and complex. The tide of public opinion in favour of reform is, however, rising so rapidly, and the evil growing so tremendously, that unless some remedy is soon applied, the accumulated wrongs may be righted violently.

In the minds of a great many people the facts may not appear to warrant the use of such strong language, but when the Canadian people come to realize how their millions of treasure and their principalities of land heritage have been lavished upon the railway corporations, without exacting any adequate, if indeed any, return, or even retaining to Government any control worthy of the name ; and when they further realize that there are not satisfactory indications of any complete reversal of policy, their indignation is sure to be great. That there has been no universal outcry against the railway policy of the various Governments as continued for many years, is due doubtless to the fact that the people did not understand the real nature and inevitable results of the incomprehensible policy followed.

It is almost beyond the unsuspecting and honest comprehension of the average citizen to conceive of the skill in financial manipulation, aided often by political debauchery and chicanery, practised by the railway exploiter, promoter, charter-monger or whatever you choose to call him. The policy of granting railway charters carrying immense subsidies in cash and land, together with certain powers and exemptions, to impecunious and irresponsible adventurers, or to powerful and wealthy corporations, has, in all respects and all instances, been a ruinous one. It has brought in its wake moral degradation and material loss to the country.

In proof of this let me cite the language of Mr. E. B. Osler, member of Parliament for West Toronto, a director of the C.P.R., who has for many years been intimately connected with railway enterprises in Canada. No man in the Dominion is more com-

petent than he to speak with authority on the subject. Discussing the railway subsidies in his place in Parliament on the 3rd of August, 1899, Mr. Osler said :

"I differ with my leader and with the leader of the Government when they agree that these railway subsidies were not sources of corruption. I contend that they are the main source of corruption in elections such as we are now having exposed. It is from such subsidies that the money is supplied to pay the men who have been engaged in the ballot stuffing and the election frauds which we hear so much about. These men are not committing these crimes for nothing. They are paid with the money of the people. What else can you expect when a Government stands with open hands and says to every section of the country : 'Apply to us and we will give you any possible Government aid.' That has been the position the Government has taken in regard to these railway subsidies. It was the condition that existed before they came into power."

Here we have a frank admission from a prominent politician that both parties are responsible.

The charter granted in 1881 by the Parliament of Canada to the Canadian Pacific Railway stands as a colossal monument to the folly of Canadian statesmanship. By the terms of that contract millions and millions of public treasure and an empire in rich lands were unnecessarily and inexcusably alienated from the possession of the people, and handed over to the control of a syndicate of private financiers with absolutely no consideration and practically no conditions attached. While we were assured at the time the contract was made, that the corporation would exercise paternal functions towards the public, and by Sir John Macdonald himself that owing to the immense subsidies given it could carry freight at one-fourth the cost of other roads, we have awakened to a realization of the fact that the result of this extravagance has so far been the creation of a power which uses the treasure it has already extracted for the purpose of levying further tribute.

In order to bring home to your readers the suicidal nature of the bargain (from the country's standpoint) between the Dominion Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company —a bargain which Mr. Willison, the Editor of the Toronto *Globe*, characterized in his pamphlet on the railway question, as "the most insane bargain ever entered into by a free people"—it will be necessary to present some of the details. This is done not for the purpose of attempting to create any prejudice against the C. P. R., but with the object of affording the public an insight into the "insane" nature of the blunder perpetrated in dealing with the transportation question at the outset. Perhaps I cannot do better than quote the figures I presented to the House of Commons last session :

"The Canadian Pacific Syndicate was formed in 1880. It obtained from the Dominion Government a contract to build, equip and operate a railway westward from Callander on the east side of Lake Nipissing, about 250 miles west of Montreal. The route traversed by this line is 2,500 miles long, through a country presenting in many places stupendous engineering difficulties. The cost of the construction of this line was put, according to the Company's own estimate, at $83,500,000, and the equipment $8,000,000; in all, $91,500,000. This may seem a somewhat astonishing undertaking for a company with a nominal capital of $5,000,000. But our astonishment is sensibly diminished, or rather, is turned in another direction, when we examine the provisions of the contract of the Syndicate with the Government. The Government gave to the Company : 1. Completed railway to the value of $30,000,000 ; 2. $25,000,000 in cash ; 3. 25,000,000 acres of selected lands in Manitoba and the Northwest ; 4. The privilege of importing rails and other supplies free of duty ; 5. Exemption from taxation for an indefinite period, but not less than twenty years ; 6. A monopoly of the traffic of the Northwest, the Government to bind itself not to permit the construction of railways from the Canadian Pacific Railway southward to the boundary.

"The Canadian Pacific Syndicate, therefore, received in hard cash and its

equivalent $55,000,000, besides the 25,000,000 acres of land. Now, the value of these lands may be gathered from the record of the actual proceeds of the sales thereof. When asking the Canadian Government for a loan of $30,000,000 in January, 1884, Mr. Stephen—now Lord Mount Stephen—said: 'The value of the land subsidy may be exemplified by the result of the realization of the portion already sold, which has produced a net return of $2.36 per acre.' At that time about 4,000,000 acres had been sold. This figure, $2.36 per acre, was the lowest average price at which any of the lands were sold. The average price obtained kept steadily increasing. In his report of 1892, President Van Horne says that the sales of Canadian Pacific Railway lands in 1891 realized an average price per acre of $4.05, as against $3.76 in 1890. It would be very reasonable to assume that the value of the land grant would be at least $3 per acre. The total subsidy given by Canada for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway would, on this very moderate basis of calculation, therefore be :

Constructed railway....	$35,000,000
Cash	25,000,000
Land grant (25,000,000 acres)	75,000,000
	$135,000,000

"This for a railway whose construction and equipment was estimated by the Canadian Pacific Syndicate itself to cost $91,500,000. But, besides these enormous direct gifts, the Government also gave the Company power to raise further sums by the issue of stock and bonds. Let us see how this power was used, and how it resulted for the people. The first issue of stock was $20,000,000. This was all allotted to, or taken up by, the promoters, at 25 per cent. of its par value, and realized $5,000,000. All of this first issue of stock was issued to members of the Canadian Pacific Syndicate, prominent among whom were Mr. George Stephen—now Lord Mount Stephen—and Mr. Donald Smith—now Lord Strathcona. This is on record in the Sessional Papers of the Canadian Parliament, No. 31, Vol. 9, 1884. The proceeds of this issue of stock was used by the allottees mainly to pay themselves dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. on the stock they already held. Whilst nearly all this money went back into the pockets of the patriotic promoters, and little or none of it into the railway, the road was saddled with an additional debt to these gentlemen of $20,000,000. There was another issue of stock to the amount of $30,000,000 in 1883, which realized $15,281,754. Thus, out of $50,000,000 worth of stock which stands as a liability against the railway, only $20,281,754 was actually realized. This stock was held mainly by the promoters, and they paid themselves dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. on its par value before the road was completed or was earning expenses. They paid these dividends out of capital, and, as a matter of fact, within five years the holders of this stock had received in dividends, which the road had never earned, 20 per cent. more than they had ever put into the undertaking. Besides this, the stock which they had bought at 25 cents on the dollar was selling at 90 at the end of five years, because of the high dividends that had been already paid out of capital, and the reservation of $24,500,000 raised by the issue of guaranteed bonds, for the purpose of guaranteeing future dividends. This $24,500,000, it is needless to say, should have gone into the road itself. Thus, the funds raised from the issue of stock were devoted principally to paying back dividends to the holders of that stock and not to building the railway, which, as a matter of fact, was all built out of the subsidies and largesse of the Canadian public. This system of financial manipulation served a double purpose for the Syndicate. It enabled them to repay themselves all that they had put into the enterprise, with a handsome profit added, and it further increased the value of the stock which they thus held at a cost of nothing at all to them,

to a figure so high that it is not surprising that many of them are millionaires and some of them peers. Thus, it comes about that the proceeds of over $60,000,000 of stock, which stands as a present liability of the railway, never went into its construction at all, but was manipulated for stock-jobbing purposes by the Syndicate to enrich themselves before the road was completed."

The tabulated statement to which I have just referred as being in the Sessional Papers of the Canadian parliament No. 31, Vol. 9, 1884, is appended for the benefit of any readers who may happen to be doubting Thomases.

Name.	Number of Shares.	Face Value.	Amount paid for Stock.	Aggregate Dividends in Five Yrs.
		$	$	$
Geo. Stephen	23,411	2,341,100	585,275	652,330
D. McIntyre	975	97,500	24,375	29,200
D. McIntyre & Co.	18,534	1,853,400	463,350	556,020
J. S. Kennedy & Co.	17,558	1,755,800	438,950	526,740
J. J. Hill	19,509	1,950,900	487,725	585,270
R. B. Angus	19,509	1,950,900	487,725	585,270
H. S. Northcote	3,004	300,400	75,100	90,120
D. A. Smith	19,509	1,950,900	487,725	585,270
Boissevin & Co.	1,950	195,000	48,750	58,500
Blake Bros. (Boston)	975	97,500	24,375	29,250
R. Donaldson	1,560	156,000	39,000	46,800
J. S. Kennedy	975	97,500	26,375	29,250
J. K. Todd	1,365	136,500	34,125	40,950
D. W. James	1,950	195,000	48,750	58,500
C. J. Osborn	1,950	195,000	48,750	58,500
C. H. Northcote	390	39,000	9,750	11,700
W. Trotter	780	78,000	19,500	23,400
Morton, Rose & Co.	29,364	2,936,400	731,600	880,920
F. Greininger	3,901	390,100	97,525	117,030
L. Cohen & Son	3,901	390,000	97,525	117,030
Sulzbach Bros.	1,268	126,800	31,700	38,040
S. Propper	585	58,500	14,625	17,550
J. De Reinach	1,658	165,800	41,450	50,240
E. Kohn	780	78,000	19,500	23,400
O. De Reinach	877	87,700	21,925	26,310
C. Kolt	97	9,700	2,425	2,910
H. Finlay	390	39,000	9,750	11,700
M. Springer	1,365	136,500	34,125	40,950
Euphrussi & Co.	1,950	195,000	48,740	58,500
Banque Parisienne	5,579	557,900	139,475	172,360
C. Morawitz	390	39,000	9,750	11,700
P. du P. Grenfell	975	97,500	24,375	29,250
C. D. Rose	975	97,500	24,375	29,250
E. Cassel	1,755	175,500	48,875	...
Lord Elphinstone	1,950	195,000	48,750	58,500
Govet, Sons & Co.	390	39,000	9,750	11,700
A. S. Thompson	195	19,500	4,875	5,850
J. Billitzer	195	19,500	4,875	5,850
H. Puffel	195	19,500	4,875	5,850
C. Rosenraad	95	9,700	2,425	2,910
G. Levy	95	9,700	2,425	2,910
A. S. Schaw	1,950	195,000	48,750	53,500
Morton, Rose & Co. (in trust)	390	39,000	9,750	11,700
W. C. Van Horne	3,905	390,500	97,625	117,150

Here is a statement which I clipped from that excellent and reliable journal, the *Weekly Sun*, Toronto, after the Canadian Pacific Railway paid its dividend in 1899:

"The Canadian Pacific Railway has just declared a half-yearly dividend upon its ordinary stock at the rate of four per cent. per annum. Its ordinary stock amounts to $65,000,000, and the half-yearly dividend just paid upon it is $1,300,000. Yet of this $65,000,000 stock only $8,500,000 at the outside went into the road. The remainder went into the pockets of the promoters and stockholders. The dividend just paid is equal to more than 30½ per cent. upon the money that went into the enterprise. Yet we are told that we must not attempt to regulate freight rates until the dividends amount to 10 per cent. upon the $65,000,000 stock, or, in other words, until the road pays 150 per cent. annually upon the capital which was actually expended upon it."

It will be seen from the data submitted that the Canadian Pacific Railway has received from Canada in one form or another practically sufficient to build its entire Canadian railway system, if the proceeds of all the endowments enumerated had gone into the work. But the Canadian Pacific Railway has to-day an indebtedness in bonds and preference stock of about $150,000,000, and its common stock stands at $65,000,000. As we have already seen, this stock of $65,000,000, which stands as a liability, at its face value, against the property, and on which the settlers must pay interest in high freight rates for all time, realized less than half its par value. Of this, $21,000,000 was paid in dividends, mostly to the promoters, before the road was completed or earning dividends. Out of this $65,000,000 only about $8,000,000 is even pretended to have been invested in the work of construction; and, as Mr. Blake pointed out, it is not possible to determine, on account of the mystery veiling the operations of the North American Construction Company (which was composed principally of members of the Canadian Pacific Railway Syndicate), whether any even of the $8,000,000 went into the railway. But the people have been actually paying interest all along on the $65,000,000 of common stock. This stock, a large proportion of which the promoters allotted to themselves at twenty-five cents on the dollar, has recently been selling at one or two

points above par on the London money market.

Had the Government used the money and resources which it threw away to the Syndicate, and built and owned the railway itself, the construction and equipment of the transcontinental line could have been effected out of those resources without one dollar obligation outstanding against the road.

The branch lines in Manitoba could have been constructed two or three times over out of the proceeds of the land and cash subsidies given on these lines in addition to the subsidies already referred to. Had the Government done the work itself the people of Canada would then have at the same time secured and controlled this great enterprise (which they have in reality paid for, and which it may be necessary in the public interest at no very distant day for us to acquire at an enormous cost), and would have been in a position to adopt a rate and a land policy which would have brought population and prosperity to the West, and incidentally to the whole of Canada. Contrast this once easily attainable condition of affairs with the actual position as it is to-day.

To be Continued.

THE CHINESE GAME OF FAN-TAN.*

By Carlton Dawe.

I AROSE and lit a pipe, and then the desire to explore the great city took hold of me, and I inquired of Mr. Ting if he felt equal to the task of showing me the sights of Canton; for to venture out alone in such a place would be to court dangers innumerable. Ting responded to the invitation with alacrity, declaring that he had often acted as guide to the "foreign devils" who had come up from Hong-Kong to see the sights; and he gravely hinted at the laxity of their manners, which hint likewise clothed the hope that I was not as the rest of the world. This sounded well, coming from one who, but a few hours before, had rolled aboard sottishly stupid with opium. But I could not see his face, or probably I might have caught another glimpse of that merry twinkle. Mr. Ting was now a Christian, and, like many others, he thought hypocrisy was a necessary adjunct.

Well, we started out, and my guide led me from one place to another, though I knew that we should gravitate towards the Flower Boats as surely as the night was come. Ting hesitated, and then he began to pump me.

Poor fellow, though a Christian, and willing to render all duty to his master, his heathen soul still hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt. But he had been well grounded in the Mission School, and when I said, "Ting, I want to see the Flower Boats," he protested with the sorrowful ardour of an evangelist. The Flower Boats were too muchee wicked, too muchee go to hellee! And what would Mr. Ormsby say?

"But, my dear Ting," said I, "why should we tell him?"

By the light from a shop window I saw a smile on his face, and though, protestingly, he led me on, I knew

*A reading, by permission, from "The Mandarin," by Carlton Dawe. Illustrated. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co. A young Englishman is on his way to visit his god-father, who is a missionary in the interior of China. Ting is a Christian Chinee sent to meet the Englishman at Canton. Ting's new religion is put to the test as told here.

that he was leading me down the broad path all the time.

We made our way over countless bridges—none of them too secure—and among many streets of boats, until at last we crossed a rickety bridge into a wider thoroughfare, and here we paused.

"These belong first chop Flower Boat," my guide explained, pointing down the canal. "Here come the mandalin, the welly lich, the welly bad. Plenty painted woman, plenty gamble, plenty evelyting lotten."

Come, thought I, this is getting interesting; but out of respect to the proselyte I held my tongue.

We took many peeps into the open doors as we walked along, and though we more frequently encountered black looks than pleasant ones, there were a few who surveyed me with the cold, sulky, stupid indifference of the Oriental. But we did not enter any of the house-boats until we approached the end of the canal. Then I forgot myself, and some subsequent trouble ensued.

Over the door of this particular house-boat a large red lamp was suspended, and as we passed underneath it the door opened for a moment and two men came out, one pale as death, the other talking excitedly. The glimpse I got of the inside revealed a large gilded saloon with a table in the centre, round which was a crowd of men.

As the door swung to, Ting whispered in my ear, "Fan-tan."

I realized in a moment the meaning of the white face, and what had happened to the two men who had just staggered out from the hell. It was the old story; the curse of gold and the folly of man. Nevertheless I had a great longing to see this notorious Chinese game, to behold the emotions of the unemotional Chow. To Mr. Ting I put it, and he was about to protest in the fatherly style of the Mission, when a little way up the canal I heard a sudden splash.

"What's that, Ting?"

"Nothing," said he.

"But that splash?"

"You see piecee man come out—allee same white face."

"Yes."

"He dlown himself."

I started forward, but Ting seized me by the arm.

"No good. He no can be saved. Loosee all, makee die. What for can live? All takee same load one day."

This cold-blooded pessimism, so unlike what I felt sure my godfather had instilled, made me shudder.

"Why, Ting," said I, "you're a brute."

"No blute, only you no sabbee. Chinaman, he no 'flaid to die like Chlistian man. He loosee all, he makee go. Pelhaps Chinaman's joss sabbee. Look, him flend watchee dlown."

It was true enough. There, on the edge of the canal, seen but indistinctly, was the figure of a man, apparently in the act of watching intently. From the open doors came the sound of voices and the low tinkling of guitars. No one had heard the splash, or if he had, he had paid no heed to it. What was a suicide more or less?

At the same time some revellers debouched from a house-boat some few doors higher up, and amid much laughter and noisy cackle came towards us. Ting drew me back into the shadow, whispering, "You likee see Fan-tan?"

"Rather."

"All li. Wait."

The men advanced to the door, against which the foremost knocked softly in a peculiar fashion. A second or so elapsed, and then a shaft of light streamed out into the darkness, and as the men crowded round the door, Ting seized me by the hand and led me forward, and we pushed our way in with the others.

At first my appearance did not attract any attention, all the players being deeply engrossed in the game, and this gave me an opportunity to inspect my surroundings.

It was a spacious saloon, wide and high, with much elaborate gilding and carving; innumerable lights twinkled behind quaint lamps of many colours;

embroidered silk hangings shielded little alcoves. Upon the walls, in gilded characters of the *wen-li*, were the wise and moral precepts of the great Confucius; for your Chinese gambler, like his brother of the West, is not without the redeeming virtue of hypocrisy.

Round a table in the centre of the saloon some thirty or forty Chinamen were crowded, at the head of which sat an impassive Chow with a pile of bright cash before him, and a long stick in his hand. This was the man who counted. A little to the right of him sat another impassive yellow face. This was the banker. It was he who paid and received.

Fan-tan, like most great gambling games, is simplicity itself. A square sheet of lead is placed in the middle of the table, the sides of which are numbered from one to four. It is on one of these four numbers that you stake your money, or you may put your stake on the corners and thus take your chance of two numbers, though then your winnings materially decrease. Then the man whose business it is to count, takes a handful of cash from the big, glittering pile before him, and with his long stick draws away four of the coins at a time; and whatever remains, be it one, two, three or four, that is the winning number.

Gradually it became known that a foreign devil was in the place, and the men turned round to look at me, some angrily, as though they thought my presence an impertinence; but the others for the most part surveyed me with a look of sullen indifference. I bowed and smiled, and told Ting to tell them that I hoped I was not intruding, but as I had a few dollars to lose I wanted to try my luck.

Whether this mollified them or not I can't say, but as I made for the table they opened out at my advance; and as I staked my first five dollars on No. 3 they watched me with the greatest of interest. Then one put his money on the same number, then another, until almost everybody, with that belief in omens and superstitions which is the religion of the gambler, was on No. 3.

I felt that it was an awkward moment for me, for to a certain extent the warmth of my welcome depended upon No. 3 turning up. I therefore watched the slow-diminishing pile of cash with an eagerness which was not at all in keeping with my stake. Even the banker's impassive face expressed a momentary twitch of interest. Then, before the winning number was known, I saw the ghost of a smile flickering somewhere round his eyes, and I knew that No. 3 had not won. Indeed, as the little heap slowly dissolved, it was seen that two was the winning number.

The players grunted with disgust, but it was evident that I was a bad *fung-shui* to them, and they left me severely alone. Ting kept close to me, but I noticed that as the play progressed his lips grew white with excitement, and he trembled violently; and, thoughtlessly, I gave him a couple of dollars to play with. Then the real Chinaman came out. His eyes sparkled, his lantern jaws flushed a deep dark red; he could not speak, for the madness of the game had seized him. I was sorry afterwards, for at that moment I realized that I had lent him the wherewithal to travel the old heathen way.

But meanwhile I played on with varying fortune, for the spirit of the game had entered my blood, and I thought neither of the time nor of my surroundings. I smoked and drank tea to excess, until I began to feel quite dazed; and still the awful game held me fast, and I lost and won and won and lost, now plunging somewhat recklessly, and now punting in the mildest manner possible.

By degrees the room cleared, until only some half-dozen desperate gamblers remained. Then I stopped for a time to reckon up the cost of the night's work, and I found that I had lost about one hundred and fifty dollars. This was for me a rather big sum—at any rate, rather too large to be foolishly thrown away. And yet as if to augment my foolishness, I immediately resolved to send another

fifty in search of it. It should be my last stake. If I won, it would clear me ; if I lost, I should call myself some bitter names and go.

So from my sadly diminished store I drew out ten five-dollar bills, and placed them down on No. 1. For, in the manner of the gambler, I argued thus within myself : Number One is the first and best. Therefore it were wise to follow Number One. The man opposite, who had had worse luck than I, a black-looking fellow, who had often pitted himself against me, scraped a considerable sum together, and put it all on No. 4. I laughingly accepted his challenge, but pointed out that mine was the larger sum. At this he scowled, and turning to his friends borrowed all they had left, which merely amounted to another ten or twelve dollars. This he flung on the top of the other, and glared across at me.

From the big heap of glittering cash he then filled his hands, placed the contents before the croupier, whose duty it was to count, and the game began.

With his long stick, which he hooked into the holes of the cash, the impassive yellow man began to draw to him four at a time. As the pile slowly diminished the interest grew. I believe I was a real gambler then for the first time in my life, and I did not like the suffocating, sickening sensation. As for my rival opposite, his horrid little eyes burned with a devilish lustre, and he made a distressing sound in his throat, as though trying to swallow some obtrusive lump.

It is remarkable with what facility these experienced players can count the cash and tell what will be the winning number long before the last dozen is reached. Feeling that I could not compete with them in this respect, I evinced less curiosity, knowing that the result could only be a matter of moments. So, from the cash I turned to the banker, and I saw him look at me in a way that considerably reassured me. From the experience of that night I felt that I could place some reliance on his judgment, and in this instance my belief was well-founded. I looked and saw that there were five cash on the table. The croupier drew away four and one remained.

I had won one hundred and fifty dollars !

For a time my rival opposite could scarcely contain himself, so full was he of rage and disappointment. He and his companions eyed me as though I had been the cause of their downfall, and they moved away from the table, so as to be beyond the hearing of Ting-Foo, and began to whisper one among the other. But I was too full of myself and the game to pay much heed to them. Luck had come my way at last, and I was not going to abandon it. So to test things I left a hundred dollars down on No. 1, and Ting, like the true gambler that he was, followed the spirit of good fortune, and backed his opinion to the extent of a dollar. This time I handed out the cash to the croupier, and, as Ting and I were the only two betting, the game at once proceeded. My rival and his friends came back to watch. It was interesting, this struggle between the bank and the foreign devil.

Slowly, under the soft manipulation of the long stick, the pile of cash dwindled away, until but one remained. I had won again, this time three hundred dollars. And so I played on and on, now favoured by fortune, and now experiencing a perverse run of ill-luck; but on the whole good fortune attended my efforts, and towards the end of the night I won quite three times for every time I lost. As the result a large pile of dirty bank-notes lay before me, and heap upon heap of cumbersome silver dollars. Indeed, for the first time I realized how utterly valueless in itself is money.

Ting, who had modestly followed my lead throughout the evening, had also passed the ordeal most successfully, and was the proud possessor of a fistful of good, if somewhat shabby, bank-notes. These, after being subjected to a close scrutiny, he folded up and carefully placed away in an inside pocket. This action recalled me to my

senses. I looked at my watch. It was one o'clock.

"Time to be going, Ting?" said I.

"My leady."

"One more go—win or lose."

I reckoned that I had won nearly six thousand dollars, sufficient to carry without being encumbered with the silver money. So I heaped the latter all on No. 3, and it amounted in the aggregate to one hundred and four dollars. Ting grew excited and began to talk wildly, and one of the spectators advanced and entered into conversation with him, and I could see that he was dilating proudly on my courage and good fortune. But I told him to tell the banker that, win or lose, this was to be my last stake. The impassive yellow man nodded and the game began.

My rival and his companions, their sullen indifference giving way to a natural curiosity, now advanced and crowded round the table; while the one who had already made some conversation with Mr. Ting seemed bent upon furthering the intimacy. And Ting, who was like one drunk with excitement, laughed and talked like a child, and fairly beamed at me.

There was much hard breathing as the pile of cash diminished, though none of it came from me, as I had outgrown all interest in the fight. To me it was a matter of the utmost indifference whether I won or lost. Yet my indifference but strengthened the love of that strange woman, Fate; for again she favoured me with one of her handsomest smiles. I had purposely put my money on No. 3, because that had been my most unlucky number all through the night, and now, as if to spite me, it actually returned me a winner.

"Thlee!" shrieked Ting, wild with joy.

It was a fact. Three had turned up. I had won again.

While the banker was changing the silver into notes, my rival and his friends took their departure, the man turning to me as he left the room, and saying something which I took to be good-night. I nodded and he passed out. But I did not like his face, or the look in his eyes as he spoke, and I turned inquiringly to Ting.

"What did that fellow say?"

"Allee same, good night."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing"

"Are you sure? Think now."

"He also say, pleasant tlip to Fong-Chin."

"How did he know we were going to Fong-Chin?"

"My suppose 'im guess."

"You fool, you've been talking."

He looked ashamed of himself; angry too, and then most penitent.

"Welly little," he murmured apologetically.

"Did you say how we were going?"

"Pelhaps."

"Ting, you're an ass."

"Sabbee," said Ting.

I was anything but pleased at this discovery, and as I folded up my winnings and stowed them away, I felt rather nervous of setting out. That the man was a desperate gambler there was no manner of doubt, and I had enough money on me to make a ruined man attempt the risk of robbery; and robbery, if successful, meant the disappearance of the victim in one of the silent canals. I had seen what little notice was taken of suicide, and I guessed that the callous inhabitants of these watery highways would but cover up their heads at the cry of "Murder!"

It was with no feeling of pleasurable anticipation that I set out with Ting to face the night and its mysteries.

The darkness seemed intense as we emerged once more into the open air. All the lamps nad been extinguished, the doors of all the houses were shut; there was no sound of human voices, no tinkling of guitars. The revel was over, the revellers had vanished like night shadows into the night. Perhaps behind some closely-drawn curtain the opium-smoker burnt the drug and dreamed of Paradise and that highest heaven which Buddha has promised the faithful; or the vicious,

wearied to death, was pure once more in sleep. An occasional scintillation, coming from heaven knows where, flashed for a moment on the placid bosom of the water, a sign and a warning.

"My walkee first," said Ting. "This welly bad wedder."

So off he went, I keeping close behind him. For further security I laid hold of his blouse; for I really could not see where I was going, and sometimes, so dark was it, I could not even see him. Moreover, there was always the pleasant knowledge that a false step might precipitate me into the canal.

In this way we went forward until we reached the end of the Flower Boats, and I was about to give a sigh of relief when Ting stumbled forward with a cry, and had I not had a firm grip of him he would most assuredly have fallen into the water. Indeed, as it was, had I not been possessed of more than ordinary strength, he would have gone and I on the top of him.

For a moment or two the poor fellow trembled so violently that he could not speak. Then he said:

"That allee same belong plecious queer. Blidge slippee-slippee."

I stepped forward to examine it, and I saw that, either by accident or design, the bridge, a narrow footway for pedestrians only, had slipped from its support, and that Ting's weight had sent it dangerously forward. If we had both stepped upon it at the same time nothing could have saved us from being dashed into the canal.

As for myself, I could not believe that the insecurity of the bridge was due to accident. In some way I connected it with the man who had wished me a pleasant journey to Fong-Chin. I had between six and seven thousand dollars about me, of which he was perfectly well aware. Under any conditions such a sum may be considered respectable; to a ruined and desperate man it would seem a big fortune. What would have happened had we fallen into the water I cannot say, but I have since been able to form a shrewd guess.

To turn back was to lead to nothingness, unless we took to the water and swam; therefore to go on became a necessity. So I examined the bridge as best I could, and then pulled it towards me. It seemed to stand firmly; but again and again I tested it carefully before I ventured upon it. Then, loosening my revolver, I told Ting to follow me, and in two strides I was across, or rather half-way over; for in the middle of this canal a barge was moored, and the bridges from either side of the street led on to the barge.

Half-way over I paused and looked around. Ting was by my side muttering something to himself, the meaning of which I did not know, but the purport of which I guessed. The landing on the farther side was wrapped in complete darkness, a darkness into which I scarcely liked to venture; but realizing the necessity of action, I tested the little bridge well before I ventured upon it. Then whispering my directions to Ting, whom I felt sure I could trust in any emergency, I sprang across into the darkness. At the same moment a couple of men rushed forward and made a dash at me, and the bamboo of one, as he brought it down with terrible force, slid off my shoulder on to the rail of the bridge, which it incontinently shattered. My precaution had been a wise one, and my sudden rush had evolved consequences entirely foreseen. Had I crept carefully along the bridge, there is no doubt that the bamboos would have beaten out my brains.

I immediately closed with the man nearest me—a wiry fellow who did his utmost to drag me into the canal; but if nature gave me nothing else, I have to thank her for some fair physical proportions. I knew, after a moment or two of struggling, that the man was mine. Though brave and fierce, he did not possess the least elementary notion of science, and I back-heeled him with such force that his head fell with a sickening crash upon the boards.

Ting, in the meantime, had followed out my whispered advice to the letter, and often since I have upbraided my-

self for doubting him ; but at the time I was not quite sure of him, as, indeed, I could scarcely be on such a short acquaintance. Had he left me then I doubt if I should ever have seen Fong-Chin, or anything else this side of the grave ; but he did nothing of the kind. No sooner did he hear the blow descend than, with an excited shriek, he sprang across in my wake, and, as I grappled with one man, he seized the other. It was a short, sharp tussle between the two, and how Ting succeeded in beating his opponent I do not know ; but one thing I can say, just as I sprang forward to give him a hand, he stepped back and delivered a sounding blow on his adversary's face, and there followed a cry and an ominous splash.

Then he seized me by the hand, and immediately hurried me down the dark alleyway opposite, our shoes, or rather mine, clattering noisily in the quiet street. Sometimes we stopped and hid in the shadows, listening intently for the footfall of a pursuer ; but, though nothing approaching a noise reached me, I had an uneasy feeling that we were followed, and as we suddenly turned into a narrow street I drew Ting into the deep shadow of a projecting doorway, and laid my hand across his mouth.

Presently, without the least noise to herald his approach, a darker shadow slid out of the darkness, and was about to pass within a foot of us when I grabbed him by the shoulder. A startled grunt, a lightning-like twist, and behold, the fellow was speeding up the street swiftly and noiselessly as the wind. With an oath I started in pursuit, but I had not gone a dozen yards before the uneven pavement brought me clattering to the ground. When I picked myself up again the man had vanished in the darkness.

Ting came and wanted to know if I had "hult" myself, but even as he made the conventional kind inquiry, interspersed with two or three profound "sollys," he shook in a way which caused me to examine him closely, and then I found that the beggar, owing to my mishap, was nearly exploding with laughter. I felt savage enough to kick him, a grazed shin and the escape of the spy in no way lessening my anger ; but fortunately, to the credit of my own sense of humour, I caught a glimpse of something ludicrous in the disaster.

With careful steps we completed the rest of the journey, and reached our boat without further adventure ; but for greater security we set one of the men to watch until daybreak, which was but some three hours off. Then I crawled into my cabin, and, notwithstanding the excited incidents of the last few hours, was soon fast asleep.

IN LIFE.

ALL strength, against all weakness hold,
All fearlessness to fear,
The beauty of Hereafter fold
With the homeliness of Here.

The brown seed feels the dull brown earth,
But in the Is-to-be,
The blossoms of eternal worth
Will bloom unceasingly.

Bert Marie Cleveland.

A YOUNG CANADIAN ACTRESS.

By Margaret O'Grady.

THIS is the player's age. Time was when the law adjudged actors as vagabonds, to be whipped at the cart's tail; but in these days performers are honoured. Has not that most dignified of women and best beloved of sovereigns, Queen Victoria, knighted two of them?

It generally comes to players that they achieve success after they have passed the middle line of life, and that the fickle public before whom they have been playing for years and years, somehow fails to discover their greatness until it is almost time to lay aside the trappings of the stage. There are exceptions, which fact makes it seem a very truth indeed that "the fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

When De Wolfe Hopper went over to London a season or two ago his company numbered among its members a Canadian girl who acted as understudy to Nella Bergen, Hopper's leading lady. This young woman was Miss Gertrude Mackenzie, of Toronto. She had made her début on the professional stage a year previous in "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," then being "done" by the Whitney Opera Company. Having joined the Hopper forces, she appeared before a London audience for the first time in Sousa's "El Capitan." This opera, as everyone knows, scored a phenomenal hit, running for a season of six months first at the Lyric, which, by the way, is rather fortunate in producing popular successes, and subsequently moving from the Shaftesbury Avenue playhouse to the Comedy Theatre. At the end of the season Miss Mackenzie decided to remain abroad, and for this purpose secured an engagement with the Anglo-American Light Opera Company, singing the principal female rôle which she had left America to understudy. The company is at present touring the English provinces and, with this sweet Canadian song-bird at its head, is enjoying an amazingly prosperous circuit, vouched for by numerous complimentary press notices in which Miss Mackenzie's name figures prominently.

Although born in Montreal, Gertrude Mackenzie has lived in Toronto all her life, and for a time sang in St. James' Cathedral choir, being for some three or four years a pupil of Prof. E. W. Schuch. She is an energetic little woman, and one for whom, apparently, hard work has no terror, for in addition to playing eight performances a week, she finds time to devote to the further perfecting of an already glorious voice. She is now studying under Mr. Walker, of the Royal Academy of Music, London. So, her laurels fairly earned, it cannot be said of her that she is content to rest on them.

Alas, for the successful young artist who heeds the voice of the praisemongers, persons of a certain genre who go about seeking whom they may devour with their fulsome flattery. A surfeit of cheap compliments must be nauseating to a healthy mind. How often has the career of a promising actress been irretrievably ruined by this claptrap method of applause! Those who have watched her advancement with interest, and perhaps with disapproval, are certain to be proud of her now, and all their friends will desire to know and flatter her. Her rooms will be redolent with the odour of flowers, her pictures will glisten in the cheap illustrated periodicals, her praises will be sung by myriads of honeyed tongues. If she believes everything that is told of her, this eulogium will take the form of a malignant disease and she will be literally flattered down from her high estate. If she wishes

to amount to anything, it were well to ignore these interminable peans and that may be done only by work constant and steady. To keep a wide-awake eye on the pinnacle of her ambition and by avoiding that much-sought-after notoriety, which is flimsy, showy and foundationless, the fame she seeks should be hers. Once a youthful player becomes conscious of her own importance, there is small hope of her ever obtaining greatness. This is the stone that drags her down to mediocrity and from mediocrity to dulness, the hades of dramatic art as it is of literature. Doubtless, this is a violation of one of the most cherished traditions of that two-penny cynicism of which certain modern satirists of the lunk-head school have been so prolific; but it is the truth.











GERTRUDE MACKENZIE.

On the other hand, in the modern tendency to be hypercritical, there is much more danger of doing harm to young ambition than thoughtless people imagine.

Thus it is that this clever Canadian girl has, by earnest endeavour, won for herself a name and renown gratifying to those of her own land and approved by an appreciative public

across the sea. She has made an artistic success, and having stamped that success with a personal popularity, now finds herself a firmly fixed favourite.

The personality of an actress is a factor in theatrical ethics that must be reckoned with, Shakespeare's declaration that "the play's the thing," to the contrary notwithstanding. And the personnel of Miss Mackenzie is one of a woman of refinement, fine feeling, sympathetic nature and lofty ambitions. A superb talent is hers, too, and the heavenly gift of song. The photographs which accompany this article, represent the fair chanteuse as "Isabel," Don Medigua's daughter in "El Capitan," whose costumes are like a daily hint from Paris. No pen is necessary to describe the contour of so sweet a face that admirably serves as an effective setting for an uncommonly pretty and comprehensive pair of eyes. It is pleasant to hear of the success of a Canadian, for fortune continues to be a fickle strumpet and popularity comes in waves. But Canadian women, it would appear, are still on the top crest.

A WALK TO THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES.

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

*By Dr. Frederick A. Cook.**

THERE was a time in frigid lore when we wrote only of "The Pole," and everybody understood us as referring to the North Pole. But we have discovered that the North Pole has rivals. There are not less than four beyond the horizon of ambitious explorers to-day; four important poles used every hour of the day and every day of the year by navigators and land surveyors and other men, upon whom millions of lives and numerous fortunes depend.

These are the two geographical poles, the northern and southern axes, around which our globe spins; and of still greater importance, the two magnetic poles; the positive and negative points of the earth at which the terrestrial and the atmospheric electricity interchange currents. Though these poles are in momentary use, the regions in which they are located are the only parts of the world of which we know nothing. As the maps of the earth's surface are being spread, the blank spaces at the poles are more and more encroached upon, but the poles still remain far beyond the border lands. So many efforts have been made within the last few years to reach the one pole of greatest popular interest—the North Pole—and so many failures have fallen to the lot of these pole-seekers that it is time to ask, as I have been asked daily, "Is the pole attainable?" This question, however, I wish to change in conformity to modern needs, and in justice to the less thought of, but more important, other poles. "What are the possibilities of reaching the four poles?"

The northern geographical pole, by its nearness to us and by the records of historic effort, deserves first attention. The popular idea that all Arctic expeditions have the North Pole as their ultimate destination is erroneous. Only the expeditions of Nares, DeLong, Nansen, Jackson, Andrae, Wellman,

* Copyrighted 1900, by Frederick A. Cook. With reference to Dr. Cook's qualifications to write authoritatively upon polar exploration, it may be explained that the Antarctic voyage in the *Belgica* was not Dr. Cook's first experience in the polar explorations. He went with the first Peary expedition to North Greenland in 1891-92; he went in the schooner yacht *Zeta* for a summer trip to West Greenland in 1893; and he was in charge of the *Miranda* expedition in 1894.—EDITOR

Lugi, and the last venture of Lieutenant Peary have aimed to mount the pivot. All except Lieutenant Peary and Prince Lugi have returned with plenty of experience and with scientific results of value, but without the pole. The public wants the pole and nothing short of it. People will hail the man whose foot has been on the exact spot, but they will condemn all efforts short of that. The hero-worshippers are ready, but who is the hero to be made? By what route can he climb the ladder of popular fame, and what are the obstacles in his way?



THE AUTHOR IN ARCTIC COSTUME.

The chimeric hopes of an open polar sea, or any other easy road to the pole, must now be abandoned. The drift of Nansen's ship, the *Fram*, and the destruction of the ships of De-Long and Wellman have removed the possibility of gaining a high latitude with safety or the certainty of results by the drifting of a ship in the pack-ice. The submarine boats and the ice-crushers, of which so much is said at present, are entirely impossible, owing to the inability of carrying sufficient coal. As to balloons, they are still too much of an experiment. When we can so manage balloons or flying machines that we can sail from New York to Chicago and back again on schedule time, without accident, then we may experiment with them in polar work, but not until then. Balloons are good enough to go to heaven in, as we have learned by Andrae's experience; they go up well enough, but they do not come down satisfactorily.

The talk of modern inventions, of improved and condensed foods, of a thousand boasts of latter-day advantages for this kind of exploration are based upon an imperfect knowledge of the subject. The only new thing of note in polar work which has offered a promise of success is the construction of the *Fram* with sloping sides to tilt her out of the line of ice pressure, but even this is still an experiment. Most explorers of to-day prefer the good old reliable sealing vessels. In foods there have been many so-called scientific concoctions, giving the greatest amount of nutrition with the least possible weight; some of these are aids, but I have yet to find the man who would not prefer fish, seal and bear meat to the finest canned stuffs. The stomach does not take kindly for a prolonged period to laboratory mixtures. As with the food and the ship, so with the equipment. Most of the

new inventions have been miserable failures. The aluminum and copper boats and sledges, and the improved clothing, and a hundred boasted novelties, if the truth be admitted, have been mistakes. All the successes which have been obtained have been with outfits based upon first principles in polar exploration. Only the old methods and simple foods have been of lasting value.

The man who succeeds in reaching the North Pole must be one who, by habit and occupation, has given the greatest possible care to the minor details of daily life and work. One who is certain to make sure of big things, but neglects little ones, will quickly fail in his effort. One who secures a big stock of clothing and food, but who forgets shoestrings and matches, will soon come to grief. All our experience in the past proves this. There is but one way to reach any of the poles, and this way is the plain old fashioned way of walking to it. It is a path full of obstacles, hardships and difficult, dogged work, with no pleasures except those which are mingled with a thousand little incidents as the elements of nature and the failings of man are overcome.

If we must walk to the pole, and that, as I believe, is positively the only way, we must abandon all our costly and cumbersome machinery ; we must leave our high perch of modern flight, we must come out of balloons and go back to mother earth and to the habits of her aborigines to get our schooling. If we take our lessons from nature the necessary equipment for a polar walk must be simple in conception. In final adaptation and adjustment to the changing conditions of frigid travelling, however, it will be very complex with little details. The ship must be pushed to the limit of navigation. At this point permanent headquarters and an inexhaustible base of supplies must be established. Caches or way stations must be advanced poleward as far as possible. Now all is ready for the great life-battle, the attack upon the pole.



A POLAR OUTFIT.

Everything depends upon this final march, hence every detail connected with it is of the utmost importance. If an



MR. ROALD AMUNDSEN, FIRST OFFICER OF THE BELGICAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION AND DR. COOK, IN TRAVELLING COSTUME. HEIGHT OF MOUNTAIN AND ICE IN BACK GROUND IS ABOUT 100 FEET ABOVE THE WATER AND 700 FEET BELOW THE WATER. IT IS AN ICE-BERG SURROUNDED BY PACK-ICE AND THE ENTIRE MASS FLOATS ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA.

Eskimo plans a long journey, he takes his wife and family and the entire outfit for camping and marching leisurely; but his outfit is meagre. A team of dogs, a sledge and its fittings, a few furs, a needle and thread, a stone upon which to make a fire, a piece of flint and a piece of ivory pyrites to make sparks, and a few pieces of frozen meat, comprise his outfit. With this he roams leisurely over all the habitable Arctic regions. But the pole-seeker must press on beyond the limit of animal life. He must carry his bed, his clothing and sufficient food for the whole journey. The length of this journey will not be less than three months, and it may be five months. Herein lies the difficulty. If one could depend upon the game, as do the Eskimos upon the march, there would be no serious obstacles. A pole-seeker can learn to eat raw and frozen meat and become quite adept. Frozen meat is more digestible as a regular thing than pre-digested food; but even frozen meat is a luxury, though its freshness becomes doubtful when it is carried five months.



THE BELGICA—ROYAL PENGUIN IN FOREGROUND.

I should like to take up this part of the subject, the daily ups and downs, and the comforts and dis-

comforts of the future pole-walker, but space will not permit.

From the lessons of the past, from a study of the Eskimo habits, and from personal experiences, let me tabulate what I regard as an ideal outfit. The clothing should be made after the Eskimo pattern, of strong but light furs. For the bed, a bag made of reindeer skins is sufficient; for shelter, a light silk tent should be on hand for use when it is not possible to build a snow house; as food, the staple diet must ever be of pemmican, a mixture of dried beef and beef tallow. These with tea and milk and biscuits make a satisfactory menu. By way of travelling gear the old McClintock sledge is the best. It has been somewhat modified by Nansen and Peary, but it still remains the old pattern in essentials. It has broad runners, curved at both ends, with a light elastic frame-work.

Snowshoes are indispensable. Regarding these there is room for a difference of opinion, but, in my judgment, for hard work, there is nothing equal to the rackets first made by the Canadian Indians. The number and variety of instruments will depend upon the character and amount of expected scientific work; and last, as a means of traction, there is nothing equal to the Eskimo or Siberian dogs. It is possible to accomplish much by human force, but dogs are a great advantage over man in that they are more economical in the consumption of food; and, strange as it may seem, dogs are more tractable and more easily brought under commanding force than man under similar conditions. To these dogs this life is normal; to man it is abnormal.

The equipment must be somewhat modified to conform to the conditions of the expected attack. The path to each pole is somewhat different. For an attack upon the northern geographical pole the route is almost certainly over rough and moving sea ice. It is possible to pitch headquarters, or at least, plentiful way stations, within ten degrees of the pole. This would leave 600 miles to cover on foot. Perhaps advance supplies may be pushed still nearer. In order to make advance stations certain, however, land is necessary. It seems reasonable to expect some rocky islets north of Greenland as far as the 85th parallel, surely to the 84th. If stations were placed here there would be only 360 miles to cover.

For the inexperienced traveller who hopes to make a quick dash to the pole, with no other object but to gain a rapid road to fame, even 360 miles is impossible. To the man who understands polar conditions and is willing to bunk on snow and feed on frozen meat for three months or three years, however, there is absolutely nothing impossible in crossing this five or ten degrees of latitude. Journeys of greater lengths were made by the search expedition after Franklin and DeLong, and a journey of seemingly greater magnitude was twice made by Lieutenant Peary, who forced a path thirteen hundred miles across the highlands of Northern Greenland, a region more bleak and inhospitable than ultimate polar regions can be expected to be.

Compared with the northern geographical pole the north magnetic pole is easy of access. It was located by Sir John Ross about sixty years ago. From his experience we know that it is possible to fix a permanent land station within a hundred miles of the exact spot. An expedition to this interesting region would give certain and important results.

The work of Ross was done at a time when the science of terrestrial magnetism was in its infancy. His instruments were primitive and imperfect, and his methods, for present purposes, entirely unreliable. To make a magnetic survey of the regions about the North Magnetic Pole is far more important than a geographical survey of the Northern Geographical Pole. It offers no obstacles comparable to the hundreds of miles of moving ice which will have to be crossed and recrossed in the regions farther north. One

hundred thousand dollars, in the proper hands, would certainly complete this most valuable work.

Turning from the little known Arctic to the less known Antarctic we assail a region veiled by the darkness of mystery. The Arctic is now slowly coming out from under its sleeping snows which have buried the sterile lands for centuries, but the Antarctic is augmenting its overland sea of ice which already covers every rock offering a surface upon which snow can rest. Ice and snow are here heaped in such quantities that it becomes a difficult task to determine the difference between landless ice masses and icy land masses. The south polar area is everywhere fenced by a circumpolar sea of destructive ice. The shore is everywhere guarded by a stupendous wall of glacial ice and the interior is everywhere hoplessly submerged by weights of ice of unimaginable thickness. He who seeks to dissolve the film which hides the great white blank about the under surface of the globe will have all the Arctic difficulties multiplied ten times.

Of the South Magnetic Pole we know next to nothing. It is just as important as its northern companion. Not less than six positions are assigned by experts to the South Magnetic Pole. These positions are from 100 to 500 miles apart. If we draw a circle 500 miles in diameter on the eastern end of the great continental mass known as Wilksland it would be possible to say the South Magnetic Pole is somewhere within this, but no more definite point could be fixed. Reaching and locating this pole is entirely practicable, however, though extremely difficult ; but it must not be attempted by men with imperfect knowledge of the subject. The apparent but deceptive ease of the work here is sure to send ill-prepared adventurers to grief within the next few years. It is possible to fix a station within two hundred miles of the probable position of the greatest dip of the needle, and the travelling will be over high, ice-buried lands ; a region similar, perhaps, to the interior of Greenland, where the experiences of Peary and Nansen have shown that exploration is safe and reasonably certain. Efforts to determine the South Magnetic Pole are sure to return material results, and if the right men with the right equipment make the effort they will certainly be rewarded by the accomplishment of their ambition.

Whatever we say of the geographical South Pole must be prefaced by the profession of absolute ignorance of the subject. It is the centre of an ut-



SLEDGE WITH SAILS.



THE SURFACE OF POLAR PACK-ICE.

From what we saw of the Antarctic lands south of Cape Horn it is clear that the previously conceived impossibility of landing on south polar lands is a misconception. The *Belgica* made twenty debarkments, and it was discovered that it was possible to land on nearly every island and neck of land offering a projecting northerly exposure. From the experience of the *Belgica* it would seem that a permanent base of operations might be established close to the 78 parallel of the Victorialand of Ross. This is the only point offering a promising route to the South Pole. The possibilities of reaching it will depend upon the character of the inland ice. If it is a smooth even surface, without mountain ridges or extensive

terly unexplored region, about eight million square miles in extent. Previous to the voyage of the *Belgica* no expedition had been sent beyond the polar circle for sixty years, and there never has been an expedition properly fitted out to reach the South Pole. The nearest approach made to it was by the British explorer, James Ross, in 1840. With two old gun boats under sail he pressed beyond the zone of the sea-ice, which guards the Antarctic, to a large ice-free bay. On the western side of this bay he discovered a high mountainous country, blanketed with perpetual ice, and extending from latitude 71 degrees 40 minutes to the head the bay at about 79 degrees 50 minutes.



SLEEPING BAG, WITH CANADIAN, NORWEGIAN AND ALPINE SNOWSHOES.

crevasses, such as the interior of Greenland, and if this land-ice extends to the pole, then it is within the power of man, with present means, to tread on the spot ; but if it is otherwise, then there is only a small prospect of reaching the southern axis.



AN ESKIMO DOG TEAM.

An English scientist, Mr. Logan Lobley, has reckoned up the area of the world still awaiting the labour of adventurous spirits ; and his grand total of 20,000,000 square miles, on a large portion of which the foot of civillzed man has not yet trod, is a startling result. Here, in the conquest of the earth's surface, is scope enough yet for all the energies of the advanced guard of humanity. In the ranks of explorers have marched some of the most heroic figures the race has produced, and no doubt there are many to follow. The continent of America has been doing something, yet Nansen, the hardy Norwegian, has taken from us the honour of having been the farthest north. Perhaps some hardy American or Canadian will ere long arise whose strong hand, or that of his wife perhaps, shall hoist the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes beyond the present borderland.



A GREENLAND GLACIER.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XVI.—THE ROBERTS FAMILY.

PRIDE in one's country is a very good thing, within the proper limits. It is pleasant to feel that the men of our blood and bone are worthy as are found elsewhere, and stand forth in the stress and strain of the world as staunchly as do those of other lands. The *raison d'être* of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is to some extent, I take it, the expression of this feeling, and it is fitting that it should chronicle facts which are of interest to Canadians as such.

Among our causes for self-gratulation, literature can scarcely be said to hold the most prominent place. We are only emerging from a somewhat primitive state of affairs in this respect. It is but recently that we have arrived at what may fairly be called a national literature. Yet there is an emergence: if we compare the average writer of today with him of ten years back, we shall see a distinct advance. It behooves anyone who is interested in Canadian literature to keep a watchful eye upon this fact. He will come to the conclusion that, with plenty of room for improvement, there is, none the less, substantial reason for confidence in the future.

The literature of our good land being thus in a formative stage, it is useful to keep in touch with those writers who appear to be giving it definite shape. This sketch will indicate the output of an interesting group, connected by the closest ties of blood, who are doing work which bears a marked Canadian flavour, and which shows an excellence that is not common to Canadian work. The group comprises Professor C. G. D. Roberts, his sister and his three brothers. The first name stands for twenty years of fine achievement. The others are not known very widely as yet, but they show good promise and justify the present appreciation of their work.

Charles George Douglas Roberts was born in 1860 at Westcock, Westmoreland Co., N.B. This little village is situated near the head of the Bay of Fundy and close to the big marshes that run inland for some miles on the Isthmus of Chignecto. A more stimulating environment for an imaginative boy could not well be found. There are the vast tides of the bay, there are the wide marshes bright with birds and flowers and girded with purple hills, and behind all for mental background lie the traditions of the great French wars. Old Fort Beauséjour still stands sentinel above Tantremar, its swelling ramparts little changed by the lapse of years. The country is one of the most interesting sections of the Dominion, and its influence upon the future author is shown by the fact that tides and marshes and traditions reappear at intervals throughout the whole of his writings.

His life has been eventful. Graduating from the University of New Brunswick in 1879, he was for a time head master of the Chatham, N.B., Grammar School. Then he became editor of the Toronto *Week*. After doing a good deal of miscellaneous literary work, he was called (1885) to the Chair of Modern Literature at King's College, Windsor, N.S. This position he held until 1895, when he resigned in order to gain more freedom for writing. During the past five years he has written continuously. For some time he edited the *Illustrated American*, of New York. The summer of 1899 he spent in England, engaged on important work for a New York firm.

It is too soon to offer any final opinion upon a writer who is still in his prime; moreover, this sketch is biographical rather than critical. An outline of what he has done may be given. The writings of Professor











GOODRIDGE BLISS ROBERTS (DECEASED).

THEODORE ROBERTS.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

Roberts fall into three groups—poetry, short stories and novels. The fact that he attained prominence first as a poet may account in part for the singularly fine quality of his prose style. His first book—*Orion and other Poems*—appeared in 1880, being published by no less considerable a firm than Lippincotts, of Philadelphia. *Orion* was remarkable for a first volume, and won its author the recognition of competent critics. And the little book is important in another way. It practically marks the beginning of Canadian poetry—or at least of the school which has done the best work in that department. During its author's very successful career as Professor he put forth the following books of verse: *In Divers Tones*, 1887; *Ave*, an ode to commemorate the centenary of Shelley's birth, 1892; *Songs of the Common Day*, 1893. Since 1895 he has given more attention to prose. But 1896 saw the publication of his best volume of poetry—*The Book of the Native*. This well represents the range of his work, his strong, sane point of view, his faultless expression. Two years later appeared *New York Nocturnes*, which touched with unsuspected beauty some of the scenes and phases of city life.

In the short story, so widely cultivated at the century's end, Professor Robers takes exceptional rank. The following collections comprise his output so far: *Earth's Enigmas*, and *Around the Camp-fire*, 1896; *By the Marshes of Minas*, 1900. The last of these is concerned with the exciting period of the French wars, and is on the whole the best. The novels treat of the same fascinating theme. They are two in number: *The Forge in the Forest*, 1897, and *A Sister to Evangeline*, 1898, romances of a high and virile type. More serious but scarcely less interesting is the scholarly *History of Canada* (1897). Nor should I omit his excellent translation of de Gaspé's *Les Canadiens Anciens*.

The importance of Professor Roberts' work is very great in the present stage of Canadian letters. His books cover a remarkably wide range, and do it in a remarkably excellent way. And his personal influence is a valuable factor. By example and by stimulating advice he has done probably more than any single man for the advancement of his country's literature. A good example of his manner is

A Child's Prayer at Evening:

Father, Who keepest
The stars in Thy care,
Me, too, Thy little one,
Childish in prayer,
Keep, as Thou keepest
The soft night through,
Thy long, white lilies
Asleep in Thy dew.

Turning now to the other members of the family, we come first to Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald, born at Westcock in 1864. She was educated at the Grammar School in Fredericton, under Mr. G. R. Parkin, and took a partial University course. During 1891-2 she taught in the School for the Blind, Halifax, N.S. Her work (chiefly poetry) has appeared in the leading magazines (*Century*, *Harper's*, *Independent*, *Canadian*), and its best is contained in a little volume of *Northland Lyrics*, of which more anon. From it we may take

The Bugle Call.

The night loomed black with coming storm,
The narrow pass was iron-walled,
And through the dark profound and grim
A solitary bugle called.

Its voice from cloudy heights unseen
With sudden summoning sweetness spoke,
And in the heavy heart of time
Eternity's desire awoke.

Blow loud and clear from height to height,
O bugle, bid the dark be gone;
Call out across the stormy hills
The gold and azure wings of dawn!

Goodridge Bliss Roberts showed high promise during a life that was sadly short—he died in 1892, at the age of twenty-two years. He had graduated from King's College in 1890, and was studying for the Church at the time of his death. His literary work comprised journalism and miscellaneous writing. Perhaps the best of his prose was a short story called *Garry of Garmitch Bridge*,

which had unusual strength. He co-operated with Mr. Douglas Sladen in editing a volume of *Younger American Poets*, doing the Canadian section (1891). He showed literary qualities that would undoubtedly have won marked distinction. And to those who knew him he showed also the finer qualities of manhood and gentleness. Some verses of his may be given. They are called—

In the Summer.

The hills are sweet with the breath of June,
 Buttercups, roses, and clover stretch,
Laughing and glad, where the bees commune
 Droning their runes in the clinging vetch.

We two roam in the sun together—
 Roam in the sun and are content;
Now in this dreamful summer weather
 Life and Love must needs be blent. . . .

And in the evening we rest together
 There on the hill where the shade is deep,
And out before us the day's short tether
 Is tense, and the valley falls asleep.

Softly, deliciously, warmly creeping,
 Night comes up from the slumbering vale,
Finds us and takes us to her keeping,
 Spreads herself over our mountain trail.

Would that to-night might out live to-morrow!
 To-night we are here with our love, alone—
The morn will bring parting, doubting, sorrow;
 Will open the gate of the All Unknown.

The two youngest members of the family, William Carman Roberts and Theodore Roberts, have seen more of the literary world than most men of their years. The former was born in Fredericton in 1874. He matriculated into the University of New Brunswick, but was compelled to leave when nearing the end of his course, owing to ill-health. Voyaging south to Washington, he completely regained his strength, and in 1897 took up journalism in New York. For a time he was on the staff of the *Illustrated American*, and afterwards Associate Editor of the *Literary Digest*. Since May, 1899, he has been in England, engaged on literary work of importance. Like the others, he has had access to the best domestic and foreign periodicals. I quote a typical poem—

Inscrutable.

Her gold hair, fallen about her face,
Made light within that shadowy place,
 But on her garments lay the dust
Of many a vanished race.

Her deep eyes, gazing straight ahead,
Saw years and days and hours long dead,
 While strange gems glimmered at her feet,
Yellow, and green, and red.

And ever from the shadows came
Voices to pierce her heart like flame;
 The great bats fanned her with their wings,
The voices called her name.

But yet her look turned not aside
From the black deep where dreams abide,
 Where worlds and pageantries lay dead
Beneath that viewless tide.

Her elbow on her knee was set,
Her strong hand propped her chin, and yet
 No man might name that look she wore,
Nor any man forget.

Theodore Roberts is three years younger than his brother. His boyhood was spent chiefly in his native town of Fredericton. During the winter of 1897-8, he was on the staff of the *Independent* (N.Y.), and when the Spanish-American war broke out went to Tampa as special correspondent for that paper. His experience was something less than pleasant. He crossed to Cuba with Shafter's army, and at Baiquiri, in the Province of Santiago, was brought down with fever. Not until late autumn could he return north. During this time he had written articles for his paper and a good deal of war fiction and poetry. In May, 1899, he went to Newfoundland. Here, after a time, he conceived the idea of founding a periodical, and *The Newfoundland Magazine* is the result. The plan is to produce "a first-class illustrated monthly, to represent England's oldest colony in the magazine world." It promises well, as it is run on sound business principles, and with decided literary and artistic taste. Theodore Roberts' work—fiction and poetry—has appeared in *The Century*, *Independent*, *Canadian*, etc. He has written a short historical romance—*The House of Osstens*. The poem called *Harold* is characteristic:

Up from the trodden sands lift his red plume;
Shoot his maimed stallion, and sheathe his red sword;
Bury him there where the cliffs make a gloom
And the cedars hang desolate over the ford.

Helmet and cuirass, and scabbard of steel,
Gauntlets and top-boots, and clatter of spur;
Dumb now the clashing from thigh-bone to heel,
And harmless as dragon-fly mocking them there.

Such a great fight there will never be more;
Harold alone there, with pistols and sword,
Shooting them down when they rode to the shore,
Cutting them down when they rode from the ford.

Twenty long minutes he held it, and then
Shouting came down from the pass overhead;
He turned in his saddle to cheer on his men,
And the gray rocks that saw it were spattered with red.

Bury him there where the waters swing by,
And the gloom of the mountain hangs over the ford;
With his feet to the rock and his face to the sky,
And the grip of his hand on the hilt of his sword.

Bury him there where the winds in the pass
Will cry him the dirges the sere cedars know;
No tear will awake him of comrade or lass,
Where we leave him to dream in the grass and the snow.

Only the flare of his swinging red plume,
Like the flag of a hero will challenge the ford;
Till the last great "To horse!" will blare over his tomb,
And he'll lead us again with his hand on his sword.

Northland Lyrics is a book of verse by the two last-named writers and their sister. It appeared in the fall of 1899. Well printed and tastefully bound, it contains good poetry by those who have better yet to come. There is a Foreword by Professor Roberts, which was published originally in the 1898 Christmas number of *The Canadian Magazine*.

Sister and brothers, not by blood alone,
Kinship inalienably dear we own;
.
But also by the fellowship of song;

and an Epilogue by Mr. Bliss Carman that notes the atmosphere of the little volume, about which there clings

Some glamour of the darling land
Of purple hill and scarlet tree,
Of tidal rivers and tall ships,
And green-diked orchards by the sea.

Northland Lyrics has its faults, as all first ventures must have. But it shows throughout the right poetic touch—the singing quality that covers a multitude of sins.

The point that is perhaps most interesting in the work of the Roberts family—especially in the case of Professor Roberts—is their artistic treatment of Canadian scenes and doings. We have so much that is beautiful within the sweep of our mountains and rivers, that it is pleasant to see these things receiving literary interpretation.

Of course, no one would argue that national literature must confine itself to national themes. Nor is this the case with the work in question. But it is satisfactory and a hopeful presage to find the picturesque aspects of our history and life touched upon by those who can treat them fittingly. For thus is our literature winning recognition in the outside world.

King's College, Windsor, N.S. *A. B. de Mille.*



WILLIAM McKINLEY, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

McKINLEY AND BRYAN.

By Professor Simon J. McLean.

ONE of the most momentous facts in the history of the United States is the Louisiana Purchase. By it the great Mississippi valley, which alone is capable of supporting a population in excess of one hundred millions, was acquired. New economic problems have faced the United States as a consequence of the acquisition of this territory. The centre of political gravity has also moved towards the West. In this newer section we find the aspirations and enthusiasms of that newer life we differentiate as American. The East is going through a process of stratification which leaves it but an extension of the land that earlier Americans regarded as effete. Where the West begins no man can tell—it always lies further on and nearer to the pot of money that may be found by him who adventurously digs at the foot of the rainbow. All that can be said is that there is a Central West, and that there is also a trans-Mississippi West whose ways of thought and of action are newer and fuller of the enthusiasms of youth.

The history of the United States, since the Civil War, has been the record of the increasing importance of the West. Ohio, as well as Virginia, is now the mother of Presidents. The chances of an Easterner becoming President are more and more remote. In the election of 1900, as in the election of 1896, this importance of the West is forced to the front. President McKinley comes from the Central West, from the sturdy Scotch-Irish stock, the record of whose deeds makes up the history of what was once the further West. William Jennings Bryan unites in his personality the East and the West. His ancestors came to Illinois from Virginia, the Old Dominion; he moved in the flush of young manhood from Illinois to Nebraska—a State the history of whose development is part and parcel of the newer wonder-workings of the West.

We are prone at times, in a spirit of



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

scientific cynicism, to speak as if environment were all and man nothing; to look at man as merely part of the social mass. It is in times of upheaval that we find that a man of prominence may be more than the crest of the wave; to find that he may in some degree dominate the mass of which he is a constituent. Whatever the party differences are, whatever the principles contained in the respective platforms may be, it is none the less true that in the fever heat of an American political campaign the voters think in terms of personality.

To-day McKinley and Bryan stand as the representatives of two divergent sets of principles. McKinley incarnates protection, the single standard, and that policy of expansion which, the outcome of accident, has been accepted as a tenet of a political creed. Reverse this and we have Bryan's position—free trade, opposition to expansion, belief in bimetallism. President McKinley won his name as an advocate of protection. He is in some degree the outcome of an accident. The men who have been long in Federal politics and who have occupied a prominent position therein are not good presidential timber. James G. Blaine and Thomas B. Reed, two of the strongest Republicans since the war, are cases in point. McKinley came from Ohio, where his record as Governor had created no opposition—the Governor of that State has no veto power. He was by no means the most prominent of the Protectionists in the House of Representatives when he was elected. It was here that accident favoured him. He and Reed, the famous "czar," one of the most masterful personalities of the present generation in American politics, were candidates for the Speakership of the House of Representatives. Reed was the candidate acceptable to the majority of the Republican party. It is an unwritten rule that the member of the dominant party who has been unsuccessful in his candidacy for the Speakership, shall be appointed by the Speaker Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. As Chairman of this committee McKinley brought in the measure with which his name is associated. As far as the



ADLAI STEVENSON, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

credit for the protective features of the measure pertains to any particular person, Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, deserves credit, since he did much in the Senate to give the matter a distinctly protective character. The dissensions in the Democratic party, during Cleveland's second term, opened the way for the Republican victory of 1896. Here again accident favoured McKinley. He in common with many of the Republican leaders, wished to make the fight on Protection. The party was at first unwilling to align itself on the money question. Many of the prominent Republicans had coquetted with the Silver question. At last a declaration for the gold standard was made in the hope of attracting votes.

The apprenticeship of William Jennings Bryan in Congress was short. Nebraska is a close State and so the changes of politics gave Bryan but two terms in Congress. While he was in Congress he was in no sense a leader; he had no opportunity to associate himself with any piece of legislation whose name became a party slogan. The leading item in his political creed was a belief in free trade. In his earlier campaigns in Nebraska he made his strongest fights on this issue. In the mental attitude shown by him towards the money question there is a certain resemblance to the mental attitude of ex-President Cleveland towards the same problem, although the result arrived at in the latter case was diametrically opposite. Cleveland had done no thinking on the money question until he entered National politics. It was his nature to take the difficulties as they came to him, and then to grapple with them at first hand. It was after Bryan became a member of the House of Representatives that he began his study of the money question. And his views in favor of "sixteen to one" without international consent crystallized during his two terms of Congress.

The two candidates stand to-day for the newer conditions created by the Civil War. For years after the war the Republicans relied upon their war policy as the argument for their retention in power. But that day has passed and McKinley, although a distinguished veteran of the war, stands for the policy of Protection, whose importance in American politics dates since 1861. Bryan, who was an infant when the war broke out, stands for the Money question which is also an outcome of the troubled financial conditions which succeeded the war.

In personal characteristics, although both are of the West, there are essential differences. Bryan has the enthusiasm of the West. McKinley has more of the colder polish of the East. The set speeches made by McKinley to those who pilgrimaged to his home in Canton, Ohio, in 1896 were polished little speeches pointed by epigrammatic statements that might be used as campaign catchwords. With the exception of the famous "cross of gold and crown of thorns" outburst of his Chicago speech, Bryan has given few statements that serve as campaign rallying crys. But the absence of the polish which characterizes McKinley's speeches brings Bryan all the closer to the people. The speech which gave him a national name was rhetorical in the extreme. The earlier speeches of 1896 followed in the same vein. Four years of constant campaigning have deprived his speeches of much of their rhetorical ornament; there is less of the fire of enthusiasm; there is more of the steadfastness of firm resolve.

Into the realm of political prophesy it is dangerous to venture. But this much may be ventured, the election of 1900 will undoubtedly be closer than that of 1896. President McKinley has been fortunate and unfortunate during his administration. A great expansion of trade has taken place; but the country is engaged in the interminable Philippine war. Acquisitions of territory have been made; but the Republican party has enforced with reference to these a policy identical with that which evoked such strenuous opposition in the days of the American Revolution. Step by step the Presi-

dent has been forced to compromise in order to conciliate divergent elements in his party. Then again the frame of government in the United States is not adapted to a vigorous foreign policy. The President has a record for the best of intentions — the accomplishments have fallen far short of his desires. During the years that have passed since 1896 Bryan has been a national figure. Despite the wiles of the machine element of the Democratic party he has dominated the situation. Few men can stand the self-revelation entailed by four years of constant speech making ; but he has stood it and is a greater man to-day than he was in 1896. Those who differ in opinion from him cannot contest his earnestness. He stands for his principles and not for expediency. He is characterized by an intensity of belief in the American people and in the intelligence of the average voter which latter-day cynicism may perhaps class as perfervid. But this strikes the keynote of his character. He represents the United States of the further West; and he has put into ringing nervous speech what the people of this section have but imperfectly thought out. He will stand as a landmark in the history of the West.

THE CONVERT FROM CAMP 2.

By Jean Blewett.

THE miners from across the river and the lumbermen from the hills came regularly—at first out of curiosity, later out of genuine interest. They were no common meetings these open-air gatherings, and Hall Richardson was no common man. Since those moonlit nights when he stood bare-headed on that level stretch of green with the odorous pines behind and the Stewiacke singing merrily before, he has made a name for himself, as an evangelist of eloquence and power. Then he was only a youth, tall, handsome, magnetic, with wonderful blue eyes—wonderful in this, that they held a compelling power from which no man wholly escaped, and to which most yielded without a struggle.

The old minister who had preached for a score of years in the little chapel, perched halfway up the hill, and reached by grass-grown steps, did not approve of Hall Richardson coming to Truro, but his wishes weighed little when they ran counter to those of that strong-willed, beautiful girl of his. Grace wanted the young man with the high ideals and his creed of lofty living for lowly men. She had ideals herself and was given to preaching dear little sermons to the miners' wives when occasion offered.

When the young man looked over his strangely-assorted audience of fifty or sixty the first night, he noticed that among the dozen women present were two strangely beautiful ones. These were Grace Hollis and Marjory Eccles. He studied them afterward as opportunity offered. Grace he found proud and high-souled, sweet of expression, firm of purpose. There was about her a dignity belonging to an older person. This came of the fact that for ten years she had been both vicar and housekeeper for her father. So cultivated, so kindly, he found her a solace and a stay. "You brace me up, you are an inspiration," he told her when he had been a week among the lumbermen and miners, and his eyes dwelt gratefully on her as he spoke. Perhaps it came to him that this low-voiced woman would make the right kind of wife for an earnest young minister. She was a scholar too. The Rev. John Hollis might not have been much of a success

in the pulpit, but he had taught his daughter well.

A girl's thoughts are her own, and if in these long summer afternoons she sometimes mapped out a career of usefulness for herself by the side of this tender-souled, impassioned young man, it was her affair solely.

As for Marjory Eccles, Hall Richardson did not tell her that she was an inspiration ; he did not say to her in mellow tones that she braced him up—in fact, he said very little to her. He knew she was not his ideal woman, this slip of a girl with the laughter forever on her lips and the hint of mockery in her big dark eyes,—knew it well ; and yet she disturbed him strangely. He told himself that he would not think of her, but human nature is strong in a man even when he is a minister, and he kept on thinking. He had a great knowledge of theology, but theology does not help a man out of every difficulty.

How he preached ! A report of his work went up to the Stewiacke mountains, twenty miles away, and Don Ransome came down from Camp 2 to see for himself what was going on. Grace and Marjory met him in the afternoon and stopped to speak, for the reckless, daredevil fellow with the handsome face, had been schoolmate and playfellow in the years gone by. Don had been drinking some. His cheek was flushed, and he spoke more freely than was his wont.

"Been having some Methodist goings on here, eh !" he said, "everybody getting converted—all the miners singing hymns, all the lumbermen learning texts, all the women worshipping the preacher. Thought I'd come and have some fun out of it all."

Marjory gave him an affectionate look and laid her hand on the sleeve of his ragged coat.

"Don, I wish you wouldn't be so—so bad," she said simply, and if Hall Richardson had seen her then he might have changed his opinion of her disposition.

"The only man a woman thinks worth anything is the long-coated fellow," he scoffed. "I'd rather be what I am. I've got the strength of an ox, an appetite for all the good things of life. I hate my foe and love my friend, and fear neither man nor devil. That's enough. We can't all be parsons. See you at the hallelujah meeting, I suppose ?" He lifted his cap from his dark curls and passed on.

Not once while Marjory and he were talking had he looked into the face of the minister's proud daughter, not once had Grace looked at him. Yet many a time had he ridden from Camp 2 for no other purpose than to watch her walking to church beside her father, and many a time the white moon slipping up from behind the trees had found her looking steadfastly toward the wooded heights of the Stewiacke.

It was a white night. The moonlight lay white on the hill and the valley, on the trees murmuring, and the water lapping. Men who had worked all day in the bowels of the earth wondered vaguely at the beauty of it. The white light fell on the face of the young minister, and showed it pale with feeling. His eyes shone like stars, his voice, when he began to speak, vibrated with emotion. Men and women listened with strained attention. The eloquence of the man seemed greater than usual, the magnetism more pronounced. Once and awhile some lumberman shook himself uneasily, some miner winced, some woman cried softly. In the shadow crouched a Magdalene listening, listening till the horror of herself grew so strong that with a cry she flitted away into the night—away, away—anywhere to get out of the sound of that soul-reaching voice.

The white-haired old minister shook his head dubiously, these stirring sermons were not to his mind. He himself had preached for twenty years and his listeners had not wept or paled, or behaved unseemly as these were doing. But, then, his had been good orthodox sermons. This stripling had a way of speaking as man to man which shock-

ed the good divine. But Hall Richardson was there to move people, and move them he did.

"And now a word to you, young men, in closing. I want you to think of your debts. There is the young man who prides himself on his honesty, and who proclaims that he owes no man anything. Let him stop and consider. He lives to please himself, yet he owes it to others to live for something higher. He owes to the mother who bore him in anguish and watched over him in brooding love, a mighty debt of reverence and care. Does he pay it? No, he ignores the obligation. He owes it to the sturdy ancestors whose name he bears to be something more than a rude brawler and profligate, but he cheats the dead as he cheats the living. He owes it to his fellowmen to be of sterling character and do the right, and he never pays. He owes it to the woman who will some day link her life with his to be pure and upright, but he has to write bankrupt on himself unless he lies to her and to God. He owes it to the children who may be given him to be of cleanly life and honest purpose, and he is neither. He lives to please himself."

The deep blue eyes of the speaker looked straight into the flashing dark ones of Don Ransome. There was a pause for an instant, then he went on.

"The drunkard is the most dishonest of all. We cry out against the man who steals the little all of the widow and orphan, but what of one who holds the love and trust of some soul, who is the banker of its earthly hope and happiness, and who is false to the trust! You drunkard do this, for you take from some loving woman the riches of her affection and her faith. Oh, the loss and heartbreak you dishonestly bring. Christ comforts, but cannot make it good to her. Don't stand up and boast of being even with the world, you that bartered conscience and manhood for the gross things of life. You must not, you dare not. You owe to every man and woman whose face you meet. Your debts cry out to heaven. There is but one way out of your insolvency, and that is by the way of Calvary."

After the service Don Ransome, with eyes fiercely bright, passed out from the little crowd. He gave no word to any one. He trod upon Grace's skirt as he passed, but gave her no look. A little later he rode out in the white night with the odour of the pines in his nostrils, and the rush of the river in his ears. At the bend in the road he looked at earth and sky, and said, soberly—

"So, Don Ransome, you're nothing but a damned cheat."

A wakened bird chirped lonesomely, the wind coming softly up from the sea stirred the curls on his forehead.

Hall Richardson had come to Truro in June, and now the August heat lay on the world. Grace Hollis, all in white, sat beside him on the wide porch. The birds twittered, the hills had a blue mist on their heads, the yellow butterflies went criss-cross, criss-cross above the flowers, the sun shone hotly on the highway. August in the Maritime Provinces is glorious. The two on the porch were talking of love.

"After all," said the young minister, musingly, "I don't know that we need to pity the woman who has never blushed or paled for passion's sake. She may be happier than her sisters, and yet if love and sorrow are the two great forces God puts in this world, no woman grows to her full stature who does not taste of both." As he spoke his eyes strayed down the path to where a slip of a girl in a pink dress was swinging in a hammock.

"I think every womanly woman is bound to love." A beautiful flush crept to the face of Grace, and she spoke almost solemnly. "To love, and, perhaps, to suffer. She is a compound of gladness and grief—she couldn't be all glad and be a woman."

"Femininity exacts its price, you mean. I agree with you. I have studied many of your sex, and have

come to this conclusion: it is the woman most richly dowered with the power of living and enjoying whose laughter has a hint of tears in it always. The thing which often puzzles me is that the good woman loves the bad man nine times out of ten. You cannot reason her out of her delusion."

"No," softly, "you cannot reason her out of her delusion."

"I cannot understand it at all."

"No, you are a man." There was a touch, just a touch of bitterness in her voice.

"Your een were like a spell, Jeannie,
Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitched me sae,
I couldna help mysel', lassie,"

sang the girl in the hammock.

Hall Richardson felt an overwhelming desire to walk down the path, to get near to her, near enough to look into the dark eyes, near enough—

He turned to Grace. "It is an awful thing when either man or woman marries the wrong person," he cried; "it means a lifework marred. Grace will you—"

She stood up tall and straight beside him. "Don't say any more. It would be an awful mistake for you to marry any girl but the one who holds your heart, and she is yonder. Go and talk it over with her." Then she rushed into the house.

Criss-cross, criss-cross, the yellow butterflies went. A white cloud sailed in the azure overhead, the river slipped over the boulders with a soothing lap, lap, lap. Marjory had ceased singing. A murmur of voices came to Grace. She walked out to the gate and took the path leading to the river. Half-way there she met a comely, strapping girl, and would have passed her with a bow, but the other would not have it so.

"Miss Grace, I want to talk with you," she said, and her tone was earnest, "come and sit on the bank for awhile. You needn't be so scared of yourself. I'm not as good a woman as you, but I've got a heart in me. I've come to do a kind turn for one that needs it bad enough, heaven knows."

Grace sat down. Her face was white as her dress, but her eyes were as proud and serious of expression as ever.

"And how can I help you, Molly?" she asked. "I'm ready to do anything."

"Are you?" with a bitter little smile; "you don't look it. You know Don Ransome?"

Grace nodded. Molly's bold black eyes fastened themselves on the girl beside her. "You know about him and me?" she queried. "Oh, yes, it makes you blush to have me mention it. Well, it's about him I want to talk to you."

"I'd rather you wouldn't," cried Grace. "Go to father if you want help or advice."

"Him!" with fine scorn; "no, I'll talk to you, Miss Grace. You see, it's this way. Nigh three months ago Don came down here and got converted. No sham, mind you, but genuinely converted through and through. I heard all about it from Jem Duck, but never put much faith in it. Seemed an unlikely yarn."

"You didn't see him, then?" asked Grace, quickly.

"Not for two months. You remember the fever broke out among the men in Camp 2 about the middle of June. Don didn't take it himself, but he was too busy nursing the ones that did to go 'round visiting. Oh, he did well! Jem says the men up there are ready to lay down and let them walk right over them if he chooses. Buckled right in. Some of the fellows tried to get him to take it easier, but he said, 'No, I've a lot of back payments to make up.' Seemed to think he was in debt all the time. So he nursed the sick and buried the dead, and did a heap of looking after the widows and orphans. The first off-day he got he rode down to Kelly's tavern and made things lively for awhile."

"He could not keep from drink then? His conversion was——"

"Don't be so fast, Miss Grace. He didn't touch a drop. He just marched in looking so big and handsome, and says he to that cringing little Kelly, 'I helped to start this business of yours here, and I've done my share at keeping it up. I owe it to the lads in our camp, and to the mothers of them to get it out of here, and I'm going to do it.' He did it too. Don's got grit enough in him to tackle the old boy if he felt like it," and Molly laughed till she cried.

"Do you think him in earnest? If he were bent on making reparation to his fellow-creatures for his misspent youth it seems to me he should have gone first of all to you." Grace spoke with an effort.

"I'm coming to that. Don didn't forget me. I was getting father's dinner the other day when he came in. He was looking sick enough to die, but he held out his hand, and said he, 'Molly, I haven't seen you for a year, but you're looking as healthy'—here Molly gave the girl beside her a malicious glance—'and as handsome as ever. I'm taking the fever, and I believe I'm going to die. Will you be my wife? I'm ready to marry you any time.' And he smiled, Miss Grace, as he said it. God never made a man that could smile sweeter than Don Ransome." Molly's voice broke.

"It was right," said Grace clearly. "I'm glad that he did it, for your sake —and his. When you are his wife ——"

"Oh, I'm not going to marry him. That's what I want to talk over with you. I told you once that he had wronged me. Well so he had, for he had come about me when I was barmaid at Kelly's, and turned my head with his fine speeches, but as for wronging me in any worse way he never did. I let you think so because I was jealous of you clean to my toes, though sometimes when you turned your nose up at me as if I was a lost creature, I could hardly keep from blurting out the truth."

Grace sat very still.

"You women with the pale faces and cold eyes have no heart or fire in you. Don Ransome would have been a different man if he'd loved somebody a little more human."

"But why will you not marry him?" asked Grace unsteadily.

"Because I don't want to—because I'd be the miserablest soul under the heavens if I did." ("And that's no lie, Heaven knows," she added under her breath, "because I've promised to marry Jem Duck at Christmas.") There is a batch of reasons for you. You don't like me, Miss Grace?"

"Oh, Molly," cried Grace with sudden passion, "why did you lie to me that day? Why? What had I ever done to you but kindness?"

"A jealous woman has no memory for kindness, let me tell you. But I want you to do something, Miss Grace. I mustn't waste time talking over bygones with you. Don Ransome's got the fever. He mayn't die, for the doctor down here is too worthless to go up and drug him to death, but he's mighty sick, and he's wanting somebody badly. It isn't me; I wish to heavens it was, for I'd like to buckle in and bring the boy through. It's some one so proud that it doesn't stand to reason she's going to go up there among a lot of rough men to nurse him, and so good that she'd let a man starve for a sight of her before ——"

"I'll go." Grace bent and kissed the other's face. "I'll go at once, Molly."

"What made you come?" the sick man at Camp 2 was asking the girl beside him.

"Because I thought you wanted me."

"It's a wonder the parson allowed it. If I were going to marry a girl I wouldn't want her to go taking care of a worthless chap like Don Ransome," with the ghost of his old smile.

"He came with me. He will be in soon."

The sick man shivered. "He is a grand good chap," he said presently, "and deserves his happiness."

"Yes. He is going to marry Marjory in the spring."

There was a long silence. Then the sick man lifted one of her white hands and laid it across his eyes.

"Do you feel very badly about it?" he whispered.

Grace laughed softly. "Do you know what he came up here to do? Can't you guess, Don?" She took her hand from his eyes. "Look at me."

"Grace, darling Grace, what did he come for?" he asked.

"To make us man and wife, Don. I want the right to nurse you and care for you, the right to be nearer and dearer to you than anyone on earth. You asked me once on your bended knees to say I loved you, and I would not. Pride shall not make me dumb to-day." She laid her fair head against his dark one, encircled him with her arms and whispered something into his big ear.

The wind sighed among the pines. The stars came softly out in a saffron sky. Heaven was very near to Camp 2 that August night. In the rude kitchen Molly baked and brewed. Once she stopped to say reflectively, "Used to act as if he wasn't good enough to tie her shoes, but now—oh, lordy! It beats all how limber those stiff ones get when the pride gets out of them."

THE MAJOR'S MISTAKE.

By May Austin Low.

THEY all prophesied ill of the match, from old Madame, in her chair by the chimney-place, who had known the Major since his babyhood, to Caroline Comstock who had loved him devotedly since he was a boy.

Most people had got into the way of thinking the Major would never enter the meshes of matrimony, since a midsummer morning many years before, when Dorothy, the belle of Berthierville, had jilted him in cold blood for one less worthy. But a letter had just come from the Major to his mother, carrying the news of his engagement and speedy marriage.

Now the Major had been travelling in Europe for more than a year. He had, so people said, never completely recovered from that first foolish love affair. Old Madame, it is true, always maintained he suffered more from wounded pride than thwarted passion; and old Madame was somewhat of a wiseacre.

Old Madame was English to the backbone, and although she had married a French-Canadian, and lived seventy-two of her seventy-five years in a Canadian village, she still talked proudly of England as home.

There was something pathetically amusing about it—a woman who was bound to Canada by all the ties and memories that make living a holy thing, ignoring its bonds and claiming that land for her own, where she had passed but three years of babyhood.

Being blessed with a maintenance sufficient to supply her with the necessities of life, she had been able to give herself up unreservedly to the fascinating task of managing other people's business, and from practice had become efficient in the art; but as Madame had a kindly heart withal, she did more good than harm—as might not have been expected.

Madame was frigid in her principles, vigorous in her condemnation of wrong-doers, but kind, wondrously kind to those worthy of regard. So it was that old Madame was much respected and loved by the inhabitants

of the little village of Berthier, where she lived.

Perhaps prime favourite in Madame's heart was the gallant Major, who had played soldiers by her side, using her scarlet shawl for uniform. This was long before his people had deemed it probable he would one day fight for his country.

There was an ugly seam across the Major's forehead, given him by a furious Zulu, whose last blow it was destined to be. How Madame gloried in that scar, for there was some soldier's blood in her own veins.

And now the Major was going to be married, and at once, before any timely word of warning from lips or pen could stay him ; and to a foreigner—a girl of French and Italian blood, Marie Costello by name.

" Marie Costello."

Old Madame said the name over to herself with evident distaste, and then she got up from her corner and walked over to the Manor House.

It was a long walk for her on a hot summer's day, for the wide avenue leading to the house was fully half a mile in length, and the tall slim trees threw but scanty shade.

As a rule, many reminiscences crowded upon old Madame's mind as she traversed that way. She had grown old with the place, had been young and gay in its first years of splendour, when the Grand Seigneur reigned there in glory and good will, and no crowned head could be greater.

There were tender memories, too, for old Madame had often walked in the shaded lovers' walk, beneath the summer moon. It was a spot blessed or cursed by nature. In just such a place might Lancelot have whispered his love to the unhappy Queen, or Hero and Leander strayed without the fear of a dividing sea.

But to-day old Madame's thoughts were centred on the letter in her hand. It had been sent over to her by Mrs. Weston the Major's mother, and it ran thus :

DEAREST MATER:

I am engaged to be married, and most likely by the time this reaches you will be married. For though we have only been engaged a fortnight, there is no reason for waiting. Marie (her name is Marie Costello) is quite alone in the world, and were it not for the kindness of this good clergyman and his family in this little village in Kent, she would have no home to be married from.

I will write again - later—or cable.

Love to the girls,

Your affecte. Son,

EDWARD WESTON.

As Madame marched along the avenue to the Manor House she was filled with misgiving for the Major's happiness.

If he needs must marry why not have waited, and chosen a girl they all knew about. In the matter of choosing wives most men are fools, soliloquized Madame. It is not what the fingers can do, but how bright the eyes may be and—Faugh ! Here was Caroline waiting for him fifteen years, as sensible a girl as ever turned a coat, and makes every stitch she wears, too.

Very straight was Madame, carrying her seventy-five summers as though disdainful of their weight.

Now we all have noticed how there is always one feature in which the most prominent trait of character is plainly proclaimed. Sometimes it is a supreme gentleness shining out of the soul through the eyes, or stubbornness of temper showing itself about the mouth, or an extreme sensitiveness visible in the delicate dilating nostril. Madame's virtue and rigidity of purpose was all centred in her backbone. To follow in Madame's footsteps you could hardly hope for quarter ; but once her face was seen you gained courage.

Mrs. Weston and her girls were seated under the pine trees.

" Oh, dear ! " said gentle Mrs. Weston, here comes Madame—I knew she wouldn't approve of Eddie's engagement." For Madame's whole appearance proclaimed disapproval even before she reached the home party under the pines trees and had submitted herself to a seat in a wicker chair.

But before anything could be said, a small boy appeared upon the scene carrying one of those small yellow papers that cause so much commotion in quiet country places.

"A cablegram," said the boy.

Mrs. Weston had risen, but trembled so that she had to reseat herself.

"Quick: one of you girls read it; such things always upset me."

The girls appeared equally disturbed.

Madame took it, tore it open, and sitting there, bolt upright, read it without any glasses.

"Married to-day. With you in September."

It hardly needed the Major's name for them to know from whom it came.

"A wicked waste of money," shouted old Madame with her mind on the cablegram's cost.

Mrs. Weston wiped away a tremulous tear or two. "I hope she will be good to him," she said—the hope springing out of a true mother's heart.

"Such a name, Marie Costello!" Madame cried with her nose in the air.

"It is Weston now," whispered the mother softly.

"And may she bring no shame——"

"Hush—she is my dear son's honoured wife."

"And can he be dearer to her than to us who have always loved him?"

It was old Madame who undid them all, for silence came then, only broken by sobs.

Is it chance that brings about so much of lasting importance to human lives? Are we merely straws to be blown by the wind of circumstance into the alley of events?

A letter came to Madame a fortnight later, bearing an English stamp. Such letters were always hailed by her with delight. It was from a distant cousin of her own, who lived in wicked London town, ekeing out a living by exposing crime. Madame had something of the detective spirit in her own soul, and was always interested in what Richard Payton had to tell her. She had materially helped him before he had been in a position to support himself, and his gratitude now displayed itself in occasional letters to his aged relative, in which he frequently touched upon the cases which engrossed his time. This epistle was very brief.

"I have the strangest case in hand," he wrote, "a case of diabolical murder, committed by a woman, and a marvellously clever one, as, so far, she has quite escaped our vigilant search. Her name is Marie Costello, a handsome, clever adventuress who had even succeeded in hoodwinking the clergy. For she had been staying with quite a notable member of the Anglican church in a little village in the county of Kent. What the motive of the murder was, it is hard to say. A little child of not more than eight years old could so easily be got rid of by a sharp woman otherwise than by murder—but there, you won't be interested in it—and the details are horrible, only I would give a good deal to discover the whereabouts of that woman."

There is a strong current in every human heart that craves excitement, making one hail a catastrophe with rapture while yet mourning it should be so. Old Madame was strongly, strangely stirred.

For one moment she even thought of going over to the Manor House and showing the Westons the letter—what a triumph that would be! Had she not prophesied ill from the first? Then a wiser course presented itself to her view. She would wait quietly. The Major had said he would—they would—be there in September. So she wrote at once to Richard Payton, telling him how deeply his case interested her and the wherefore, but enjoining silence for the present on the Westons' behalf. "But be here in September," she wrote, "and you will make sure of capturing the vile wretch who has dared to creep into the heart and home of one of the world's noblest gentlemen."

Madame had been reared in the old school, far from these days of subtler psychological study, when we happily

realize a man or woman may do a deed of wrong and be lovable withal. So it did not enter Madame's conception that the Major might love his wife were he aware or unaware of her crime. How best and soonest to rid him of her was her only thought.

August went by without bringing word of the whereabouts of the bridal couple. Still Mrs. Weston was confident they would come in September as her boy had promised.

Yet all had a surprise, for the first of September brought them They came in a closed carriage from the station without a word to give notice of their approach ; but as the carriage came quickly up the long elm-lined avenue, the people in the Manor House guessed who its occupants must be. They were all out in the porch as they drew up, and the Major jumped out, turning to aid his wife in her descent from the antiquated vehicle, with infinite gentleness guiding her little foot to the carriage step. And when they would have given him the first welcome, he drew her forward, saying with fond, proud tones :

"Mother—welcome my wife."

What they saw first was a tall and willowy creature in a tightly-fitting gray cloth frock, a close felt hat and a light gauze veil, which could not conceal the brilliancy of her colouring. But when they got into the house and the Major had unfastened the veil, the beauty—the strange beauty of her face was revealed to them. Heavily marked brows above eyes that looked capable of bewildering lights, but now upturned to the Major's mother with tender affection. A clear, dark skin beneath which the crimson blood mantled, vieing in colour with her warm full lips, parting to display teeth of wonderful whiteness and evenness. They, perhaps, suggested cruelty, as such very even teeth will do. Her hair was brown with red lights in its thickness, and stray locks curled across the low, broad forehead.

They all fell metaphorically at her feet and worshipped her.

"Wait till Madame sees her," they said, one to the other, and they had not long to wait, for Madame came marching in after tea.

The Major went down the avenue to meet her, and her old heart gave a great bound of pity when she saw him, wondering what was in store.

How joyous he looked! He had never appeared so light of heart.

"Wait till you see my wife," he said proudly, but there was a sudden tightening about old Madame's lips.

"Did you know her long before you got engaged?"

"Ah!"—the Major hesitated, and put up his hand to his moustache ; it was a way he had when perplexed. "Not very long;" and then he laughed a little. "Lovers count time strangely, Granny," for so he called her.

"I was always a bad hand to remember," said Granny, who was a good hand at deception, "what did you say your wife's maiden name was, Eddie?"

A flood of crimson swept over the Major's face, showing through the bronze of battle, and the hand which held old Madame's was suddenly withdrawn.

They had reached the door.

"Come in softly," he said, "and we will give them a surprise."

And he had not answered Madame's question.

Madame was forced to admit to herself the fascination of the foreigner. Before the evening was over she almost had it in her heart to be sorry that she had sent that letter to Richard Payton in London. Still was she from weakness to trangress the law? Would she not have been an abettor to crime had she concealed her knowledge?

The Major was visibly infatuated by his beautiful wife—his eyes followed her wherever she went. When they asked her to sing she had pleaded fatigue as an excuse.

"Just one little song, my dearest," old Madame had heard him whisper, and then she had smiled back into his eyes and gone at once to the piano.

But what was this song she had chosen? Wherefore the hopeless impassionment of the verses? Did she guess what was to come, or was it merely the art, the wild pathos in the pure, sweet tones?

"The past is past forever,
And now we only know,
That you and I must sever,
Because 'tis better so."

"That's a very pretty song—a very pretty song, Marie," said old Madame, as the Major's wife rose from the piano and stood in the full glare of the tall lamp by its side. There was such a softness on her features that she looked something of a saint, standing there with her hands tightly clasped before her, and one rose shining red against the whiteness of her evening gown.

"Call me Mary," she said. Then with a sudden movement she laid her lips for one short moment upon old Madame's wrinkled hand; but there was no shadow of shame in the soft dark eyes.

The Major was not so good an actor; his eyes shifted uneasily from ceiling to floor, anywhere but at his fair young wife and old Madame's searching glance, and there was again that quick, nervous movement of his hand.

"I am going now," said Madame coldly, steeling her heart once more.

"So soon" cried the Major's wife; "but it is dark, I must lend you my husband as an escort. Only send him back safely."

"There are no murderers in these parts," shouted old Madame, shaking hands quickly all around, and tightening her shawl about her shoulders.

"One never knows," said the young wife dreamily. She shivered slightly; a breeze had started in at the open window from the river.

"Come with us, Mary, do," said the Major eagerly. And so the three stepped out into the night together.

"How weird it is;" she shivered again, drawing closer to her husband's side.

The wind had started enough to stir the pine trees into their melancholy song. To the right a line of dense trees showed dark and sombre in the dusk. The Major stood for a moment pointing out the place to his wife.

"That will suit your romance, Mary. It's the old lovers' walk."

Under cover of the darkness their hands met, and so they walked on.

The moon came out for a moment as they neared the chapel in the grounds, outlining the steeple with its tiny cross against the sky.

"They used to go to church there every Sunday morning, I believe," said the Major. "I even think I went when I was a little chap. It's sad to think how many that went are now beneath the stones they pressed in prayer."

"I don't like it," said Mary—where are they now—those who thought life was so beautiful and sure—only for them?"

"We must all go in good time," said Madame briskly, nothing daunted that she had outdone the scriptural limitation of life by a good five years.

"And some before," said the Major's wife, and clung closer to his side. "I hate the dark, don't you? I always imagine someone creeping closer, closer, closer." Then suddenly in the darkness it struck old Madame that this young creature by her side had hands stained with the lifeblood of another, and she screamed.

A little, shrill scream which filled the Major with amusement.

"Doesn't my wife do it well? She is something of a hypnotist, I believe. She makes people see, or feel, what she wants them to."

This was the reason then, thought Madame, why she had felt irresistibly drawn to her, compelled against her will to care for her; it was not natural attraction, but that vile influence.

Madame hurried on and waved a farewell to them from the door.

Days went by, days in which old Madame saw a good deal of the Major and his wife.

Richard Payton's steamer had been delayed. One morning she got a tele-

gram. He was in Montreal and would arrive by the evening train.

Then it was that something which had been smouldering in Madame's heart awoke. She caught up her old sun-bonnet and hurried up the avenue to the old Manor House. In her haste she bent forward so that her back lost its customary rigidity. She found the Major's wife alone under the pine and hastened toward her.

"My dear," she said, "I found out all about you, and you must go away at once, before the evening train comes in—"

A little coldness fell over the young wife, she became paler, and reeled from Madame's outstretched hand.

"You found out all about me," she said slowly.

"Yes—about your murdering the little child—and a detective has come all the way from London, and will be here to-night."

The Major's wife grew suddenly calmer.

"To-night," she said; "then there is plenty of time for us to get away. I will go and tell my husband at once. Thank you,"—gave her one frightened glance, and flew into the house.

Pale and frightened she panted up the staircase to her husband's room.

"Oh, Eddie! Eddie!" she cried; "old Madame has gone mad—quite mad – she is in the garden."

"Good heavens!" cried the Major, striving to soothe his wife, for she was trembling, "What has she done?"

"She told me to get you to take me away at once. She said she had found out all about me, that I had murdered a little child."

"Curse it!" cried the Major, "can it be possible?"

"Is what possible? Oh, Eddie, don't talk like that—are you going mad too?" she laughed hysterically.

Then the Major drew her down by his side and made his confession. It was made with many interruptions and half-finished sentences; but by degrees the whole tale was told. How he had been engaged to a woman by the name of Marie Costello. How she had suddenly jilted him, and he had gone straight to London, where fate had thrown him in the way of this sweet woman, now his wife—Mary by baptism and Merton by birth. How immediately he had realized his former attachment had been mere fascination, founded on a wicked woman's wiles—while how his whole heart went into her pure keeping. How when she had consented to a speedy marriage he had seen no reason for making explanations at home, where was the necessity, and her name being Mary aided the deception. "I always meant to tell you some day," he ended, "and how was I to know that Marie Costello would turn out a murderess."

"And why did you mind telling them of the change?" asked the Major's wife, for being a woman she was curious.

Then the Major's past love story came to light.

"And so there were two before me," said the Major's wife, and there was a strange little smile about her rosy mouth.

"Do you mind much, my dearest?"

"The greater the compliment to me—I was your experienced choice."

Then he kissed her.

Old Madame collapsed completely when all had been explained to her, and she had in her turn made full explanations. She just bent her white head over into Mary's lap and cried, and never again did she hold herself so stifly as had been her wont.

The evening train brought a very crest-fallen detective. Marie Costello had been captured in Paris, so a cable had informed him before leaving Montreal.

"Deception is a dangerous thing," said the Major to his wife, as they walked up and down the lovers' walk in the sweet twilight, with no secret between them.

"Yes," she answered, with her head held high and a happy light in her dark eyes. "You ought to have known that before, sir."

THE PAST AND PRESENT IN CHINA.

By A. H. U. Colquhoun.

WHEN all the books and other writings about China have been gone over, there remains, in the mind of the candid reader, an impression that, after all, only the fringe of the subject has been touched.

What we do know excites wonder and stimulates curiosity. The very idea of so vast a population under one rule, inhabiting an area at once extensive and compact, suggests great possibilities from every standpoint. Hitherto the vaguest notions were held regarding the actual number of people. It is now believed that the population of eighteen provinces of China is slightly over 400,000,000. There are not more than 12,000 foreigners resident in the various treaty ports, so it is probable that many millions of Chinese have never heard of, much less seen, representatives of the nations now claiming to be in the van of modern civilization. This absence of intercourse accounts doubtless for much of the misunderstanding that exists between the Chinese and the rest of the world.

Once assume that international commerce is a benefit to mankind; that one religion (that is ours) is better than, and should displace, all others, that exclusiveness carried to the length it is by the Chinese is irrational, and Europe makes out a strong case against the people of the Middle Kingdom [Chung Kwoh]. But it depends on the point of view. The Chinese prefer their own civilization. They do not want to trade with other countries. Their type of race is radically different from ours. Unlike the Japanese, who are ready to adapt themselves submissively to the tendencies of the time and to put on a veneer of Caucasian civilization, the Chinese stand out as the embodiment of the Mongolian type. For an idea of the characteristics of this people we are indebted to the few travellers who have penetrated the country, and from personal knowledge of the limited number, most likely the least progressive, who emigrate. The basis for forming an opinion is inadequate. Travellers are often credulous and inaccurate. How absurd and misleading the judgment of ourselves by a chance visitor, ignorant of our language, who mirrored our social life and customs from the records of the police courts, who expounded our treatment of children by references to baby-farming, who for types of general society drew freely upon the company of wastrels and footpads!

There is reason to think that the domestic relations of the Chinese embody many admirable traits. The extraordinary respect of children for parents naturally furnishes unpalatable reflection for the people of this continent. The practice of ancestor worship provokes much scoffing. It is a curious principle when carried to extremes. They deny that it is idolatry notwithstanding its outward forms. Their love for a pedigree is such that a humble peasant cheerfully traces his family back several centuries. It is a weakness not confined to the Chinese. How many Englishmen do you know whose ancestors did not come over with the Conqueror (if they were not there before), how many Scotch whose clans were not provided with arks of their own at the flood, how many Irish whose remote forebears were not once kings of Ireland? The Chinese character is the product of centuries. It is certainly not all bad. There is no drunkenness, though opium smoking is a vice as prevalent as drink is with us. The people are not much given to thieving, but they lie systematically. This fault is also not unknown amongst us. It is doubtful if they are more



THE PHYSICAL AND ECONOMIC FACTORS OF THE CHINESE QUESTION AT A GLANCE.

The areas of the various provinces are here compared with a map of England drawn on the same scale. The populations of the Provinces are—by means of Chinamen—compared with the population of England. The treaty ports are indicated by circles. The annual foreign trade of the seaports is shown by steamers drawn in proportion to the value of the trade. All the foreign possessions in China are indicated and named.—From the "Commercial Intelligence," of London, England.

cruel than other nations, although less sensitive to pain and torture.

An impartial and absolutely accurate examination of their religious beliefs would do much to clear away misconception of the Chinese. There seems to be little bigotry amongst them. It is hard to realize that of their three chief forms of religion, Confucianism, Buddhism and Taouism, a man may adhere to all without inconvenience or reproach. The lower classes are credited with gross superstition which is always the child of ignorance. There is, evidently, a common detestation of Christianity. The Chinese despise our religion because they see it practically demonstrated by men who assume the name of Christian without exhibiting any of the virtues the missionaries teach them to expect. Possibly if the warships and the buccaneers of commerce stayed away the missionaries would accomplish more. But John Chinaman takes the commercial Christian as he finds him, and applies to the unwelcome visitor the name of "foreign devil." Thackeray declared that the strongest satire on the proud English society of 1825 was that they admired George IV. In like manner, we may say that the cruelest reflection upon the World Powers of 1900 is the mirror which the Chinese hold up for the foreigner to gaze into. The British forced the opium trade upon them ; the Americans thrust them from the Pacific Coast by exclusion laws and rough treatment as ruthlessly barbarous in essence as the rule of an Attila or a Tamerlane; the Russians and the French wage war and seize their territory ; a German warship sails round the world and plants a military colony at Kiau-Chau with the ardour of an old Viking horde. What must the Chinese think of the Christianizing nations that act in this way, and how will our philosophizing historians a century hence view these proceedings?

Lord Salisbury's warning to the missionaries is not that of a man indifferent to religion. A Christian teacher who lived long in China said not many years ago: "Their own system of ethics, based upon filial piety and custom, works well, and endeavours to upset it produce at first much harm, whatever the ultimate good. With all their faults—say radical defects—they possess many virtues. They are easy-going, kindly disposed toward one another, clannish in supporting their relations, hospitable, attached to their employers, and public spirited, where their feelings are aroused, to a degree unknown in Europe." It is well to bear such testimony in mind when the honest zeal of the missionary unites with the greed of the trader to urge the forcing of our customs and religion upon an alien race with the point of the bayonet.

That the temptation to exploit the Chinese Empire for the necessities of modern commerce is strong cannot be denied. The resources of the countries making up the Chinese Empire are generally thought to be rich and varied. The vegetable productions are naturally those of the temperate and tropical zones. Travellers draw fascinating pictures of the homes of the more prosperous farmers where agriculture, even when carried on with primitive implements, yields the richest harvest, and where gardening is a fine art. The northern provinces are just another Eastern Canada in fertility of soil, vigour of climate and beauty of landscape. Less is known of the mineral resources, but all the principal metals are believed by scientific men, who have made partial investigations, to exist in abundance. There are great coal areas in Shan-tung, and the various mineral deposits in all the provinces are rich enough to excite the envy and desire of the least acquisitive. As a fur-bearing country, it is also believed that China, if once opened freely up to foreign trade, would yield great returns. It is thus easy to see what a powerful factor commerce is in the present attitude of the Powers toward China.

Out of all these commercial, religious and racial considerations has been evolved a great political question of the very first magnitude. The pressure of the principal European Governments

upon the Chinese has gradually set up a kind of half-avowed foreign over-lordship. The visible Government is weak, and its administration is satisfactory neither to the foreign elment nor to great numbers of the Chinese themselves. The Manchurian dynasty is on its last legs. The so-called "Boxer" movement is one evidence that internal order is becoming hard to maintain. It appears that the movement, which has now culminated in a formidable ization has penetrated into the interior. That the foreigner is to be driven out seems the only possible explanation of the movement. Authentic information is meagrely supplied. The newspapers are filled with the most sensational stories upon which no one of intelligence cares to place much reliance. The Powers are co-operating for the moment for the rescue of their diplomatic corps. Should they succeed, the Chinese authorities would still be called

THE OPENING UP OF CHINA IN BRIEF.

1842—Treaty of Nankin names certain open ports and cedes Hong Kong to the British.
1851—Taiping rebellion breaks out under the pretender Tien Teh.
1858—British and French allied forces proceed toward Pekin and take Peiho ports. June—Treaty of Tientsin guarantees freedom of trade and toleration of Christianity.
1859—United States Envoy Ward arrives at Pekin and concludes commercial treaty November 24.
1860—Anglo-French expedition. Allies take Taku forts with loss of five hundred, march to Pekin, which surrenders on October 12. New treaty signed October 24.
November—Russia concludes treaty, with Russia obtaining free trade and territories.
1864—Gordon's successes against Taipings.
1868—Chinese Embassy, headed by Anson Burlingame, received at Washington and treaty signed.
1870—Massacre at Tientsin of many French Roman Catholics and converts.
1876—First railway in China opened (eleven miles) at Shanghai.
1877—Decrees of equal rights to Chinese Christians.
1887—General proclamation for protection of Christian missionaries and converts.
1880—New treaties with the United States signed.
1888—Railway from Tientsin to Taku opened.
1891—Anti-European riots; Emperor decrees protection for foreigners; diplomatic protests; Britain, France, Germany and United States unite to protect their "nationals" against Chinese violence. Insurrection in Mongolia and northern China against foreigners and native Christians suppressed after much slaughter.
1894—War with Japan.
1895—Treaty with Japan cedes Formosa.
1897—Germans seize Port of Kiaochou on account of murder of two missionaries.
1898—January—Germany obtains ninety-nine years' lease of District of Kiaochou, in Shantung.
March—Russia obtains lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan and territories for twenty-five years.
April—Britain obtains lease of Weihaiwei for period coterminous with Russia's occupation of Port Arthur. France obtains ninety-nine years' lease of Bay of Kwang-chauwan, in southeast China.
1899—Dowager Empress resumes regency and favours reactionary Ministers. Powers send marines to Pekin to protect Legations.
1900—Boxer agitation against foreigners.

mob threatening both foreigner and the nominal forces of the state, began two years ago in the shape of clubs, chiefly throughout Shan-tung, formed for athletic purposes. Ether on account of economic conditions or of political intrigues the Boxers have developed into anti-foreign armed organizations, disturbing the peace of the provinces on the coast with which European nations have most dealings. It is not known how deeply the organ- upon to make reparation for lives already lost and property destroyed. The real intentions of at least three of the nations—Russia, Germany and France—are carefully concealed. The British policy alone is openly avowed—to maintain, if possible, a stable native Government and to press for wider opportunities to trade, open to all alike. The object of Russia, it is clear, is to detach from China enough of her northern territory to extend the

Russian Empire on the Pacific Ocean, with ports open all winter, so that she may be the dominant force in the whole region. All the political writers favourable to Great Britain urge that she should not only retain her supremacy in the central region farther south but also check Russia in the north. In this latter work, it is supposed, Germany will co-operate, receiving some tangible reward not yet clearly indicated. To the ordinary observer it appears as if the scramble had begun and that nothing can save China from wholesale dismemberment and spoliation but an uprising of the yellow race against the interlopers. Lord Wolseley has pointed out the possible magnitude of such an uprising. The prospect seems dubious enough. It is easy to speculate, but the situation is too complex, the theatre of action too widely extended, the forces at work too various for the expression of definite conclusions.

DR. BRYCE'S "HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY."*

A REVIEW.

By The Rev. R. G. MacBeth, Author of "The Making of the Canadian West," Etc.

DR. BRYCE has been a voluminous writer on matters pertaining to the Canadian West. He has written six books, all of which, except his "History of the Canadian People" are concerned with matters exclusively Western. Besides these books he has published some thirty pamphlets, and nearly all these deal with some phase of the life and history of the same region. Perhaps Dr. Bryce's writings have been too voluminous. Not that he has exhausted the field, for there are still "unexplored remainders," but because a man who has done such immense work in other spheres could scarcely hope to write so extensively with entire credit to his reputation as an exact historian or a smooth-flowing stylist. Accordingly, Dr. Bryce himself has recognized that in his earlier books he has fallen into some considerable errors, and others have felt that his written productions were those of an inordinately busy man, and hence that they were not always equal to his well-known capabilities. But of all his publications his recent work on the Hudson's Bay Company is, both in matter and literary style, distinctly superior to anything he has yet produced. That it is so is due to causes readily apparent. To begin with, nearly all Dr. Bryce's preceding efforts being, as we have said, largely connected with the country over which the Company operated, were a preparation for this present book. In order to prepare his former publications he has for many years been digging and delving into old records, and he has interviewed all sorts of people—old settlers on the Red River, hunters, trappers and frontiersmen, as well as employees of the Company, from the youngest clerk up to Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the present notable Governor. Under this process Dr. Bryce has become so saturated with the history of the period that having the facts more readily at his command than formerly, he has been able to devote more time to the writing, and has now produced the most readable of all his books. As to the matter of the book, the same kind of result has been

* The Remarkable History of The Hudson's Bay Company. By Professor George Bryce, M.A., LL.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, 500 pp. $3.00.

achieved. Some of his earlier works were written from scanty materials, as well as at too close range to the events recorded to get the true perspective, and hence mistakes as to facts and errors as to historical setting occurred. These mistakes of fact and errors as to setting Dr. Bryce has discovered during the intervening years, and in the present book he indicates, acknowledges and corrects them for the benefit of his readers.

As we open this "Remarkable History" it puts us on good terms with the author to find him starting right at the spring of this great river of mighty men and valiant deeds. Old London, central city of the "nation of shop-keepers," was the scene of the inception of this giant trade organization. A French Protestant, Pierre Esprit Radisson, was the forceful personality at the very beginning of it. Radisson had been in Canada, had travelled great tracts of the wilderness, acquired an extraordinary influence over the native tribes, and had passed through so many dangers unhurt that he seemed to bear a charmed life. He came back to the old world filled with stories as to the limitless possibilities of commerce in the new land, and after coquetting a while with France and England, settled on the latter as the place where his projects would be best understood.

Then follows the story of the granting of the Charter by Charles II., in May, 1670. It was a Royal Charter, and in this case Charles was a royal giver. We hear of people in whom acquisitiveness is so abnormally developed that, as the saying goes, "they want the earth and they want it fenced." Certain it is that Charles gave to "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" a very large portion of the earth and he gave it to them fenced in so far as a Royal Charter could secure them a monopoly. The marvel is, as Dr. Bryce points out, that a Company with such enormous powers and such unlimited opportunities should have been able to administer its immense territory for two centuries, so as to secure the entire confidence of the native tribes and the almost unqualified admiration of all intelligent men to this day. The secret of this record, differing so splendidly from that of many other similar organizations with somewhat similar powers, is not hard to find as we study the book. The Company, doubtless, had some unworthy officers and men, but, on the whole, the directors seemed to have had wonderful success in securing for their prominent posts men whose great courage, extraordinary intelligence and strict integrity remain as one of the best traditions of the vast country over which they had such absolute sway. Dr. Bryce is not quite correct, however, in saying that the early colonists under the jurisdiction of the Company, had no representative institutions. In one sense they had not, but the Council of Assiniboia, though chosen by the Company to help in governing the country, was carefully selected with a view to giving all elements in the community a voice in public affairs.

It was not to be expected that the Company would be left undisturbed in the enormous territory and vast trade covered by its charter. Dividends began to grow to great sums, and other people wanted a share in the spoils. An Irish gentleman, with the somewhat unromantic name of Dobbs, was, as Dr. Bryce tells us, one of the first to decry the Company as an organization that was sleeping on the shores of Hudson Bay, without exploring the interior of the country or endeavouring to find the Northwest Passage, as required by its Charter. There was some ground for this contention, and Mr. Dobbs had no difficulty in securing support for a new organization. This was about the year 1725, and was the beginning of much opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company. The tracing of this opposition through a whole century of conflict, gives us one of the strongest and best parts of Dr. Bryce's book. He must have expended much time and effort in searching records as to this complex period. The situation

was so full of romantic life and strenuous endeavour that we are not surprised when the author is tempted into bypaths and introduces somewhat irrelevant matter occasionally; but on the whole he keeps his point of view well and writes with great impartiality. The rise of the Scottish merchants in Montreal, the formation of the North-west Company, the X. Y. Company and the Astor Company—all these matters are graphically recorded. There are some dark spots in the record, as for instance when for a time the rival companies attempted to secure the friendship and trade of the Indians by the lavish use of liquor; but apart from this and a few lawless incidents, we have much that calls for our admiration and gratitude. The magnificent daring of explorers, the extraordinary extent and permanent value of their discoveries, and the chivalrous spirit of the leaders give us to realize how fitting it is that the names of these men are written indelibly on plains, rivers and mountains in the nomenclature of the west.

The story of Lord Selkirk's colony on the Red River bulks large in the volume; and, without doubt, of all whose lives are recorded in the book Lord Selkirk was incomparably the greatest man of his time. The author makes no special effort to have him appear as such, but faithfully records his lifework amongst the rest. That is sufficient to give Lord Selkirk pre-eminence, for in the midst of the fierce conflict for material gain which pervades the history of these companies, the work of this heroic philanthropist, who threw his fortune and his life away in efforts to help his homeless countrymen, stands out in the immortal splendour that always accompanies vicarious sacrifice. That is a page of Canadian history worthy of much study in these days when all around us men toil and suffer and cry for help.

Coming down to more recent years, Dr. Bryce describes the decadence of the civil power of the Hudson's Bay Company, and gives in evidence instances where the laws were defied. We think he makes too much of this supposed decadence. There were personal elements in the cases of Sayer, Corbett and Schultz which take them out of the usual category and make them unsafe as criteria of popular opinion. Up to the time of the first Riel rebellion the force of the Company had not materially abated as a representative of British law, though doubtless larger legislative machinery would soon have become necessary to meet changing conditions. But after the opening of negotiations for the transfer, the Company seemed of its own volition to let the old forceful authority die out by degrees. In his necessarily brief sketch of the rebellion, Dr. Bryce points to the non-resistance of the Company as a sign of its decrepitude. But we have always felt that the local officers of the Company which had sold out its rights to the Canadian Government did not consider themselves under covenant to "deliver the goods," and hence they declined to embroil themselves by getting between a blundering Government and an angry people. Dr. Bryce says further, that the white settlers of the old colony refrained from interfering against Riel because they had lost confidence in the strength of the Company as a governing body. That was not the reason for their non-interference. They simply felt that the affair was none of their business, and they told Col. Dennis so quite plainly when he wished to raise a force under authority of Governor McDougall's alleged proclamation. These settlers had not asked for any change in regime. What they had enjoyed for six decades under the Company was good enough for them, for it was the best they knew experimentally, and if the Canadian Government had seen fit to initiate proceedings to take over the country without consulting these settlers it seemed reasonable that the Government should carry out its programme without calling on them for active assistance. The white colonists had full confidence in the fact that the Government of Canada would deal

justly with all parties in the end, though it was then systematically blundering at every step, but the Government, they said, should take the responsibility for establishing what the Government and the Government alone had begun. Had these same settlers dreamed that Riel would have committed the crime of murder, as he did in the case of Scott, they would have interfered at the ouset, but even Riel had never contemplated any such possibility when he started out.

Dr. Bryce is correct in connecting certain United States borderers at Pembina with that rebellion. Their names could readily be mentioned if necessary. Besides, there were, doubtless, many in St. Cloud and St. Paul who were anxious to retain the lucrative trade of the Red River Settlement, and all these had the active sympathy of several of their fellow-countrymen of Fenian tendencies then living in the village at Fort Garry. They were a contemptible lot, but the vainglorious Riel was very amenable to their attention and flattery. Dr. Bryce does well to emphasize that point. But we are not so much with him when he lays stress on the influence of a section of the Roman Catholic Church as fomenting and sustaining the rebellion. True, the rebels were mostly, though not all, of that faith. Certain it is that priests like Richot, Lestanc and an embryo priest, O'Donoghue, were active in aiding and abetting the rebels. But the rebellion was not a church affair. Dr. Bryce exonerates Bishop Tachè, one of the best men the west has known, and the record shows that notable Roman Catholics were not only imprisoned by Riel, but put in imminent jeopardy of their lives. Riel was never a docile church member, and in his second rebellion broke away from the church altogether. Dr. Bryce, doubtless, has evidence of the Jesuitical plot of which he speaks. It would not be a solitary instance of the kind in history, but there are some persons amongst us who will try to make that part of Dr. Bryce's book responsible for some of their intolerance. Of such beings we have too many in Canada now, and if we are to build up a homogeneous nation they should be suppressed rather than encouraged.

Space forbids further notice of this excellent and valuable book. It relates with much faithfulness facts of immense moment to Canada. The author has dwelt long enough in the country to catch much of the time-spirit, and he writes of deeds that can never be reproduced. There are a few good illustrations in the book, notably, the photographs of "Four Great Governors" and the full-page group of the officers of the Company who met in Winnipeg in 1887.

REDIVIVA.

YET thy whispers cross the seas,
Yet thy fancies sway my will,
And thy glance of kind disdain
Lingers in my memory still—

And that hope once fondly dreamed,
And that prayer once vainly prayed,
And that boyish rage that seemed
Silly to a smiling maid!

Dead sensations from their graves
At thy magic memory start,
Till thy spell, as oil the waves,
Calms the tumult of my heart.

F. Blake Crofton.

SOME CLEVER WOMEN.

By A. Chisholm.

IN these modern days woman has given such signal and numerous proofs of her cleverness in literary work that no difficulty is experienced in ranking her productions with the best that men have written ; but it has been too much the fashion of the world to accord to men only the credit for high attainment in science and literature. In all ages there have been instances of intellectual triumphs achieved by women not often surpassed, or even equalled, by the highest that men have accomplished. True, there may be no Shakespeares, no Miltons, no Dantes among them ; but it is none the less true that many centuries before the "Inferno," "Paradise Lost," or "Hamlet" saw the light, the power of female genius was displayed with such dazzling splendour as to excite the wonder and admiration of the brightest minds of Greece and Rome. All through the ages, and up to our own times, the achievments of some women, in literature especially, have been so remarkable that it may not be unprofitable or uninteresting to refer to a few prominent instances.

It is well-nigh twenty-five centuries since "burning Sappho lived and sung;" but who Sappho was, just at what period of the world's history she lived, and what she did, are questions which not many can answer readily. She was born, and flourished, we are told, about the sixth century B.C.; and her fame rests chiefly on her Grecian lyrics. So great, indeed, was her reputation that she was regarded as a Homer among women. She is credited with having written nine books of lyrics, only a few fragments of which have come down to us. "Among the mutilated facts of antiquity," writes Addison, "there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho"; and that her powers were of an extraordinary character is well attested by contemporary writers. Such high praise is accorded her that it would seem not unreasonable to suppose that something of the fame of Homer belonged to her. Her celebrated Ode to Venus has passed down the ages, and come to us with all the vigour and freshness of a poem of Byron's or Tennyson's. Scholarly translators have made it their delight, in all ages, to reveal its beauties to their own and succeeding generations. Whether posterity would have confirmed the estimate placed upon Sappho's verse by her contemporaries, or subsequent critics, it is difficult to say, but all available accounts go to show that she took the first rank among Grecian poets. It will come like a revelation to some to be told that Aristotle "quoted without question a judgment that placed her in the same rank as Homer and Archilochus ; that Plato mentioned her as the tenth Muse ; that Solon, hearing one of her poems, prayed that he might not see death till he had learned it ; that Strabo speaks of her genius with religious awe ; and that Longinus cites her love ode as a specimen of poetical sublimity." This seems excessive praise from Sappho's ancient admirers ; but what says Symonds, in his studies of the Greek poets in relation to these eulogiums? "Nowhere is a hint whispered that her poetry was aught but perfect. As far as we can judge, these praises were strictly just. Of all the poets of the world, of all the illustrious artists of all literatures, Sappho is the one whose every word has a peculiar and unmistakable perfume, a seal of absolute perfection and inimitable grace."

It is not a little surprising to be told that so great a genius and so sensible a person as Sappho fell hotly in love with the beautiful youth Phaon (who,

alas! did not requite her affections), and that to get rid of her unhappy passion she decided to take the "Lover's Leap," which had either killed or cured so many before her. This famous "Leap" was from a high promontory into the sea. Some took the plunge and escaped with little or no injury, some emerged with a broken limb or two—(but happy, none the less, to think they had found a remedy for their malady); others perished in the experiment; and such, it is said, was the fate of Sappho. The story is discredited, however, and for the honour and credit of Sappho, we are glad of it.

Some four centuries before the Christian era there lived one whose name is familiar to most people—Hypatia. Remarkable for her beauty, she was no less distinguished for her scholarship. As a mathematician she achieved a reputation greater than that attained by her celebrated father. She graduated with the highest honours in the schools of philosophy at Athens. At Alexandria she taught philosophy and the sciences; her school was filled with pupils of many nations and creeds; and her varied accomplishments compelled the admiration and excited the astonishment of all with whom she came in contact. It is a sad evidence of the barbarity of the age in which this beautiful and accomplished woman lived, that she died one of the most cruel and tragic of deaths. The story of her end is thus recited:—"Headed by an ecclesiastic named Peter, a band of fanatics attacked Hypatia in the spring of A.D. 415, as she was passing through the streets in her chariot, dragged her to one of the churches, where they pulled the clothes from her back, and then cast her out into the street, pelted her to death with fragments of earthenware, tore her body to pieces, and committed her mutilated remains to the flames."

Another illustrious name belonging to this age is that of Corinna, the Greek poetess. She was, indeed, an honour to her sex, for it was this beautiful Theban woman who vanquished the immortal Pindar in a poetical contest. One can imagine the applause that must have greeted her triumph over the prince of Grecian lyric poets. A marvellous person she must have been, combining beauty of person and genius of the highest type. In those days, "there were three of the name of Corinna, all skilled in letters. One was of Thebes, one of Thespis, and the third of Corinth. The last lived at the time, and is supposed to have been the favourite of Ovid; but the most famous was she who in a trial of poetry, conquered the great poet Pindar. Her glory seems to have been fully established by the public memorial of her picture exhibited in her native city, and adorned with a cymbol of her victory. Pausanias, who saw it, supposes her to have been one of the handsomest women of her age."

Contemporaneous with Michael Angelo, and an intimate friend of his, was an Italian who at that time enjoyed a reputation scarcely less wide than that reached by the great sculptor himself. The name of this remarkable woman was Vittoria Colonna; and judging from the evidences of her genius which have come down to us, her poetry is of that stamp which commands admiration in all ages. There is but one among her own sex, and she an Englishwoman, whose sonnets can be compared to hers for force and sweetness. We allude to Mrs. Browning, by many critics pronounced the greatest poetical genius among women of any age. The verses of Vittoria Colonna would have done credit to many of the masters of the sonnet of modern days. Like Hypatia and Corinna she was beautiful—like them combined rare beauty with great genius. She was the daughter of an Italian nobleman of the famous Colonna family; was betrothed in her fourth year to a boy of the same age; was married to him in her nineteenth year; survived him twenty-two years, and was comparatively young when he died. "The enthusiasm," writes one of her biographers, "created by these tuneful

wailings of a young widow, as lovely as unconsolable, as irreproachable as noble, learned enough to correspond with the most learned men of the day on their own subjects, was intense. Vittoria became speedily the most famous woman of her day, and so was termed by universal consent the 'divine.' The poetess enjoyed, as already stated, the friendship of Michael Angelo. At her death no one grieved for her as he did; he sat sorrowfully by her dying bed, wept over her long and bitterly, as mourning the loss of one whom he regarded as the most faithful and loving of friends, and the idol of her country. It is related that he composed a number of sonnets in her honour, and that, "she was the only woman who was known to have touched the heart of the great sculptor."

Just a few years before the death of Vittoria Colonna was born that beautiful and famous Scottish queen, the sad story of whose life has touched the heart of the world ever since her death. Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, has been noted for her great beauty more than for her accomplishments; yet true it is that she was a scholarly woman, had fine literary tastes, and composed verses exceptional for their pathos and power. Her educational training was thorough and extensive, as becoming one of her rank and high destiny. She studied French, Italian, Greek and Latin; she had the best of teachers in history and theology; and she diligently cultivated the arts of poetry, music and dancing. In France, as in Scotland, her personal charms fascinated every one—she became the idol of courtiers and poets, who vied with each other in singing her praises. She has been called the Greek Helen, the Sappho of the sixteenth century, the Scottish Semiramis; and one good authority eloquently describes her "as the most beautiful, the weakest, most attractive and attracted of women, raising around her by her irresistible fascinations a whirlwind of love, ambition, and jealousy; all that was not love in her soul was poetry; her verses, like those of Ronsard, her worshipper and teacher, possess a Greek softness combined with a quaint simplicity; they are written with tears; and even after the lapse of so many years retain something of the warmth of her sighs." One who was called the Petrarch of that day wrote of her—

"The gods themselves excelled in framing thy fair mind,
Nature and art in thy young form their highest powers combined
All beauty of the beautiful to concentrate in thee."

France stands in the forefront of nations which have produced striking examples of clever and brilliant women; and few among them was more remarkable than Madame de Sévigné, born in Paris some 270 years ago. In her youth she had every educational advantage, and she made the best of opportunities—studied hard, read much, was carefully taught in the language and literature of her own country, and soon became proficient in the Latin, Italian and Spanish languages. At the early age of seventeen she married the Marquis de Sévigné, the marriage proving an unhappy one. Only seven years afterwards the Marquis was killed in a duel, leaving his widow and a family of two, a son and daughter, to mourn his loss. This daughter became the celebrated Madame de Grignan.

The beauty of the widow de Sévigné, added to her many accomplishments, won her hosts of friends and admirers; it is said her "lovers were legion," and that her hand was sought by noblemen of the best blood of France. She, however, spurned all offers of marriage; devoted all her care, attention, and affections to her only daughter, one who was, like herself, beautiful, graceful, and accomplished. Madame de Sévigné's fame rests on her published "Letters," addressed chiefly to her daughter. While hers was not a genius whose results are seen in voluminous work, she established an enduring reputation by these "Letters," which are still widely read and admired. They

reflect lustre on herself, her country, and her country's literature, and they still retain their place as a French classic.

There is no more convincing proof of woman's mastery over some of the profoundest intellects of Europe than that furnished by the women of the French *salons*. It might, indeed, be said of some of them who presided over these famous gatherings that they wielded the destinies of France; it is at any rate no exaggeration to say that they exercised an abiding and far reaching influence upon its society, politics, and literature. Many of them far from represented an ideal type of womanhood, but others maintained a reputation for social decorum and uprightness which commanded respect and admiration. They cultivated the art of conversation to a degree never before attempted; and never since their day have there been known such coteries of brilliant talkers. Around these *salons* rallied the cleverest minds—the foremost citizens of France, and not infrequently those of England, Italy, and other countries. The ladies who composed them fostered the spirit of learning and literature, were themselves possessed of no mean intellects, and capable of discussing questions of state and scholarship with the ablest and keenest men of letters. "It was really Voltaire," remarked Goethe, "who excited such minds as Diderot, D'Alembert and Beaumarchais, for to be somewhat near him a man needed to be much, and could take no holidays." And yet, at least one gifted French woman (the Marquise du Châtelet) was regarded as his equal in scientific acumen and discussion, a foeman worthy of his steel in the arena of debate—one who was "deep in mathematics, and had mastered the mysteries of Newton's *Principia*." But a much greater name than hers, and a woman of a far different stamp, was Madame de Staël, the daughter of Necker, the famous Minister of Finance under Louis XVI. Hers is a familiar name, not only in France, but to the readers of French literature in every land; as familiar, indeed, as George Eliot is to the English readers. She wrote much—wrote wisely and well, and her best books achieved a reputation which does not diminish. Her attractions and qualities as a woman, apart from her literary work and worth were such as to distinguish her far above the generality of accomplished women. For many years she wrote incessantly; volume after volume followed each other in rapid succession on a variety of subjects; and among them some novels of such high rank as to procure for their author a European reputation. She was a bitter opponent of the first Napoleon, and gave him more uneasiness than half the crowned heads of Europe. It was concerning her the remark was made that "Napoleon, with a million armed men under his command, and half Europe at his feet, sat down in rage and affright to urge Fouchè to send a little woman over the frontiers lest she should say something about him for the drawing rooms at Paris to laugh at." Her opposition to Napoleon finally culminated in her banishment from the French capital. During her exile she travelled extensively in Europe, and for a time took up her residence in the English metropolis. There she produced some of her best works. It is now some eighty years since she died, and it is safe to say that long before the date of her death, and since that event few careers have been more conspicuous than hers in the world of letters—there is certainly no greater name among women in the literature of France. Like Madame de Sévigné, she was an accomplished letter-writer; in conversation she was often at her best; she had a sweet and genial disposition—was a woman of rare tact, and altogether of such a character as one delights to contemplate. Her entire works were published by her son in eighteen volumes; and among her more celebrated writings may be named "De l'Allemagne," "Delphine," and "Corrine ou l'Italie."

Americans have reason to feel proud of the position some of their women

have taken in literature. There was one among them who was conspicuous not so much for what she wrote as for her wonderful personality, her conversational accomplishments, her strange but brilliant career. At Cambridgeport, Mass., upwards of eighty years ago, was born Sarah Margaret Fuller, otherwise known as the Marchioness Ossoli. When a little child she displayed a thirst for knowledge, and an aptitude for learning seldom, if ever, equalled in one so young. It is related of her that when a mere tot of six years she read Latin ; that, shortly after, she became familiar with Virgil, Horace and Ovid. In her eighth year she wrote Latin verses, and among her favourite authors at that age were Shakespeare, Cervantes and Moliere ; then were added to these Ariosta, Sismondi, Helvetius, Madame de Stael, Racine, Locke, Byron, Rousseau, and others. By-and-bye she became absorbed in the German authors, and read eagerly Goethe, Tieck and Schiller. As she advanced in years she read and studied continuously, devoting every spare moment to composition and books. So remarkable a character soon attracted notice. Leading men of letters became curious about her, were charmed with her on acquaintance ; many of them became her fast friends, and foremost among them was the illustrious Emerson. Adverse circumstances compelled her to become a teacher in a Boston school, and there she taught Latin, Italian and French. We find her later filling the position of principal of a school in Providence. After a time she took up the profession of journalism, and wrote industriously for the leading magazines and newspapers. She was employed on the staff of Horace Greeley's newspaper, the New York *Tribune*. She wrote for *The Dial*, a Boston publication, and reviewed German and English books ; was busy at the same time making German translations ; when not thus engaged she gave her time to the composition of more weighty productions, the result of which was seen in her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," "A Summer on the Lakes," and papers on "Literature and Art." In the summer of 1846 she travelled in Great Britain, meeting the leading literary lights of that country—poets, preachers and authors, among them De Quincey, Wordsworth, Chalmers and Carlyle—and her descriptive letters form not the least interesting and valuable part of her published writings.

Thus Margaret Fuller became in turn school teacher, newspaper correspondent, journalist and author, and to these callings were added that of lecturer. In all she succeeded. Many said that her chief excellence consisted in her conversational powers. "Conversation is my natural element," she says of herself, and this is confirmed by Emerson, whose words give a picture of her too interesting to be omitted : "She wore her circle of friends as a necklace of diamonds about her neck. The confidences given her were their best. She was an active, inspiring correspondent, and all the art, the thought and the nobleness in New England seemed at that moment related to her, and she to it. Persons were her game, especially if marked by fortune, or character, or success. She addressed them with a hardihood —almost a haughty assurance—queenlike."

In 1847 and 1848 we find Margaret Fuller in Rome, in troublous times, an eye-witness of battle scenes and desperate fighting. "Margaret looked down from her window on the terrible battle before St. Angelo, between the Romans and the French." Then she becomes an army hospital nurse, attending the wounded, and emulating deeds which have made glorious the names of Nightingale and Barton. In the Eternal City she met and married the Marquis Ossoli, who proved a worthy, affectionate, though unfortunate husband.

This is the brightest, happiest period of her otherwise sad and checkered career. A child was born of the marriage, a little girl, whose presence brightened their home. The tide of fortune went against them, the Marquis lost all his property ; and as the result

of long and anxious consultation they decided to embark for America. The prospect pleased Margaret—she would once more, and soon, she thought, be among her own relatives and friends in that home-land she loved so well. Then, alas ! came the tragic close of this brilliant woman's career. Just as the vessel which bore them was nearing the American shore, and on the very eve of landing, she struck on Fire Island beach, off Long Island, and went to the bottom, nearly all on board perishing. Margaret, her husband, and their little child, Angelino, were among the lost. The details of the shipwreck, as narrated by the survivors, are heart-rending in the extreme. The vessel was tossed about among the breakers for many hours before the final crash came, and the passengers could only gaze helplessly upon the awful death that awaited them :

" When Margaret was last seen she had been seated at the foot of the fore-mast, still clad in her white night-robe, with her hair fallen loose on her shoulders. It was over—that twelve hours' communion, face to face with death ! The only one of her treasures which reached the shore was the lifeless form of little Angelino. When the body, stripped of every rag by the waves, was rescued from the surf, a sailor took it reverently in his arms, and wrapping it in his neckcloth, bore it to the nearest house. There, when washed, and dressed in a child's frock, found in Margaret's trunk, it was laid upon a bed ; and as the rescued seamen gathered round their late play-fellow and pet, there were few dry eyes in the circle. The next day, borne upon their shoulders in a chest, it was buried in a hollow among the sand-hills."

GENERAL CHRISTIAN DE WET.

By Harold Robertson.

GENERAL CHRISTIAN DE WET has recently acquired a reputation as a fighting general through his persistent refusal to surrender to the British forces operating in South Africa. He has baffled the skill of Lord Roberts and checkmated the energy of Lord Kitchener and his generals. With two thousand horsemen and a few guns he has eluded the British for two months, at one time having to keep his scouts watching seven opposing columns. His fame as a fighter makes one hope that later on he may become a colonial leader serving under the flag which is the pride alike of Colonial and Britisher, but which demands a laying aside of the brutality characteristic of this and other Afrikander leaders.

Christian de Wet is a son of the soil and a native of the Orange Free State. He was born little more than forty years ago on his father's farm in the Bloemfontein district.

He is a spare man of medium height, with a sharp face and dark moustache and beard, slightly grizzled. Himself accepting the Gospel according to the predikants of the Dutch Reformed Church, he nevertheless married a lady who followed the Dopper persuasion. He has several children, the eldest of them being a boy of about eighteen years of age.

So deeply has his anti-progressive and anti-English spirit entered into his nature, that he has brought up his family with little if any education, and has forbidden the use of the English language in his household. His own education was complete after a few months at a farm school, and the English language may not be mentioned among his accomplishments.

He owns, or rather owned, a farm on the high road between Bloemfontein and Wepener. Situated near it is the little town of Dewetsdorp, named after

the General's father. As in many other cases on record, the lack of education has not prevented de Wet from becoming a shrewd man of business, and his farm, under his practical hands, has yielded him wealth. Of late years he has speculated largely in farming produce, and on one occasion the writer saw him driving 400 pigs to Bloemfontein en route to Johannesburg. For de Wet with his consuming hatred of the English is at war with all things British save British money.

Although he has been for some time a member of the Free State Volksraad, he is not a politician of eminence, and his oratorical powers are of a very low order. He was chiefly to the fore in the discussion of any English question when his uncompromising hatred of all things British found vent in the most bitter and coarse invective. This hatred of the British appears to be part of the man's nature so strong and prominent that its influence is felt in every public action.

During the period which followed the Jameson Raid de Wet most sedulously fostered the spirit of racial hatred, and was most active in inflaming the burghers against the English people. In the Presidential contest then taking place the hopes of the Progressives of the Free State were centred in Mr. Fraser. In him is represented the intelligence and culture of the Free State, and under his guidance the State would have undoubtedly become prosperous within itself, and at peace with all South Africa.

For some time the result of the contest was a matter of doubt. Many of the more enlightened burghers had thrown in their lot with Mr. Fraser, especially those who resided near Bloemfontein and other progressive centres. It is not too much to say that the eyes of all South Africa were turned upon the contest. A young State was clearly at the parting of the ways. On the one hand, peace and prosperity; on the other, unreasoning prejudice and racial hatred.

It was under the leadership of such men as de Wet that the forces of reaction triumphed, and the result of that evil victory may be seen in the present war. De Wet most bitterly opposed Mr. Fraser, and used all his influence amongst the burghers in favour of Mr. Steyn's candidature. It was an easy matter to persuade the alarmed burghers that an alliance with the Transvaal would be the only means of saving the two Republics. Mr. Fraser was opposed to Closer Union. He had fought for years against what he believed, and which has now proved, to be a disastrous policy, and at the polls he suffered for his opinions. But de Wet's opposition to Mr. Fraser cannot be better exemplified than by the following :—Speaking of the candidate he said (and the mildness of the remark is characteristic) : "Ik zal mij bloed zien stort voor ik een—Engelschman zien President." ("I will see my blood spurt rather than see a ——— Englishman President.") This expression was a favourite of his, often used, and not necessarily implying a courageous nature.

On another occasion the employment of an Englishman to teach the English language at the Grey College aroused his indignation. The French language was taught by a Hollander, and why not the English by a German? During the same agitation he swore that his blood should "stort" for the beloved taal.

De Wet was extremely bitter against the Roman Catholic Church, and in a motion before the Raad sought to withdraw the annual grant of £50 to the Church ; but to their credit be it said, the Raad members declined to embark on a campaign of religious persecution.

Previous to the outbreak of war between Great Britain and the Republics, de Wet had very little military experience. He was of tender years at the time of the Basuto War (1865-66), but was one of the number of Free Staters who disobeyed President Brand's proclamation of neutrality, and joined the Transvaal forces in their revolt against Britain in 1880. Serving under General Joubert, de Wet was present at the

battle of Schanz's Hoogte and Laing's Nek.

On that fatal Sunday morning, de Wet, together with 49 other Free Staters, volunteered to ascend Majuba Hill, with what result the world knows.

If his own statements are correct, he killed many rooineks that day. Amongst other relics of that day's fight, de Wet possesses a complete Highlander uniform, the owner of which he is said to have shot in cold blood. The soldier made a wild leap from a small cliff, and becoming entangled in a tree, fell an easy victim to the rifle of de Wet. It will be possible from these incidents to gain some insight into the character of a man who, deservedly or not, is becoming famous for his generalship in the present war.

A DAY'S SHOOTING IN CHILI.

By an English Sportsman.

THE climate of Chili varies from constant rain, alternating with snow and gales of wind in the south, to perpetual sunshine and cloudless sky in the north. Coquimbo and its neighbourhood, which is much patronized by Her Majesty's ships, has an ideal climate. The sun rises and sets and performs his daily round in unclouded brilliancy. The midday sun is very powerful and the radiation of the heat from the rocks and hard-parched soil makes it rather trying to shooting. The difference between summer and winter is not great; the winter is the wet season, but the rainfall is only about four inches, which may fall in as many showers, and so the remainder of the year becomes monotonous in its serenity. The Chilian winter is our summer, and *vice versa*. March 1 therefore becomes the equivalent of our September 1, and is the opening day for partridge shooting.

The naval officer, when he sets out on a day's excursion, either for the purpose of shooting or fishing, and quite irrespective of clime, whether in the tropics or Arctic regions, must start at a very early hour, generally before dawn. The reason of this precocious habit is, not that he prefers rising before the sun, but, from being stationed on the water and often far from the haunts of game, he is forced to find himself breakfasted and equipped for the sport long before the world is accustomed to wake—that is, provided he wishes to have a fairly long day on his favourite ground.

The country certainly does not impress one at first sight as being a likely place for harbouring game. The ground is baked hard, and bare, except for the few dead withered-looking bushes sparsely scattered over the plain, relieved here and there by cactus bushes. Up the valleys the bush is thicker, with occasional traces of a greenish colour. On each side of the valleys rise bare, rocky, precipitous hills, and along the bottom the dried-up water-courses of the mountain streams. Sometimes these river beds contain pools of water, or a little dampness only. Along the water-courses and on the slopes of the valleys are the best places for birds, which are always found in the proximity of water.

The partridge is about the size and colour of our English bird, and resembles it also in its rapid flight. In one particular it is vastly different; it rises with a shrill, screaming whistle, which is so very startling that it will completely upset a novice and spoil his aim. The necessity of the birds to frequent the water pools in the dry season has been taken advantage of by the country bumpkin, who does not shoot, to snare them. His mode of procedure is very simple. He fences

off the pool with branches of the cactus bush, leaving only a few openings. The partridge will not fly over the cactus, but walks round until it comes to an opening which it creeps through. At these openings the yokel has his snares set, and into these the partridge puts his head. If he can get a market for his game, the shooting will be destroyed in a very short time.

We sent the trap on to a rendezvous after having rid ourselves of all superfluous clothing, cartridges, and other weights. I consider that the best shooting costume for this country to consist of flannel trousers, or knickerbockers, flannel shirt, no coat, and a straw hat of the country. Strong shooting boots and leather leggings are a necessity as a protection against the spines of the cactus and other thorns; even a leather boot will not always turn a cactus spine.

We get into line, and beat a plain at the foot of the hills. The first bird rises about ten yards in front of the right-hand gun, and is promptly bagged. After this there is a long interval, and it is not until we arrive at the dry water-course that the birds become plentiful. We beat up the ravine. I take the right and Mr. S. the left flank. The guns are kept fairly active, and the shots proportionately distributed. Except for an occasional halt to retrieve a wounded bird from the thick bush, we march steadily up the valley. We begin to feel the straps of our bags across the shoulders. The walking is rough and fatiguing, while in the hollows the fierce midday sun is not tempered by any cooling breeze. It is, therefore, with great delight we come in sight of the tethered horses and the carriage, drawn up in the friendly shade of some rocks.

What more pleasant after a morning's tramp in this invigorating climate than the approach to the shade of a tree or rock, where the lunch is laid out? It does not take long to settle down and discuss the contents of the hamper, and I have noticed that however liberal the supply seemed when being packed, little is wasted, and nothing returns after the camp followers have been satisfied. During the half-hour's rest and pipe which follows the lunch we gaze dreamily upon the country, shimmering under the noontide heat, and far away in the distance, and bounding the whole eastern horizon, rise the grand majestic Andes, robed in a bluish haze, and only relieved here and there by streaks of glittering white snow; while every breath of wind is like iced champagne, so deliciously cool and dry, quite unlike the climate at the coast, which is damp. Here in the country, instead of feeling listless and indolent, one is full of energy and vigour, so much so that we are eager to be off again. We engaged a boy to carry our bag for the afternoon; as the natives never walk, this boy was mounted, and, in fact, he could not walk, being swathed in long leather leggings and huge spurs which prevented his heels touching the ground. He attached himself to me, and when a bird fell he would clap spurs to his horse, gallop up, retrieve the bird, mount, and wheel into heel again. He was very keen, and where I could scramble over rocks and bush, the pony and boy, for they seemed one, followed.

While we wend our way back to Coquimbo in the cool freshness of the night, the dark, jagged outline of the Andes becomes silhouetted against a lurid blaze in the sky, and in a few minutes rises the round orb of the moon. As the wheels plough through the loose sand and the carriage sways from side to side we experience that sleepy and agreeable tiredness and contentment which comes to all men after a successful day's sport—that peace with nature and all mankind which marks the day in our mental diary as a red-letter day. Long afterwards, in other climes and under duller skies, we will remember our partridge shooting in Chili, and the kind friends by whom and in whose company we enjoyed a capital day's sport.—*The Field.*

A NATIONAL MINT.

By the Editor.

CANADA has no national mint because, apparently, the people who manage the banks of Canada do not desire to see this country have a gold coinage. These gold coins might become popular, and the people might carry them in their pockets in place of bills. The banks gain the interest on their paper circulation only so long as they can compel people to carry it in their pockets. Hence, if people carried gold instead of paper the banks would lose that much return. Therefore the banks are opposed to Canadian gold coins.

Canada is a gold-producing country. A gold-producing country would, it is reasonable to presume, find gold coins a good advertisement of its gold mines. Canada has no gold coins, and therefore she loses what might be an excellent advertisement in all the countries where such coins might temporarily find circulation.

Writing in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for October, 1899, W. Meyers Gray presented this case as follows :

"Sometime about the middle of July, 1899, the big steamship *Garronne* arrived at Vancouver, B.C., with $3,000,000.00 worth, in round figures, of nuggets and gold dust from Dawson on the Yukon, good British gold, from good Canadian soil.

"The next day $2,500,000.00 of this same gold went by train from Vancouver, in Canada, to Seattle in the United States, to be refined and minted there. Of course the inference to be drawn from this transaction would naturally be that the gold belonged to citizens of the United States of America, and that its passage through this part of Canada was the result of the accident of its owners coming or sending it this way, but such was not the case at all. As a matter of fact, nearly the whole of the $2,500,000.00 belonged either to Canadian banks or English banks doing business in Canada.

"To people unacquainted with the working of the Canadian Currency Act this entry and exit of Canadian gold must seem curious, not to say phenomenal, and they must naturally ask, if they give it a thought, 'Why does all this Canadian gold go to the United States of America, instead of going to England or staying in Canada?' Well, if you will allow me I will try and explain. If it stayed in Canada it would only be merchandise, not available in its crude state of currency. As we have no mint in Canada to turn our gold into coin, we can neither set it in circulation as coin, or make it available as bank security to issue notes against. But if we had a mint in Canada, we would not be allowed to coin 'American eagles,' which same 'American eagles' by our patriotic Currency Act, are the sole standard upon which our Canadian currency is based ; so the reason our gold goes out of Canada is that we have to send our native gold to a foreign country to be minted into foreign coins, to be reimported for domestic use as currency.

"Of course, this is an astonishing anomaly, but it is only one of the natural workings of our Currency Act."

The Editor of the Vancouver *Province* has recently being offering decided opinions on the subject. He remarks :

"The Vancouver and Victoria Boards of Trade have endeavoured in vain to secure the establishment of a Government Assay office at Dawson. For this year, at all events there is no prospect of even so mild a remedy being furnished for the conditions which prevent Canadians repearing the benefits of the gold-producing capabilities of their own territory. We must still

see the stream of gold from the Yukon and Atlin flow past us to Seattle, carrying with it a large percentage of the trade which should be enjoyed by the cities of British Columbia. Almost daily comes announcements that quantities of the precious metal are on their way, some by Canadian and some by American steamers, to the Assay office at the Sound city. As Mr. Wilkie said, 'an immense volume of trade is being and will be lost to Canada through returning Yukon miners being forced to take their clean-up to a foreign mint.'

"At the general meeting of the Bank of Commerce, General Manager Walker said—

'In the Yukon district the output of gold has carried Canada from a position of insignificance as a gold producer to the fifth position among other nations. From 1887 to 1894 inclusive, we produced only about a million dollars' worth of gold annually. For 1899 official records give us credit for $18,000,000, counting the Yukon district as $14,000,000. Our own careful examination of Assay office records, however, gives $16,000,000 for the Yukon, making a total for Canada of $20,000,000. This year the result will be larger. It is of course unfortunate for the Klondike region that the rush to Cape Nome in Alaska may lessen the supply of labour and thus prevent the reduction of wages to a more reasonable figure. But the adverse influence of this can only be temporary.'

"New discoveries, especially those of gold-bearing conglomerate or quartz reefs, are making more sure the permanence of the northern fields as producers of the yellow metal. Quite characteristically, the slow-moving eastern mind refuses to take in the significance of all these facts and leave the rut in which the conditions of former days have placed it. If our people had been half as keen and half as much alive to their own interests as our neighbours to the south they would have long ere this have taken measures to keep their riches for themselves. Instead of listening patiently to a lot of old-fogey cautions and platitudinous arguments against the establishment of a national mint, they would simply have insisted that a mint is necessary to meet the new conditions presented. The objections offered look extremely childish in the light of the advantages in the matter of trade which a mint would secure to the country. There is no valid objections to Canada having a gold coinage produced in her own mints. Even little Newfoundland finds it advantageous to have its own gold coinage, though it is not a producer of gold to any extent, and its mintage is done in England. Why should Canada hesitate to go a little further and mint its own gold coinage?

"If we are not to have a mint, it will surely be possible to convince the overcautious people in the east that Government Assay offices are at least within the country's capacity. It would cost only a few thousands of dollars yearly to carry on two such offices, at Dawson and Vancouver, and the return of profit would be very considerable. Their presence would afford some measure of relief, but to meet the situation fully a mint would be necessary. The country should no longer have to reproach itself for inability to keep its gold and the trade that goes with it. Canadians sleep while their resources go to enrich the foreigner."

Apparently the Government has decided to meet the agitation with an experiment in the nature of a Government Assay office at Dawson, where the gold will be taken at its exact worth, and bank certificates issued for its value. This announcement has appeared in Western papers recently, and has not been denied by the Eastern journals that are likely to have knowledge of the subject. The full Government announcement will no doubt be made by the Premier or the Minister of the Interior at an early date.

An Assay office at Dawson will enable the Government to collect the gold and direct it into such channels that the United States will not be able to fictitiously include Canadian gold in its total mineral production. It will en-

able the miner to avoid all the risk and trouble of bringing the gold out of the country and taking it to United States ports for shipment to United States assay offices. The Government is to be congratulated on this excellent forward movement.

The next natural step will be the establishment of a mint. A Government desiring to do this will meet with much opposition from the banks. The reform will be steadily opposed in the future as in the past. Nevertheless it must come. The interests of the people and the honour and dignity of the country demand it. Canada must have a gold coinage of its own to take the place of the eagle and the half-eagle now being used so much in this country. If Parliament is unwilling to go to the expense of a mint—although it will not be great—perhaps arrangements can be made with the British mint to coin Canadian five and ten dollar pieces.

HEIMWEH.

THE skies are blue, they say ;
Alas ! for me
The skies are leaden grey ;
I naught can see
Of azure tint or golden sunbeam bright ;
O'er all the landscape—dreary, hopeless night.

And scenes are fair, I'm told,
And hearts are gay ;
The fairest I behold
As vain display ;
And loathing turn, where others laugh and sing ;
Sad, sick at heart—a helpless wounded thing.

One spot alone on earth
Is bright to me ;
There centres all the mirth,
There I would be.
There, only there, God's sunlight pierces through,
And all the heaven paints with stainless blue.

You praise this land as fair,
Its streams, its bow'rs,
The common weeds were there
As rarest flow'rs !
The fields, Elysian ! Ah ! why should we roam ?
One spot alone enchants ; we call it Home !

Helen T. Churchill.

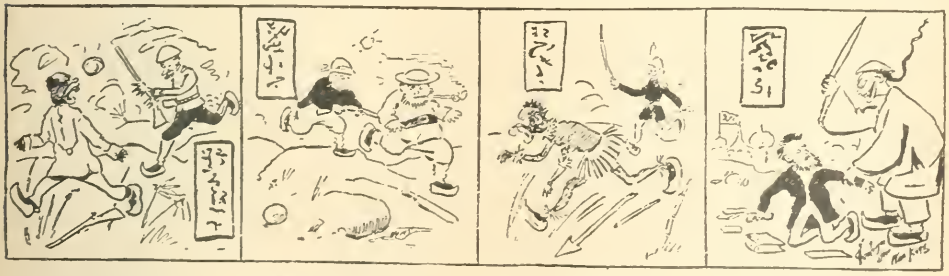
Current Events Abroad

by W. Sanford Evans

LAST month it was universally accepted that the Legations at Pekin had been overwhelmed and little doubt was entertained that all the foreigners had perished, either during the attack, or afterward, by some refinement of Oriental cruelty. Such a tragedy has been averted by the brilliant march of the relieving force. That the Allies arrived in time was owing partly to the heroic self-defence of the little colony of foreigners, and partly to a change of policy on the part of the Chinese leaders. They hesitated to commit a crime that would have made it impossible for them afterward to deal with other nations on the basis of international law or morals; and they believed also that they could hold the foreigners as hostages to be sacrificed if the allies persisted in an advance. Most of the soldiers were sent out of Pekin to meet the Allies on the road, and those that remained either had not the courage to press home their attack on the Legations despite the policy of the Government, or were kept under a degree of control. Whatever plans there might have been were, however, disconcerted by the splendid dash of the relieving force. Too great credit cannot be given to the officers and men of that force; yet it must be admitted that the Chinese made absurdly poor use of their numbers and opportunities. The advance began about the first of August, and on the fifth a sharp engagement was fought at Pietsang. The Chinese had chosen their position with considerable skill and defended it bravely for a time, but no very formidable resistance was offered at any other point. They were poorly organized and poorly led. It is surprising that the lessons of the South African war with regard to flanking movements had not made some impression upon the Chinese generals. China is yet no match for the powers she challenged. It is a matter of deep thankfulness that she was not able to carry out her darkest designs upon the foreigners within her capital. The whole situation has been rendered less acute by the relief of the Legations.

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But the problem is still exceedingly complicated. China is not conquered. If an invading force should land at St. John, N.B., and march upon Fredericton, we would not consider that Canada had been conquered. If the capital had been at Fredericton we would move it to westward, even to Winnipeg or Edmonton if necessary. At the time of writing it is impossible to tell just what has happened or is happening at Pekin. All that is known



America Educating the Fillipinos. | England Chastising the Boers. | France Subduing the Abyssinians. | The Boxers Annihilating Missionaries.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A CHINESE CARTOON ON ASSIMILATING MOVEMENTS THE WORLD OVER.
—*The Atlanta Constitution.*



CHORUS OF POWERS: "What a shame! He actually shows fight."—*Silhouette, Paris.*

is that the Legations have been relieved and that fighting is still going on. We do not even know that the Chinese Court has left Pekin. Under these circumstances it is useless to comment upon the situation of the moment. There are, however, aspects of more permanent interest. Will the native Chinese unite against the Manchus and try to set up a native dynasty? If the allies could keep their selfish ambitions under control and would aid such a movement and regulate it, we would probably have the best solution of the difficulties. How does Japan look upon the situation, and what are her designs? How is Britain meeting the crisis? About Russia there is no uncertainty. She will, if she can, overrun and hold Manchuria. Germany, too, will take all she can get. Neither of these powers will be content without some substantial territorial acquisitions; and France will claim her share. The United States alone among the allies appears not to be interested in Chinese territory. Most of the powers profess to favour a stable and independent government for China, and an "open door" for commerce; but Russia's seizure of territory, for which the invasion of Siberia has offered a plausible pretext, is certain to lead to a demand on the part of Germany, France, Austria and Italy for compensation in like kind. We must, therefore, dismiss the idea that the powers will withdraw and leave Chinese territory as they found it. Either China will ultimately drive them out, or they will establish themselves in all her best harbours and exercise sway over as much of the hinterland as they find it convenient and profitable to hold.

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What about Japan? For three hundred years, at least, she has had territorial ambitions on the mainland. As long ago as the 16th century she overran Corea, which was in the position of a vassal State to China. Corean and Chinese troops together finally drove her out of every part except the port of Fusan, where she has ever since retained a foothold. In 1876, first of all the powers now interested, she made a commercial treaty with Corea, and in 1884 she made a treaty with China which provided among other things that China would not destroy the independence of Corea. In 1894, contrary to this agreement, China decided to send troops into Corea to quell an insurrection. Japan had been preparing for just such action by China or some other nation and war began, with the result that the Japanese possessed themselves of the Liao-tung peninsula, part of the province of Shan Tung, and took by storm

the naval strongholds of Port Arthur, Ta-lien-wan and Wei-hai-wei. By the treaty of Shimonoseki China was forced to cede to Japan the Island of Formosa, a great part of the Liao-tung and to pay an indemnity of 200,000,000 taels. Japan now appeared to be established on the continent and to have Corea in her grasp; but Russia desired the Liao-tung peninsula as a winter terminus for her great railway, and Japan was forced to yield to pressure from Russia, France and Germany, and even Wei-hai-wei passed from her hands into those of Britain. Her feelings may easily be imagined. Her resentment against the Western powers, with the exception perhaps of Britain and the United States, is far greater than any enmity she could have against China. There is no doubt, indeed, that she looks upon China as by right her peculiar preserve and that she feels a certain kinship and sympathy with her. If she could enforce it, she would proclaim a Monroe doctrine for the Far East. Her ambition is to be the leader of the Mongolian and Tartar races—against the rest of the world, if necessary. How then can we explain her readiness to take part in this punishment of China? In the first place, she is not ready to strike out a policy in opposition to the Western nations. This being the case, she must act with them in order not to be left out of any temporary settlement that occurs. Again, it is to her interest to bring the present difficulties in China to a rapid conclusion, because the longer they continue the more men the other nations will send out and the relatively weaker will she become. She must also firmly impress the Chinese with her ability and might as a first step toward reaching a permanent understanding with them; and for this reason she could not allow her own Legation in Pekin to remain in danger. It is now open to her to say that the Allies could not have reached Pekin in time without her assistance, that her troops were the bravest of all and the best equipped, and also that they did not loot as the other troops did, but acted as real, though stern, friends in bringing China to her senses. These statements might not be true, but Japan would have some ground for making them, and it will readily be seen that she is in a better position than ever to gain the ear of the Chinese. On the other hand, she could use just the same arguments with the Allies in order to show that she is entitled to a full recognition by them. Japan is playing the shrewdest game in the Far East, and she will bear watching.

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Has Britain gained or lost so far?



THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

This Box(h)er movement is all right if it is carried far enough.



H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT, DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND DUKE OF SAXE-COBOURG-GOTHA. BORN AT WINDSOR, AUGUST 6TH, 1844; SECOND SON OF QUEEN VICTORIA. DIED AT ROSENAU, JULY 30TH, 1900.

From a recent photograph.

She has lost. Her policy has been an independent Chinese Government and an "open door" for the commerce and enterprise of every nation in every part of China. She was opposed to territorial acquisitions by the powers. But Germany acquired Kiao-Chau, and Russia Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, and Britain, to preserve the balance, took Wei-hai-wei. By force of circumstances her policy was gradually changed. Russia was assuming control over enterprises in the north and shutting out the British, particularly from railway enterprises. Finally, in May, 1899, Britain and Russia signed a convention to the effect that Britain would not seek railway concessions north of the Great Wall, nor obstruct Russian applications for concessions in that district, while Russia similarly bound herself with regard to the Yangtse valley. The richest and most populous district in China fell under British influence, but still this was not the freedom and equality she at first sought. The doctrine of "spheres of influence" began to take the place of the doctrine of the perfect "open door." However, as long as Britain retained her predominance in the Yangtse valley, she could view with equanimity the change that was occurring. The British fleet was so strong in the Far East and Indian troops so near, that her power was visibly the greatest, and her prestige was correspondingly high. When the crisis came a few weeks ago, however, it was suddenly recognized that, not only Japan, but Russia, was almost as strong on the spot in warships, and in troops much stronger. Britain was only one among a number, and not easily first as she had been before. Then came her opportunity to fasten her hold upon the Yangtse. Russia was invading Manchuria, was besieging the treaty port of Newchwang, and had taken temporary possession of the Taku-Pekin railway; and what Russia takes hold of she does not easily release. European interests at Shanghai needed protection. Let Britain land a force there and she would be in a position to make terms with Russia and every other power before she need withdraw. This seemed to be her policy. Part of the British fleet, under Admiral Seymour, was stationed at Shanghai, and some transports with Indian troops were sent there. But the French, Russian, and German consuls objected to their landing, and the British Government ordered them to Wei-hai-wei. As soon as they had started, the consuls, having won their point, requested that they be landed, and a torpedo-boat was sent to recall them; and now we learn that a combined fleet, and not the British fleet alone, is to guard Shanghai and watch the Chinese ships in the Yangtse. And other foreign troops will be landed at Shanghai. Even in the Yangtse Britain is now only one among a number. Britain's intentions have all along been of the highest, and we can honour her motives. This in itself may be the greatest victory. But if we judge her by the standards of the game played by the other European powers she has lost and not gained. However, the game is not yet ended.

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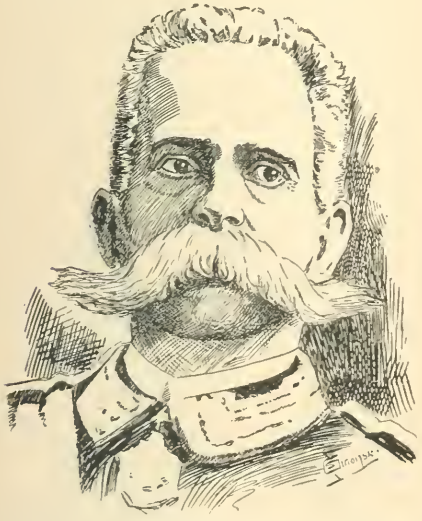
In South Africa the war still drags

along. A notable success was gained by the British when General Hunter compelled the surrender of over 4,000 Boers in the northeastern part of the Orange River Colony. Nothing can quite make up to the Boers the loss of this number of fighting men with their horses, arms and ammunition. But General de Wet has partially retrieved the loss by his brilliant escape. He was with the forces that afterward surrendered, and recognizing the position as hopeless, undertook the daring alternative of striking across the country to the northwest through territory occupied by British troops. Not only did he maintain his force intact and elude the British forces sent from several directions to check and surround him, but he greatly increased his numbers by recruits from the burghers all along his line of march, who had given up their arms and returned to their farms. He is now to the north of the British in the Transvaal, and able to join forces with General Botha, if concentration is their policy. It is a good thing to have the country to the south so largely cleared of the enemy, but it would have been infinitely better to have cleared it by capturing de Wet. The problem is becoming simplified, but there is probably hard fighting yet in store. The plot to capture Lord Roberts and murder officers of his staff was fortunately frustrated. It is additional evidence of the desperate and irreconcilable spirit that still prevails. On August 14th the Cape Government won its first victory on a division, when, by a vote of 46 to 38, a motion to appoint a commission to enquire into the administration of martial law was defeated. It is most satisfactory to know that the extreme Afrikander element in the Cape Parliament is not in the majority. The outlook would be far less hopeful if it were. As it is, some broad-minded and patriotic Afrikanders, like Mr. Schreiner, are supporting the Government, because they recognize the danger of a deadlock or a triumph of the extremists.



THE PRINCE OF NAPLES, NOW VICTOR EMANUEL III., OF ITALY.

From a recent photograph.



HIS MAJESTY HUMBERT I., RENIER CHARLES EMANUEL JEAN MARIE FERNAND EUGÈNE, KING OF ITALY. BORN AT TURIN, 1844; ASSASSINATED AT MONZA, JULY 29TH, 1900.

From a recent photograph.

On July 29th King Humbert of Italy was assassinated by the anarchist Bresci. Militant anarchism is dangerous lunacy. Starting from a premise of the unquestionable want and misery in the world, these men reach the foolish



HER MAJESTY MARGHERITA, QUEEN DOWAGER OF ITALY.

From an old Photograph.

conclusion that conditions will be righted if the crowned heads or chief executive officers of a State are murdered. They can neither understand nor endure the long processes by which alone the laws of social evoluton work. "The King is dead; long live the King!" One individual is succeeded by another; the system can be altered only by slow degrees. It is not hard to understand how the illogical doctrines of anarchism take hold of certain minds. But one strange feature is that they will submit to the tyranny of their own organization, when they rebel against the milder restraints of social laws. A man delegated to kill a king must make the attempt. They live under such compulsion as society never imposes. But society must not make the same mistake with anarchists that anarchists make with society. The imprisonment or execution of a few men will not stamp out the disease. The most vigorous measures should be employed, and no dangerous character should be allowed liberty to carry out his nefarious purposes; but conditions must be improved and much educating must be done before there will cease to be recruits to the ranks of anarchism. If we take Italy for an example, we find much just cause for discontent. The Italians are the most heavily taxed people in Europe.

There has been incompetence and worse in Italy's financial administration. During the last few years efforts have been made to improve the situation, but they have been badly devised. It is estimated that the poorer classes bear fifty per cent. of the taxation. The essentials of life are heavily taxed, while luxuries largely escape; and the State lotteries supply no small part of the revenue. But for this condition King Humbert had little responsibility as compared with the Italian Parliament; and back of the Parliament there is always the people. Personally, King Humbert was a popular and honourable man.

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Bulgaria and Roumania are growling at each other. Some day there will be serious trouble in the Balkans, and one cannot tell what may precipitate it, or how soon it may come.



PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF MONTENEGRO, NOW QUEEN OF ITALY.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

WHERE is the new woman? For months the magazines and papers have had nothing to tell about her. She has had little to say for herself, and that little has been surprisingly moderate in tone. No new doctrines, no new propaganda, no sublime record of fresh advancement have proceeded from herself or her champions. Even female suffrage—that greatest of all ultra female reforms—is not a live subject.

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It would seem that the Anglo-Saxon race has been brought back to something of its primeval position by reason of the wars in which the United States and the British Empire have recently been engaged. The warrior has again mounted his steed. Courage, daring and physical endurance have been reincarnated as the virtues of the race. "The Soldiers of the Queen," "The Blue and The Gray," "When Johnny Canuck Comes Marching Home," are the popular songs. The "man" behind the gun has been praised and glorified. The Viking with his deeds of daring is once more the theme of song and story.

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Before the Spanish-American and South African wars burst forth the Anglo-Saxon peoples were like Wellington's officers at the Brussels ball the night before Waterloo:

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
.
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

The voice of the woman was heard everywhere, and little was denied her during the years immediately preceding 1899; but during that year the call to arms shut out all other sounds. The voice of the female agitator was hushed. War brought back the knowledge that she was but the weaker vessel. It reaffirmed, what the race had almost forgotten, that man is the guardian, the defender, the fighter, the ruler; that woman is but the mother and comforter of voters, warriors and rulers, the nurse of the wounded, and the chief mourner for the slain. War has told the race once again that in the time when Force is King woman may give her husband, her sons or her lover, but she cannot give herself. It has proven afresh that she is the minor individual, to be loved, cherished, respected, but never raised to political equality.

The sphere of the woman is the home. If in a moment of weakness man appeared to believe that if she claimed a larger sphere she was capable of filling it, that moment of weakness passed. If under the peculiar conditions of prolonged peace woman came to believe that she was the equal of man in everything, changed circumstances have proven that her belief was an hallucination. The fictions of female reformers have been exposed and destroyed—for a time at least. The falsity of their claims, the weakness of their arguments have been exposed. For some years to come they must hide these claims, lest they be laughed at and derided.

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Was it the blood of women that was shed that Britain might say a funeral service before the Khartoum Palace where Gordon had died nearly fourteen years before, that the British Empire might regain its national self-respect by re-hoisting its flag over an outpost that had been desecrated by an enemy? Was it the blood of women that was shed when the soldiers of the great American Republic pulled down the slave-holder's flag which floated over a down-trodden Cuba? Was it an army of females that held Mafeking and Ladysmith and Kimberley, that marched

from Paardeburg and the Tugela to Johannesburg and Pretoria? Was it a brigade of women which fought its way from the coast to Pekin to show the ignorant Chinee that a foreign-devil must not be slaughtered without reason? No! Such work requires men—men of brawn and pluck, men of muscle and valour, men who shudder not at the sight of slaughter and carnage. It was the blood of men that was shed in these enterprises, just as it was the blood of men that flowed

On Hastings' unforgotten field eight hundred years ago.

And yet the women of the Anglo-Saxon race have played their part. Indirectly they, too, have shed their blood, but it is only indirectly. They may rule and guide the world, but only indirectly. Nor is our reverence for them the less because they may fight only by proxy.

The day of peace will return, and when it comes again let the women remember the day of war. The one who holds the gun is the one who should hold the ballot. The soldier is the voter, the general the statesman. The one who in time of war binds up the wounds or keeps the hearthstone swept until the warrior returns must be content in time of peace to perform the same duties. Tame, self-denying duties they are, demanding a high degree of patience; but self-denial and patience are womanly virtues. She alone may worthily rock the cradle and guide the shaky steps of the future man. In this holy but narrow sphere she must be content to play her part. Here, and here only, may she stand guard against infidelity, licentiousness, and the vices which beset mankind. Here, and here only, can she bring forth the fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance and encourage others to produce like fruit.

Because woman's sphere is narrow it does not follow that it is unimportant. The home is just as essential as the State or the Church, perhaps more. The woman who guards, preserves and illuminates the home is performing an equal duty with the soldier whose vigilance as a sentinel guards the regiment's camp from surprise. To perform home duties intelligently and faithfully requires like qualities to those demanded of men who perform political duties. The importance of this sphere is amply proven by the character of the young men and young women who grow up without having felt the guiding and restraining influence of a refined and well-regulated home life. This is the body from which the criminal class draws most of its recruits.

And yet the guardian and sweetener of the home may with benefit to herself and the community enlarge her activities as her circumstances warrant. Her services in schools, hospitals, asylums and church will be beneficent to herself and others if these services are whole-hearted and earnest, and not undertaken for self-glorification. The grace of womanhood may be preserved even by the woman who goes forth to advocate temperance in public, as Frances Willard did, for the saloon is the enemy of the home. A woman may be a humble imitator of Grace Darling, Rosa Bonheur, or any one of the score of women who have achieved fame and remained gracious women. She may not be a Madame Blavatsky, an Annie Eva Fay, or a loud-mouthed advocate of woman suffrage, and retain the respect and admiration of men and women. She may not be a female "bounder."

While everbody is willing to recognize that the boy is father to the man, it must not be forgotten that the daughter is mother to both the man and the woman. The physical development, the home-training and the school education of girls is a great factor in the development of the race. This fact is too often overlooked. A refined and educated mother usually means refined and cultured sons; an

ignorant and boorish mother will generally have ignorant sons. A refined and educated mother means refined and educated daughters, who in their turn become mothers of the proper stamp.

Let females, therefore, be educated. It will enable them to perform their duties with greater pleasure and higher success, and it will have an enormous influence on the progress of the race. The girl should have the same opportunity as the boy in public school; when she leaves that she should attend the girls' college or the university, and be encouraged to develop her mental qualities as far as she may. The education of a girl should be different from that of a boy, but it should be just as thorough. Those who plough must inevitably be masters of those who can only ask for food, but that is no reason why these weaker persons should lack in education, physical culture and mental development.

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The legal profession is at the head of the political game in the United States. President McKinley is a lawyer, and so are Bryan, Roosevelt and Stevenson, the other presidential and vice-presidential candidates. Lawyers seem to make excellent political leaders, though the reason for this and the justice of it are not as clear as a philosopher might wish to have them.

In Canada the same rule obtains. Sir John Macdonald was a lawyer, the Hon. Edward Blake and Sir Wilfrid Laurier are lawyers. Sir Oliver Mowat and many other provincial leaders are lawyers. The legal profession surpasses all others in the number of its representatives who have seats in our Parliament. Filling the minor offices in the Governmental service and in the political machine are many more lawyers. Politics and law seem to be harnessed together in this country.

Whether there is any fault to be found with our democracy because it forces lawyers to the head of our political systems is an open question. It certainly is just as well for the political systems that lawyers should direct them. The only real danger under the Canadian system is that in making politicians of the lawyers you injure to some extent the legal and the judicial systems. The lawyer who mixes much in politics is seldom as good a lawyer as he would otherwise have been. And yet unless a lawyer becomes a politician he cannot get a judgeship. Appointments to the judiciary are now political appointments, and a part of our modified "spoils" system.

Many times during the past few years we have seen Canadian lawyer M.P.'s doing all sorts of hack work for the political party to which they gave allegiance, and we have later seen the reward appear in the nature of a judgeship.

Now if the lawyer could become a judge without the intervention of the politician stage it would be much better. Why should a lawyer M.P. be compelled to stifle his judgment, be compelled to abase himself before the god of politics as a preparation for the filling of the highest office which a man may fill—the office of judging between man and man and between the State and the citizen? Is it not, to say the least, a peculiar system? And is a man not justified in declaring that such a system is degrading to both the legal and the judicial professions?

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Just when Parliamentary candidates are being chosen in all the Canadian constituences, it may be opportune to recall Sir William Meredith's recent statement to the graduates of the University of Toronto, who if Canadian politics was a dirty stream it was because the men that ought to keep it pure permit it to be so. The choosing of candidates should not be left in the hands of wire-pullers and party hacks. Every university graduate and every man of means and education should make himself felt in this work, so that honest and honourable men may be chosen to compete for our highest Parliamentary honours.

John A. Cooper.



CURRENT FICTION.

CONCERNING the mysteries of "society" in the United States it behoves one to speak with reserve. We foreigners are bound to believe that the Republic is what it claims to be, a democracy, free from the baleful influences of an aristocracy of birth and a hereditary monarchy. If we are to judge from the reflections of Judge Grant's heroine *, society in New York is afflicted by some of the evils which belong to older civilizations. Selma White is persuaded that she is soulful and patriotic, that she possesses the requisite qualities to shine in any circle, and that, in consequence, it should not be possible, in a democratic community, for any doors to be closed against her. But through certain doors she finds herself unable to pass, and (one regrets to find) to the very last page of the book they remain apparently as firmly shut as ever. We may suppose that Selma is a type : handsome, well-mannered, ambitious and hard. That she is also inordinately conceited and unprincipled may be merely the prejudice of a foreigner. She divorces her first husband (for good cause) and in a month marries a New York architect, a man of some refinement and distinction, but without social ambitions. In declining to be a toady and to grow rich by gambling he loses his wife's affection and dies broken-hearted. Selma now concludes that social success can best be secured by political advancement. She marries a member of Congress who becomes the Governor of his State. By breaking (at her urgent request) his word of honour he is chosen Senator. The curtain now drops. We must assume that the book betrays insight into both social and political conditions in the States. There is a suggestion of satire in the constant repetition of sounding phrases about liberty, and the public good, and the equality of men which may perhaps be the proper equipment of a democrat, but which sound marvellously like the declamations of the demagogue. The satire—if a United States writer can be satirical about his own country and retain a whole skin—imparts a relish to the dialogue at once amusing and instructive. The novel well deserves its success.

"Hilda Wade" * is the last novel Grant Allen wrote. It belongs to a class of fiction which has become very popular of late : pure romance with an intensely modern environment. Hilda is a sheer impossibility. So is Sebastian, the famous physiologist, in whose hospital Hilda becomes a nurse in order to clear her father's memory from the accusation of murder. There is something pathetic in a man like Grant Allen toiling at fiction (which he wrote indifferently well) in order to make a living, while the pursuit of science was his soul's delight. In these pages he propounds some fine scientific problems for purposes of fiction. He creates materials which are used with masterly skill. But even the average ignorant reader is not deceived. We feel that Sebastian's wonderful anæsthetics, and his ability to murder under the guise of medical treatment is not science, but only a cheap hocus-pocus worthy of the trashiest "shilling shocker." Hilda finally gains her end, and Sebastian confesses

* Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co.

* Hilda Wade. By Grant Allen. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co.

on his deathbed that her father was an innocent man, ruined by his friend who, for the sake of scientific research, administered too powerful a drug to a dying patient. Her ambition accomplished, Hilda subsides, with meek submission, into the arms of a commonplace young sawbones. Those who read for the "story," will be perfectly satisfied; those who dimly feel that fiction, like the drama, can be made to serve a powerful purpose in revelation of character, in delineation of the strongest passions of the human heart, will conclude that the modern novel is, after all, often a very slight performance.

A large fortune places mighty forces in a man's hand. Christopher Lambert,* suddenly finding himself rich beyond the dreams of avarice, conceives the idea of dabbling in statecraft, the scene of operations being three small European states on the border between Austria and Prussia. His aim is to unite them into a compact territory under one rule. To do this he arranges for the marriage of the Princess Xenia and Prince Karl, rulers of two of the petty kingdoms. The third is to be conquered, and Lambert finances the whole scheme. The chief danger is the power of Prussia, which wants to absorb the states. One of Lambert's pawns in the game is a German governess, for whom he secures a post about the Princess. This woman, through jealousy, betrays the plot to the Prussian agent. Lambert's house of cards tumbles to the ground and he narrowly escapes death at the hands of a revolutionary society, which, pledged to a republic, he had attempted to use as an instrument for the creation of a monarchy. The Princess Xenia's throne disappears in the storm, and we may, without severe labour of mind, imagine her fate. The reader is amused and interested throughout. Mr. Watson is no tyro as a maker of modern romances, and in "The Princess Xenia" his talents are displayed to the best advantage.

*The Princess Xenia. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

A new condition of things, as far as Canadian books are concerned, is set up by the new Copyright Act which was passed at the late session of the Canadian Parliament. That Act, having been assented to by the Governor-General, is now in force and not, as some persons seem to suppose, in a state of suspended animation, awaiting the pleasure of the Imperial authorities. Under our constitution it is subject to Imperial disallowance during two years, but meanwhile it is part of the law of the land. This Act is a simple affair, and deals with a single aspect of the whole question. Mr. George Morang and the publishers and literary men associated in the movement are to be congratulated upon the result of their labours, for they have taken the first practical step toward making Canadian authorship a remunerative occupation by making the business of publishing itself more remunerative. The Act provides that when a Canadian publisher purchases from the owner of an English book the right to issue a Canadian edition, other editions are excluded from this country. Hitherto the Canadian publisher was unable to secure his own market (even when he had paid for it), and thus was deprived of the profits on the most popular, and consequently the best-selling, English books. Even when the English publisher endeavoured in good faith to prevent the sale of cheap colonial editions here, the transaction could be effected through a middleman, and the Canadian publisher forced to meet a competition from which, by the terms of his bargain, he was to be protected. Prosperous publishing houses have done, and can do, much for literature. The new Act affects in no way the publishing of Canadian books issued first in this country. It does not directly protect, encourage or bonus the Canadian author. But it provides for the Canadian publisher a surer means of profit, and puts him in a stronger position as an encourager of native writers who cannot (usually) bear the expense of publishing, and

who cannot in consequence devote their talents to work which may bring them no pecuniary return. There is a reasonable expectation that the new Act will not be interfered with by the Imperial authorities, and that in time it will redound to the benefit of Canadian bookmaking and authorship.

CHEAP BOOKS.

Surely there is a limit to the benefits derivable from cheap books. Free libraries now dot the land. No poor boy can truthfully say that the best literature is beyond his reach. The classics are to be had in popular editions at moderate prices. Both these devices for bringing good books to the masses of the people are praiseworthy, and to be encouraged. But a book may be cheap without being too cheap as a specimen of bookmaking. There is a tendency to issue editions which, from every point of view, are to be deplored. A Toronto newspaper lately contained an enticing advertisement of "two cloth-bound books for 25c.," and such offers tempt persons to buy without consideration a class of books—as books—which no self-respecting shelf should be asked to hold up. There is, one fears, a steady deterioration of taste in this matter. No student, however humble his accomplishments, no true lover of learning, however lean his purse may be, wishes to accumulate a load of trashily and often flashily-bound books. They have no durable qualities in the binding. The paper is thick, heavy and easily destroyed. The type is broken and defaced. Usually they are monstrosities, and are sold on the counters from which you may also purchase sugar and flannel and tacks. They are a delusion, and a library containing them is no credit to its owner. Like a hideous daub, passing itself off as a picture, their influence is to vitiate, not elevate, the taste. Against such, the young should be warned. They often appear, when not carefully examined, to be bound with some regard to the rules of art. A discriminating eye soon distinguishes their tawdry finery. To bind the works of a great author in seemingly attractive covers while the paper and the type are worthless, is an insult to his genius, for they are not "books" at all, they are cheap imitations of the real thing and should be shunned as refinement shuns vulgarity, as scholarship avoids the sciolist and the fraud.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

It is announced that Mr. Sanford Evans is at work upon a book embodying the whole story of the Canadian contingent of troops sent to South Africa on Imperial service. The sending of troops to join in the war marked a new and bold policy on the part of Canada, and we may be sure that, as the years go on, it will stand out in the history of the Dominion as an event of far-reaching importance. It is fitting that the episode should be dealt with in all its phases, political as well as military, and in the hands of Mr. Sanford Evans it is sure to receive the careful thought and to display the excellence of workmanship which the subject demands. The book will review the events leading up to the decision to send a contingent, and will record, in narrative form, the achievements of the three corps in the field. Needless to say, its appearance will be awaited with interest, and it should form an acceptable record of a highly significant national event.

The latest books of the month include: "Robert Orange," by John Oliver Hobbes, Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.; "The Girl at the Half-Way House," by E. Hough, Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.; "As Seen By Me," by Lilian Bell, Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.; "Soldiering in Canada," by Lt.-Col. George T. Denison, Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.; "Sport In War," by Lt.-Gen. R. S. S. Baden-Powell, Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co. Of course, Col. Denison's book will appeal especially to Canadians. It will be reviewed at some length next month.

IDLE MOMENTS

MY FIRST SERMON.

IT was my first sermon. Confused headlines lay before me on my desk. Imaginary audiences passed 'twixt me and the farther end of the room. I saw myself, gowned and ministerial, holding forth the doctrines of my faith.

And yet I winced. Was I a man to point the way to my fellows?

Still, in imagination, my hearers seemed to heed my words. Fancy pictured some of them coming forward to take me by the hand, and to say that I had given them a new light, that I had set them thinking.

And yet I winced.

Away down in my deepest thoughts I knew that there was a doubt. Had I the strength to practice what I preached? Could I, alone in the world, withstand the battering of temptation? Ah, no! I knew that I could not. Without *her* I knew that it was impossible. That's what made me wince.

Sometimes during my college days I was on the verge of wishing that I had turned my steps along another path. That was cowardice. Once, I confess it, I would have been glad had mother's last words not been a wish that I should enter the ministry. That was unmanly. But cowardice and unmanliness will creep into a man's life sometimes in spite of him. That is my experience; others may see it differently.

My mother died when I was but a youth. But even then I never forgot her wish, although at times my conscience pricked, for within my heart I knew that often the son was unworthy of his heritage.

Then a new life came into mine, a life that made me yearn to make myself worthy of my calling, worthy of *her*. Gloomy days, nor bright days, her sweet face never forsook me; and often, when the will was weak and the voice of the tempter strong, the remembrance of her pure, noble life gave me strength to stand erect and turn my steps toward her.

Throughout my college days her influence was greater than that of the Provost, her teaching more subtle than the exegesis of the Scriptures or my researches in Sanskrit and Hebrew.

At last I came to my first sermon. Confused headlines lay before me on my desk. Imaginary audiences passed 'twixt me and the farther end of the room. I saw myself gowned and ministerial, holding forth the doctrines of my faith.

And yet I winced.

I thought of her and of how much my life depended upon her influence. With her always by my side I knew that I could face anything, even sneers of the skeptical. But I needed her, I knew that. I wanted to hear her say that mine was a noble calling, of which I should be proud.

I decided to go to her, even from the midst of my confused headlines, and learn if she would follow with me the lead of my first sermon, if she would become my wife.

She laughed, and somehow, the coquetry of it was not at all like her.

"A minister's wife!" she said. "The very idea!" and she laughed again. "A minister's wife!"

That was enough. She need not have said anything about the plays and the dances she would miss. 'Twould have been in better taste had she refrained from mentioning the week-night prayer-meeting and the after gathering on Sunday. I knew of that. When she pictured herself as president of "this auxiliary" and secretary of "that aid" I reached for my hat. By the time she had said that perhaps she would care for me if I were to try some other line, say religious journalism or something, I was at the door. I shook

my head, but her suggestion set me thinking.

"Never mind the sermon," she said, as she bade me good-night. "Go out into the world like other men."

Back in my room again, I faced the confused headlines. Gradually they began to take shape, and involuntarily I added others. When I had finished; I decided that I would fulfil my engagement—preach that sermon the coming Sunday, anyway. Then I would turn my attention to something else—I would win her.

The church was in the suburbs. The audience bore with me throughout, and at the close of the service, as is customary, a few came forward to shake hands. With them, to my astonishment, was she, waiting her turn.

On the way to the car, going home, I said that I had not expected to see her there.

"You great, silly goose," she replied, clinging to my arm, "do you think I would miss your first sermon? I was only proving you. I wouldn't give a pinch for a man that would give up such a calling for me."

Again I winced—but I am still preaching.

Newton MacTavish.

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MURPHY'S PRISONER.

As Murphy drew near to the river, the smell of smoke became suddenly very apparent. Even the stout broncho which he bestrode, threw back its head and nosed about as if suspicious of its surroundings.

"His last camp, poor devil; how he must feel, escaping from he knows not what and going into this great land of no-where-in-particular."

Murphy, of the North-West Mount-Police, addressed these remarks to himself. He cultivated this habit partly to exercise his organ of speech, and partly to break the long monotonous silence which had hung over him all day.

The horse and rider presently drew up beside the smouldering remains of a fire, over which a small bent stick still leaned, and a piece of ragged meat still sissled at its top.

"Well, Sally, we will not go any farther to-day, anyhow, and from indications I would predict that our chase is about ended. We've followed yonder fellow nigh seven hundred miles and we have got him at last, but, Sally, think of that long journey home again."

The little beast neighed gently, by way of reply to her master, and then directed her whole attention to the rank vegetation at the water's edge, while Murphy undid the stout buckles of her riding gear and patted her gaunt flanks.

He soon had the fire blazing merrily enough, and after a sumptuous meal of dried meat and oatcake, washed down with copious draughts of water from the river, he spread his blanket and drew out his pipe. His short police-carbine he placed within easy reach of his hand and his saddle made a pillow for his weary back.

He compared his position with that of the fugitive ahead and laughed a hard mirthless laugh. Then his thoughts reverted back to the little post not many miles from Edmonton where his companions were awaiting his return.

Gradually his whole life lay spread out before him as in a dream. He could see his boyhood days at the old home in Ireland, and his mother standing on the kitchen stoop calling the men to dinner, and then his checkered career during early manhood until one dark rainy midnight he landed in Regina, and landed hard, too, as the conductor of a through freight had kicked him none too gently from his bed on the coal tender on to the station platform. Then he remembered how proud he felt when first he donned the smart blue uniform of the police boys, and also how he wrestled with the horses until he became sergeant-instructor in the riding school; and then the hard lines of his face relaxed as the picture of a woman fair and golden-haired, sitting in a hammock on a rancher's verandah, passed before his eyes, for Murphy, like most men

who have seen so much of life, had time to weave his own little bright spot of trust and romance, like a silver thread in a shawl of homespun. Then he thought of that weary ride all alone with nothing but his British pluck and duty to back him up. Seven hundred miles from civilization with one frail horse and a few cartridges between him and the great unknown!

As the night shadows blurred the landscape and the silence of supreme solitude settled like a pall over the whole earth, he forgot the purpose of his wandering and the poor, desperate man in front of him became a bosom friend.

A sudden snapping twig or the stirring of his horse, awoke him from his gloomy reverie, and he instinctively grasped his carbine. He mechanically looked at his watch and noted that his time was just twelve o'clock.

Again the noise, now quite distinct, resounded to his left, and then a long lean shape slouched boldly into the circle of light, and before Murphy was his man, with unkempt hair, and wild, bloodshot eyes, and clothes hanging in ribbons from his body. Horse gone, gun gone, everything lost but life, he stood defiant and grim awaiting the welcome from his enemy the police.

Murphy arose and held out his hand and the other grasped it, but neither spoke, and the little fire crackled brighter than before.

At last Murphy broke the silence, and his voice was thick and hoarse.

"Was it for this, Tim McShane, that you and I went to school together in that far-off town in Connaught? Where we fished with the same pole in the village creek, and where we stood side by side when the big boy undertook to thrash us? Was it to arrest you that I came seven hundred miles alone on my pony, for the gratification of strangers, and they told me you were a desperate man and that I daren't do it? No, Tim, no, you and I are friends, alone in a lonely land, and we will travel back to civilization, and you can go your way and I'll go mine. Your course is free. No one knows but I where you are, and I can tell them that you died out here with hunger."

Beads of perspiration stood upon the forehead of Murphy as he talked.

"I'm going back, Murphy," answered the other; "I'm going to give myself up. I don't care what they do with me. I've travelled nigh three months alone into the great north land, and I knew you were upon my trail, and I could have doubled back and shot you but I wouldn't. No, Murphy, your case is far different from mine, and I'm going back to that little jail in Prince Albert, and they can hang Tim McShane if they like. I killed a man once, but it was in self-defence, and I cannot live an eternity out in this God-forsaken place. Let me lie down, Murphy, by your fire and I will go as your prisoner in the morning."

The two men, the policeman and the felon, lay down side by side, and brotherly love was dim beside the passion aroused in each heart. And the pony in the neighbouring thicket watched while the sleepers slept.

R. Henry Mainer.

TREED BY WOLVES.

"YES, you may go and welcome, if you are fools enough." Thus spake the boss when Bill and I requested permission to attend a dance in the settlement, some seven miles distant from our lonely shanty.

"Thank you for your permission and compliments," I replied. And in five minutes we were off.

The night was clear, but very cold. The moon was just rising behind the fringe of trees that bordered the lake, and threw long, strange shadows on the glistening snow.

Bill was my special chum, and I was proud of him. He was a genuine product of the Emerald Isle, and by reason of his ready wit and good nature was a general favourite with all the boys in the camp.

"Sure and what did old Windy Whiskers mean by saying that we were fools for coming out on a night like this," remarked my companion.

"Hark," I said. Far away in the distance we could hear the gathering howls of a pack of wolves.

"And what of them sneaking beasts," he replied, "haven't we heard them every night for a month."

"Yes, my friend, but to hear them when you are out in the woods often produces a different feeling than when you are lying snug in your bunk," I remarked.

"But they wouldn't attack both of us, would they"? he asked in surprise.

"Let us hope that we may be spared the pleasure of an introduction," I replied. As the roads were good we were not long in reaching our destination. A large party had assembled, and dancing was in progress.

It was not long, however, before we discovered that our presence was not required. Some young men had come from another camp bringing a quantity of liquor, and were soon engaged with the boys from the settlement in what promised to be a regular "Donnybrook Fair," as Bill called it; so, to avoid being mixed up in the fight, we left for home.

It was midnight as we reached the woods. The moon rode high in the heavens, and her light was sparkling on the frosted trees as on a wreath of diamonds. We had not covered a mile of the forest road, when we heard the dismal howls of a pack of wolves; but we quickened our steps, hoping to reach the camp in safety. They were coming at right angles to the road, but we increased our pace to a run. In a few minutes they were in full cry after us.

"To the trees," I shouted, and choosing two birches about twelve feet apart, we hastily scrambled up. We had just reached seats in the branches when the pack came in sight, ten in number. They did not go on, as I had fondly hoped, but without a moment's delay made right for the trees. They would spring up as high as they could, fall back and try it again, all the while making the air hideous with their howling, snarling and yelping.

Bill soon began to see the ludicrous side of the situation. "Do you see that grizzled heathen there?" he cried, pointing to the leader of the pack, "and don't he look like the Boss? I'll bet you a plug of tobacco that he can jump a foot higher than any of his fellow brigands."

Bill now began kicking his feet against the tree to warm them, and the wolves, thinking that he was coming down, crowded around snarling and snapping at one another. I remarked that it was hardly fair for him to monopolize all of the audience in that way.

"It's my good looks," he replied, "see how they admire me. You shaggy, lantern-jawed spalpeen"—as the old fellow sprang to within three feet of him—"if I was as anxious for your company as you are for mine, we would be good comrades. My feet are freezing for sure, I wish I had the cook-stove up here."

An idea came to me like a flash, and I got out my knife and peeled off large strips of bark. "What's that for?" asked Bill.

"I'm going to entertain the audience," I replied.

I set fire to the bark, and when it was blazing brightly, I let it fall. With howls and yelps the wolves scattered. "Hurrah!" shouted my companion, hastily following my example, "You don't like fire-works. Sure if your feet were as cold as mine, you'd enjoy it, so you would."

We continued to throw down the blazing bark, and the wolves became more and more alarmed; one after another they turned tail and fled. At last they were all gone.

After waiting for a time to see that they had really left, we climbed down and warmed up our chilled limbs by a good run. We reached camp without seeing any more of our enemies, and Bill speedily became a hero. He was never tired of telling the story, with special reference to the "gray, grizzled heathen" that looked like the Boss.

J. Harmon Patterson.



PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL. FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

YACHTING ON OUR INLAND WATERS.

THE "REDCOAT," WINNER OF THE SEAWANHAKA CUP," 1900.

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THE JASON OF ALGOMA.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN NEW ONTARIO.

By Principal Grant.

THERE is a Golden Fleece in every country, however unpromising the country may appear to the superficial observer, and it only requires the arrival of a Jason with the requisite skill to discover and the courage to effect the capture of the universally-desired prize. Mr. F. H. Clergue is discovering and capturing the Golden Fleece of Algoma or—as that once despised region is now called—New Ontario.

"What, in the name of common sense, are they fighting about," remarked a friend to me a good many years ago, when rival provinces and the Dominion were wrangling over the western boundary of the Premier Province? "Why," he continued, "I travelled lately over the whole region, on the C.P.R., and did not see a single living thing but a crow, and it was stretching its wings with the evident intention of leaving the country." I faintly protested, as patriotism bade, but he went on remorselessly: "It is the same if you take the Lake route. The whole north shore is one long unbroken wilderness of Huronian rock and scrub. Even Sault Ste. Marie, the centre of the wilderness, which, from its command of the outlet of Lake Superior, has for centuries had a future prophesied for it, is nothing but a dead village." So spake my friend, who was, it need scarcely be said, one of the Gradgrind class which takes its stand on "facts." To him, the faith which planned a railway across more than a thousand miles of gnarled bush and igneous rock — a territory set down on every map as "impracticable for railways" — was presumption, or rather madness. Admittedly, appearances justified his vigorous pessimism. Even Sir William Van Horne, who can see as far into a millstone as most people, at first protested against constructing that part of the C.P.R. He, however, was converted when he studied the question as a whole, and finally declared that the section which looked so useless



A CENTRE OF ACTIVITY—MICHIPICOTEN HARBOUR.



SOME OF THE NEW BUILDINGS AT THE CANADIAN SAULT—PULP MILL NO. 2 ON THE LEFT—MACHINE SHOP ON THE RIGHT.

and costly was the key to the whole. But the C.P.R. did nothing for "the Soo." It only sidetracked the ambitious little place for a time. Its day had not yet come, in spite of the repeated visions of its future which priests and traders in the seventeenth century had seen with the eye of faith. How was it possible to doubt that a city must arise beside the rushing waters which connected the great inland sea above with other seas almost as great below? There, Raymbault and Jogues, first of white men, saw the broad rapid and preached to two thousand Indians gathered to catch the delicious whitefish which for centuries had been its outstanding attraction. There, in 1668, Marquette began a permanent mission, which became the first white settlement in what is now the State of Michigan. Three years later, on a hill overlooking the rapids and lake, Daumont, representative of the great Intendant Talon, erected a cedar cross bearing the arms of France, and in the presence of thousands of assenting or quiescent red men, assumed for his king authority over unknown lands to the north, south, east and west, no matter how far they might extend. But the men of the seventeenth century were far in advance of their time. The Sault Ste. Marie continued to be simply a choice fishing ground, a brief period in the middle of the eighteenth century excepted, when Count Repentigny built a fort to be a lure to Indians on their way to English posts which supplied them with fire-water without stint, and to be a retreat for French voyageurs. Repentigny and his partner, De Bonne, received in return for their services a grant "in perpetuity by title of feof and seigniory" of six leagues along the portage with a depth of six leagues. Small benefit they got from the splendid grant. Their successors asserted their claims before the Supreme Court of the States, under the original brevet of ratification, as recently as 1860, but in vain.* The day of the Northwest had not dawned, even in the eighteenth century. The Lake Superior region had to wait until the Mississippi valley and other interven-

* See "The Northwest Under Three Flags," pp. 61, 62.



PHOTO. BY PARK & CO., BRANTFORD.

A UNIQUE BUILDING AT THE CANADIAN SAULT—A REPLICA OF THE OLD HUDSON'S BAY POST.

ing lands were occupied. We must not forget that Ontario itself was practically an unbroken wilderness of forest until the nineteenth century. In 1829 Henry Clay, in the Senate of the United States, ridiculing a bill to grant lands to build a Sault Ste. Marie canal, pronounced the region "beyond the furthest bounds of civilization—if not in the moon." But the Northwest developed and the first great canal was built, followed by a larger one on the Canadian and then by another on the American side, for so great is the tonnage plying on the Upper Lakes that all three are needed. Comparatively little benefit, however, accrued to the town on either side till the C.P.R. commenced actual construction in their direction. Then old hopes revived. Rival roads competed in the race to first reach "the Soo" from the American side, and a combined Chicago and New York was believed by every citizen to be the immediate future of the two Soos. To be a Chicago is, of course, the reasonable ambition of almost every town started in the west. Among the projects commenced at this time were hydraulic canals of five thousand horsepower on both sides. Each of the municipalities in conjunction with private persons engaged in these undertakings. After half a million of dollars had been sunk in the attempt, the American canal wound up a complete failure. On account of better natural conditions on the Canadian side,† the canal was nearly completed, but the effort had exhausted the private funds interested and had involved the little municipality in threatened bankruptcy. Everyone in the place who owned property despaired. $265,000 had been spent, and the money was represented

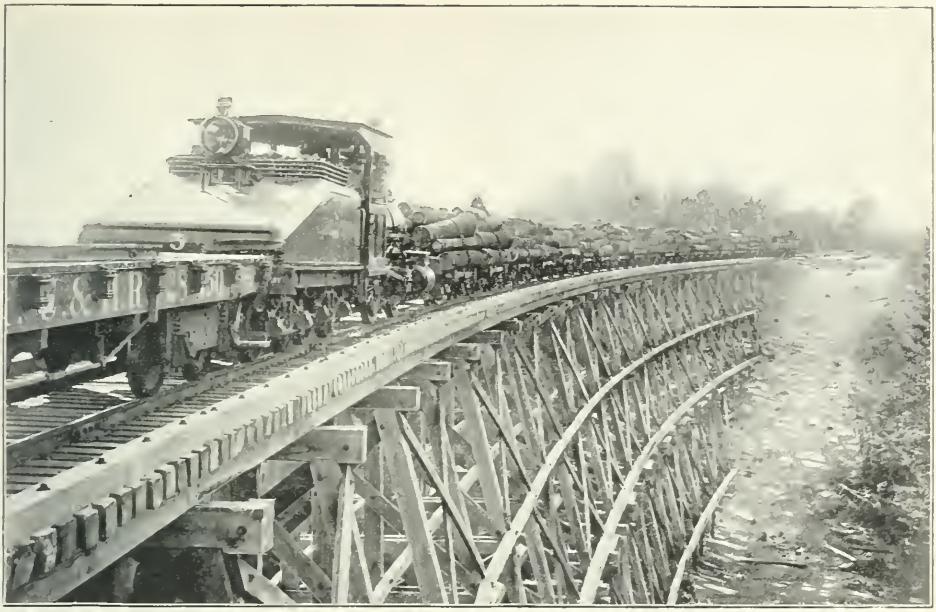
† Proof that the physical conditions are more favourable is to be found in the fact that the famous Northwest Fur-trading Company, which competed so long and vigorously with the Hudson Bay Company, and which sent their stuff in canoes from Montreal to Fort William and brought back their furs by the same route, found it to their advantage to construct a primitive canal on the Canadian side. A section of this has been carefully railed off by Mr. Clergue near the Block House, which, with the instinct of an artist, he has built for a residence on the model of the one which the old Northwesters used as combined house and fort.

only by a long unfinished ditch which nobody wanted. Anyone who wanted to drive a hard bargain would have had little difficulty in getting his terms accepted ; for it was beginning to dawn on the minds of thinking people that, even if a power canal could be completed, no manufacturers to buy the power were in sight, and without these the power might just as well be allowed to waste itself down the rapid as it had been doing for thousands of years or, for that matter, millenniums. Then Mr. Clergue appeared. Here is the first part of his quest, told in his own words, to the Board of Trade of Toronto some months ago :

"It fell to my fortune to be associated with gentlemen who were possessed of some means, more than they could find profitable investments for, and it was agreed between us that we should begin a prospecting tour along the basin of the St. Lawrence—which, of course, extends from the Gulf to Lake Superior—in order to ascertain what opportunities there existed along this frontier for hydraulic development.

"In the course of that journey, starting from Cape Breton and ending at Port Arthur, important water powers were found and investigated ; various of them had their merits and nearly all of them had their demerits. At Sault Ste. Marie we found — with Lake Superior for a millpond and a fall of about twenty feet—a plain opportunity for economical and advantageous hydraulic development."

It was in 1894 that this modern Colchis was discovered by the process of elimination ; but, just as in the olden time, dragons of horrid shape guarded the Golden Fleece ; and no Medea, not even a Pocahontas, appeared to help the Argonauts. Their leader had to fight unaided by spells, save those which down-east brains and modern science supply ; and in the fight which has now been continued for six years, defeat stared him in the face again and again, so irretrievably, that, had it not been for a very rare quality of brains, the millions of money invested in his enterprise would have been lost, while the gentlemen who had advanced them would have in exchange only the consolation Henry George gives to their class, in "Progress and Poverty," to the effect that "Wages are in no case paid out of capital!" Mr. Clergue's education—classical, legal and scientific (I fancy he would find it hard to say which of those three courses of study he could have dispensed with)—has enabled him to use his big brain to the best advantage. The result has been a victory so great and so full of promise that in both the towns and in the districts round about which are profiting by his marvellous industrial development, he is generally known as "the Wizard of the North." Another name has been conferred on him recently. Having presented the hospital with a much-needed elevator, the Sisters gratefully inscribed on it the initials F. H. C. Chaffed for complimenting the donor, the Mother Superior calmly remarked that the letters stood for Faith, Hope and Charity, the virtues their community always sought to practise and to inculcate. I also heard the name of "Czar" given to him, as it is to R. G. Reid, in Newfoundland, and to E. W. Rathbun, in Deseronto, by the cranks and critics, of whom, fortunately, there is a sprinkling everywhere to keep everybody else straight. Whatever he may be called, I found the general opinion of the Canadian Soo concerning him to be summed up in the emphatic words, "There is nothing in the house too good for him." His first transaction with the municipality, as told me by a leading gentleman of the place, was not in the least what we expect from anyone—Boer, Yankee or Britisher—who may have a reputation for "slimness." Having purchased the American canal for something like twenty-five cents on the dollar of the sum represented by the investment, that being at the time its value to him, he took over the Canadian canal for the actual amount, $265,000, which had been spent on it by the citizens and the town. This gained for him the heart of the people. To be delivered from imminent bankruptcy was



AN ALGOMA CENTRAL LOG TRAIN ON THE ROOT RIVER BRIDGE.

good, but to be inspired with a sure confidence that their town had a future was better. He believed the canal as it stood to be worth the money, and having bought it he immediately proceeded with construction. Disappointment number one quickly followed. "In our simplicity at that time it seemed to us that we had simply to go on, construct the dam, establish the water-wheels in place, and that all the manufacturers in the world would come there to seek for power. We made the first investment and began the work, but we were disappointed in applications for power, and before our construction was entirely completed we had decided that we should have to go still further than the original development of the water power into its actual utilization." In other words, as no manufacturer applied for their power, they had to become manufacturers themselves; and to do so successfully, they had to study carefully the natural resources of the country. So great and varied has Mr. Clergue found these to be, that Algoma is to him another word for opportunity. "In my opinion," he says, "after a residence of over five years in Algoma, and the expenditure of over five million of dollars, and with fifteen million dollars more available for investments in the same undertakings, there is opportunity for a population in Northern Ontario equal to that of Southern Ontario, equal in number, equal in prosperity. You have only to go and follow the example we have set at Sault Ste. Marie. Perhaps one per cent. of the whole forests from the city of Ottawa to Rat Portage may consist of pine trees. My personal judgment is that not one per cent. of all the forest growth in Ontario is pine; and yet the people of Ontario think their only asset is pine forest. The remainder of the timber can, step by step, and by proper degrees, be reduced to the uses of mankind almost as profitably, and perhaps quite as profitably, as the pine trees themselves." Pointing out that they could not profitably transport logs from the Georgian Bay against the current of the St Mary's River, and that they had to look to the watershed of Lake Superior for their supplies, he found there that of all the woods growing in that region, the birch, the maple, the hard elm, the tamarac, the spruce, the balsam, and

the poplar, the only one suitable for their immediate purpose was the spruce. Therefore they proceeded to construct a mill for making the spruce into pulp. "We began it on rather a small scale at first," he remarked, "according to the bargain with the Provincial Government to expend $250,000 in the construction of the works. Finding that a mill of that size would not pay, the next step was to enlarge the mill until from twenty tons a day we have an output of one hundred and fifty tons of pulp a day." This influx of product into the markets of the world was, of course, at once taken advantage of by the paper manufacturers, who "proceeded to mark down the values of Canadian pulp, and thus deprive the Company of its anticipated profit."

It was about this time, some three or four years ago, that I first met Mr. Clergue. His well-disciplined mind, scientific knowledge, calm, tireless enthusiasm, along with remarkable powers of exposition, made me say then to the two friends who enjoyed along with me the hospitality of the block house, "There is no such word as impossible in the dictionary of that man." But we had no conception of the amazing variety of his plans. Probably he had just as little conception himself. His horizon is one that expands with each new difficulty which he overcomes and with the discovery of new resources in the old barren Algoma which he now backs against the world. I refer my reader to his speech in Toronto and to an article in the *Canadian Manufacturer* of May 4th for a description of how he overcame the dragon of lowered prices, of how he expanded a local into a world market for his pulp, how he designed new machinery to economically convert moist into dry product, spending a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars establishing a foundry and machine shop for the purpose, how foreman after foreman despaired till six months passed after the machine was in place before



THE HELEN—ONE OF THE MINES WHICH ARE NOW BEING DEVELOPED BY THE JASON OF ALGOMA.

success crowned his effort, how he advanced from the manufacture of mechanical to that of the much more valuable chemical pulp, and how, in order to make this, he looked round Algoma to find sulphur and actually found it at Sudbury ; the owners of the nickel mines there, while making nickel matte by a primitive process, "racing sulphurous acid gas off into the air to the value of about $2,000 a day at an expense, a cost and loss." He went to



FIRST CARGO IRON ORE FROM HELEN MINE, DISCHARGING AT THE NEW MIDLAND FURNACE, FROM ALGOMA CENTRAL S.S. THEANO.

Sudbury and found any quantity of mines there; "found nickel ore enough to last the world 100,000 years." I may mention here that Professor Willett Miller, of the Kingston School of Mining, who gives part of the summer recess to exploring and research work, and who spent several weeks last year in the Sudbury district, studying chiefly the nickel and copper deposits, believes that it is destined to become the greatest mining centre of the Province and one of the greatest of the Dominion. At this time Mr. Clergue was looking only for sulphur to make sulphite pulp. He was not looking for nickel steel or anything of the kind but for sulphur, and of it he says, "After getting a car of the nickel ore up to Sault Ste. Marie, I found that the prediction of the scientific men who had said that the sulphur could not be successfully taken out of the pyrrhotite ore was practically true by any methods in vogue at the present time." That did not trouble him. He has about him over a hundred practical and scientific men from all parts of the world, and with some of these he began to study how to extract sulphurous acid gas from pyrrhotite ore, and was entirely successful. He then began to build a lofty sulphite pulp mill. While writing this, I learn that it is completed. So much for his getting sulphur, and then came the question of by-products. It

sounds almost comical to say that sulphur was the essential thing, yet that one of the by-products was an alloy of nickel and steel so far superior to anything else of the kind known to commerce that, when offered to the Krupps of Essen, they made a contract with him for all that could be produced in the next five years! That meant the erection of great reduction works and a ferro-nickel plant which will in the end put nickel-steel on the market in fully completed form as armour plate, rails and structural materials of all kinds, for there is scarcely anything now made of iron which will not eventually be made rather of nickel-iron or nickel-steel. It meant more. For, in carrying on his nickel experiments, it was found that the Sudbury ore is too rich in nickel content, its average being 7 per cent., whereas the amount required for armour plate is only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. That made him prospect for iron ore, and at Michipicoten, about 12 miles back from Lake Superior, his prospectors found a great deposit of red hematite, "iron enough to provide the admixture we required," that is, five hundred tons a day, as well as to supply furnaces elsewhere. How can we explain this extraordinary success in discovering, in a howling wilderness, everything that is needed? Go into the well-constructed laboratory at Sault Ste. Marie and you get the explanation at once. A number of scientific young men are carefully examining, classifying and labelling every bit of mineral-bearing rock brought to them by outside members of the staff or by prospectors or settlers. Everyone in the country knows that specimens will be tested for him or her free of charge, and so many specimens are brought that six chemists are kept constantly employed. There is no luck about the success. The simple explanation is common-sense, utilizing and systematizing knowledge. There is a lesson for us here which we should have learned long ago. But Canadians are only beginning to believe that they have a country of vast undeveloped resources, and that they need for its development properly-educated brains even more than capitalists, though the two must go together. The capitalist will come to the resources as readily as a fly to honey, but he is helpless without a staff possessed of honesty, industry, capacity and scientific training. Millions have been sunk in Canada in enterprises which would never have been undertaken had there been such a staff, and one million lost keeps back twenty times as much from being invested. I saw a map of our Province the other day, with the respective sizes of Old and New Ontario indicated, and truly it was an eye-opener. It almost seemed as if the infinitely little and the infinitely big were side by side, and the comparison spoke in tones of thunder concerning the need of a legitimate "Big Push" being made, if we ourselves are to enter on the possession of our great heritage. I could not help reflecting with just a little bitterness on the representations I had made, long ago and in vain, for years to leading members of the Legislature on the clamant need of a well-equipped school of mines in Ontario. I simply bored them. Nothing was done till some of us who could ill spare the money put our hands into our pockets to start a school. It is only fair to say that a better day is dawning. For this, *laus Deo!*

Think for a moment of the story just told and who will cavil at the expression, "fairy tales of science." A captain of industry needs sulphur, and—instead of sending to Sicily for it—looks at home and finds it in his neighbourhood. He roasts it out of nickel ore and saves it in the form of gas. One-third of that is converted into sulphite liquor, which extracts the resinous substances from the woody fibre used to make pulp. For the remaining two-thirds, a ready market is found in the forms of sulphuric acid, sulphurous anhydride, and sulphurous acid. The ore, freed from the sulphur, is smelted into ferro-nickel pig iron, and that is refined into ferro-nickel steel. There being a superabundance of the valuable nickel in the ore, red hematite

was needed and the Helen mine was found not far away at a convenient spot. It not only supplied all the iron ore needed, but called for the erection of blast furnace and works for the manufacture of Bessemer steel. A glutton might now be content, but Jason is far from being satisfied. He is only at the beginning of his career. "We found," he says, "that in this process," that is of reducing and refining the copper and nickel ore which are found together, "we required certain alkalies." Here, again, he had no difficulty in finding what was required and what would also yield valuable by-products. There are any number of salt wells on the shores of Lake Huron. "We had only to take one of our dynamos, attach it to an iron pot, fill the iron pot with brine, and the chlorine gas came off through suitable tiling, while the other part of the salt, the sodium, came off as caustic soda through the water. . . . So the next step was the establishment of an alkali plant, a chemical works. We began to investigate all round the world for the best process for the electrolytic decomposition of salt, and we finally selected a process which had been recently invented known as the 'Rhodin' process. After careful examination on a practical scale, we have adopted it, and are now building alkali works. What we needed out of the salt was really the sodium for our refining processes. We did not need the chlorine, but we could not allow it to go to waste. That was another by-product. So we came to the next step in the evolution. Chlorine is universally made into bleaching powder, a substance used for bleaching wools, cloths and fabrics of all sorts. Bleaching powder consists of about 37 per cent. of active chlorine gas and the other 63 per cent. is just lime. The lime is a medium for conveying the chlorine gas about. It has an affinity for the chlorine, which is seized by the lime in the lime chambers and the lime, which becomes impregnated with it up to 44 per cent., then ceases to take any more. Then it is barrelled up, and sent about the world. Well, we said, here is a case just like our wet wood pulp. The people who are shipping that lime around the world are paying freight on something that is entirely useless. At Sault Ste. Marie, where everything must be saved that men may survive, we cannot tolerate any such nonsense as that, so we take the gas from the receptacle where it is formed and pump it with a glass pump into the lime water. Instead of pumping it into lime, we pump it into lime water. The lime water is then utilized for bleaching the sulphite pulp. So, you see, there is the continuation of the evolution!"

I have no desire to weary my readers, all of whom may not be scientific, though all are patriotically interested in the development of the country; of necessity then in every chief, who, by organizing industry, is "turning rivers into a wilderness," "where the hungry may dwell and prepare a city to dwell in, and sow fields and get them fruits of increase." His is a nobler work than soliciting or paying for votes. The chief is the man who sees before and after. The average man sees only the present; and, therefore, it is a blessing that the prosecution of the best work is not dependent on votes. They would not be given for enterprises from which no immediate result can be expected. Fortunately the progress of society has in no age depended on votes but on leadership. The *causa causans* of every movement is to be looked for in the man who leads, and true leadership consists not in yielding to the cries of the people, but in persuading, inducing and enabling them towards effort in the right direction. "Take us back to Egypt," cried Israel, but Moses refused to listen. He paid no attention to the will or votes of the people, though he loved them better than the highest position on earth. That was the good old way with leaders of men. It must be the new way, too, if it is to end in good.

Four years ago, on the occasion of my first visit to the block-house, the only building on the ground beside the 20,000 horse-power canal was the half-

finished pulp-mill. The workman's hammer was still heard on it, and to us it seemed so big that no question was raised concerning allied buildings and enterprises. Now, near at hand one foundry and blacksmith's shop, an admirably furnished machine shop in process of enlargement, the stately sulphite mill, smelting and reduction works, offices, all built of the same kind of stone, a native sandstone streaked in irregular bands with a warm red colouring which is very effective. Every building is planned to be capable of enlargement, and the group harmonizes in a way that shows artistic taste as well as business capacity presided over the design. In procuring the stone, the economic adjustment of means to ends has been considered. The maximum of advantage is gained at the minimum of cost. A new 40,000 horse-power canal is being excavated, parallel to the first one, and from it as a quarry all needed building stone is obtained. Thus, the excavation of the great canal may be said to cost nothing, for the stone is needed for the new buildings going up and still to be erected.

Additional industries are gathering round the canals, factories and mines, all contributing to the main object. When the Helen mine of iron ore was discovered near Michipicoten and a short railway brought it to a harbour ready for the market, transportation to the Midland blast furnace and other points became an immediate necessity. But the ship-brokers could not supply steamers or barges. All were pre-engaged. What was to be done? Wait on the pleasure of Mr. Rockefeller, who could put on the screw when it suited and as often as he liked? No. The right men were at once despatched to Britain, to purchase four steamers with the largest carrying capacity compatible with getting through our system of locks. While I was at the Sault in August, the last of the four arrived at the dock, near the new offices, with a cargo of 1,500 tons of Portland cement, bricks and other stuff, brought from England right up into the heart of the continent, without breaking bulk! Is there another such system of inland navigation elsewhere in the world? These steamers are to be carriers all the year round. On the approach of winter, they will run down to the ocean and engage in the Atlantic Coast carrying trade. Barges too are under way, for the outfit must be complete.

We might be sure that railways as well as steamers would be planned. Three main lines, not counting branches, are now being constructed, located or contemplated, by the same intelligence which saw the possibilities of the Lake Superior mill-pond, and has ever since been engaged in turning the possible into the actual. The first is the Algoma Central, to run back to Missanabie on the main line of the C.P.R. The second will extend the Algoma Central to the salt water of James Bay, the pocket of Hudson's Bay which bends down to within 300 miles of Missanabie. The third will connect the Sudbury region with the great Manitoulin Island, crossing the north Channel of the Georgian Bay at Little Current. Each of these promises to impart new life to large and hitherto hermetically sealed districts of the Province. The first ten miles of the Algoma Central are completed already. I had a run over them in their unballasted condition, on a truck, in company with three or four American gentlemen who had come up from New York and Philadelphia to see the holes in the ground where their money was being sown. May they reap a good harvest! To my astonishment the line ran through a fairly well wooded and well settled rolling country. I had in my own mind previously given up the whole of that northern shore region as a hopeless barren, and the day before I had been informed by an intelligent person in the Sault that it was simply that and never would be anything more. Most ignorant are we of what we are most assured. Well, settlers had filtered in, men with hearts of oak, and that they had prospered, the fences, fields and buildings all along the line bare testimony. And

now the sun had arisen on them. The railway was at their doors, to carry their stock and garden stuff, their butter, eggs and chickens to as hungry a market as the heart of farmer could desire. The company believes that there are fertile little valleys and patches of good land all the way to Missanabie, and so they have agreed with the Government of the Province to place on their lands, or the lands of the Crown adjacent to their line, one thousand male settlers annually for the next ten years. In consideration of this and other covenants, they are to receive, in fee simple, 7,400 acres of land for every mile of the 200 they are constructing to Missanabie. The wisdom of granting in fee simple such huge blocks of land to companies is certainly debatable, though more can be said for it in this case than in almost any other. To give the spruce for making pulp is all right; to give the pine on the usual terms is all right; and the grant should include ores, mines and minerals. But the experience of the United States, and Canadian experience in almost every Province, and in the Northwest where all the chickens have not yet come home to roost, is dead against creating great land-owning companies. They soon develop into absentee landlords of the worst description, without bowels of mercies, without bodies to be kicked or shot, and without souls to be consigned to the pit at the final judgment. In a new country, railroads are not only indispensable, but they must be built by the state or companies must be aided to build them, as liberally as each case requires. But experience seems to teach that it is wiser in the end, to give money grants or to guarantee the company's bonds, than to give good land. Build the road, and if there is fairly fertile soil, settlers will find their way in, to take up homesteads, and they will soon absolutely own their own farms, and not be in bondage to a company.

The necessity for building the line to Missanabie is apparent. But where is the need, and what is the object of pushing it 300 miles farther north? I am informed that the areas of pulp-wood and of mineral-bearing rock are more promising on Hudson's Bay than on the Lake Superior watershed; and, besides, the sea is there, and that means fisheries, at a distance of 500 miles from the Sault, whence fish can be shipped to Chicago on one side and St. Paul and Minneapolis on the other. Salt water fish are now carried to these markets over 2,000 and 3,000 miles of rail. How can Atlantic fish compete with their Hudson's Bay kith and kin, once the 500-mile iron bridge has been built?

The Manitoulin line is perhaps the most promising of the three. This great and fertile island, the largest in the world surrounded by fresh water, has hitherto had no market for its products and has been isolated for weeks from the rest of the world twice a year. Population has, therefore, been attracted to it but slowly, in spite of its stock-raising capabilities. No wonder that promises of a railway are demanded and freely made to do duty every time an election comes round. A friend writes me: "Were it not for Mr. Clergue's connection with it, the present renewal of the project would be universally regarded by our people as a mere election dodge. We now feel sure. The Sudbury end of the line will be built first, and I believe that it will then be pushed across the channel to Manitoulin. The line will open up a very rich region on the north shore, a district rich in copper, silver, nickel and iron, also in timber and pulp-wood. From the mouth of the Whitefish River to Little Current, there are few natural difficulties to overcome in building the line or in crossing. There is only one navigable channel and it is narrow and runs right past the town. The rest of the channel at this point is filled with a series of low-lying islands, composed of flat rock, of limestone formation, with scarcely any soil. Ultimately, the line will be pushed across the island to a point on the south or Lake Huron shore, where I believe there are one or two good harbours. The

advantages to us I need not dilate on. For one thing, we dread the two periods annually of complete isolation, when the ice is forming and when it is breaking up." Any one who has spent a winter in Prince Edward Island will sympathize with that feeling. How "the" Island would rejoice if its isolation were only for a month, and what would it not give for a bridge or a tunnel!

Thus I have tried to tell how Jason from Maine came to Colchis or Algoma to capture the Golden Fleece. Such enterprises always cost. In this case $5,000,000 have been spent and $15,000,000 more are in sight and will be needed. That is the least part of the cost. More difficult to find than the money are the high intellectual and moral qualities which have been freely expended for years; sweat of brain; patience, industry, cheerfulness, indomitable faith, well-disciplined skill and scientific knowledge applied to definite ends. The continent and the world benefit by such quests.

On this continent there are barbarous alien labour laws and hostile tariffs between kindred peoples, but so far these do not extend to free interchanges of brain, heart and capital. Canada has sent to the States shipbuilders like Mackay, scientific men like Simon Newcomb and James Douglas, university presidents like Schurman, railway men like Hill, organizers like Francis E. Clarke, the father of the Christian Endeavour movement; clergymen, doctors, lawyers, editors, nurses, business men by the gross; and mechanics and farmers by the thousand. It is a fair exchange when they send to us Whitneys, Booths, Bronsons, Folgers, Rathbuns, and Clergues. No one grudges them their success, and certainly every one welcomes the capture of the Golden Fleece of Algoma by one to whom Mother Church has given the name of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

THE LONELY LAKE.

HOW beautifully calm amid a scene
So savage in its grandeur! You might think
The spirit of eternal peace hath been
Forever brooding round this calm lake's brink.

Look higher than the lonely eagle soars:
How tempest-torn those mountains' grisly forms!
How eloquent of mighty strife! The shores
Are strewn with ruins of a thousand storms!

Ah, ever since those giant heights were hurl'd
By God's word, up from chaos, here to keep
Eternal watch above the lake below,
Some life hath liv'd apart from all the world,
Some immemorial secret, hidden deep
Within those hills, which we can never know.

J. C. M. Duncan.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XVII.—MESSRS. EWAN AND HAMILTON.

IF the familiar phrase "the growing time," could be deprived of all political significance, it might be applied to the sending of the Canadian contingents to South Africa, and to the enterprise of Canadian newspapers in enabling their readers to see the war through the eyes of Canadian correspondents. These are indications of national growth. They mean that we are doing to-day with ease things which a few years ago we should hardly have thought of doing at all. There was a time when the land defence of Canada was regarded as a heavy burden upon the British taxpayer. To-day we not only manage this matter for ourselves, but we have something to spare for the needs of the Empire in far-off regions. There is little doubt that the number of the Canadian troops could have been doubled or even trebled if necessary; while the expense is easily met out of the current revenues of the year. When it was suggested that the absence of so many picked men left this country a helpless prey to Fenian invasions and other terrors, we realized what the old poets meant by the smiling landscape—the face of the whole country seemed to expand into a broad grin of amusement.

Then we are losing some of the awe with which we used to regard the achievements of the London and New York dailies in sending their correspondents to watch the movements of great armies. Of course these cities are far beyond us in financial resources; but it has been discovered that Canadian newspapers can do these things, and do them well and easily. Above all we have the men, who, in courage, alertness and judgment are the stuff out of which our correspondents are made, and are fit to rank with some who have made world reputations. In saying these things I am prepared to incur the reproach of national conceit, because I consider that modesty



JOHN A. EWAN—TORONTO "GLOBE" CORRESPONDENT WITH SECOND CANADIAN CONTINGENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.



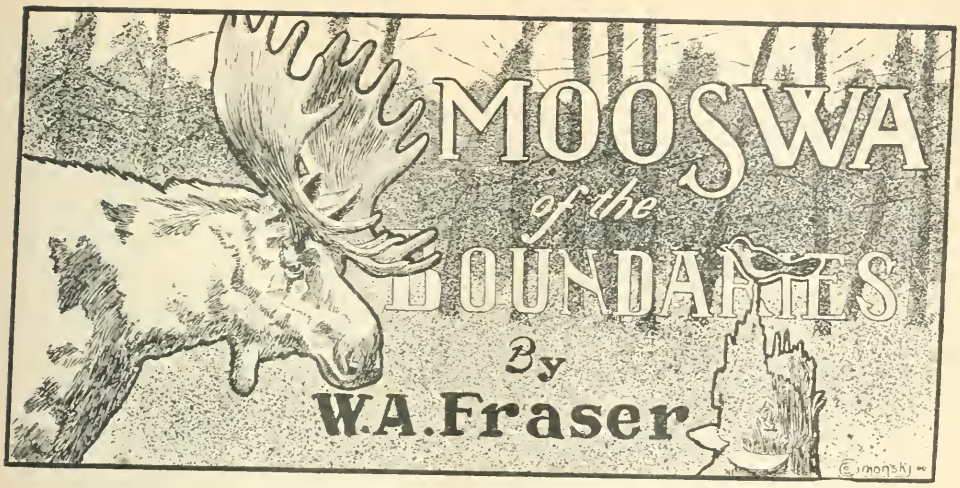
FREDERICK T. HAMILTON—TORONTO "GLOBE" CORRESPONDENT WITH FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

is the great national vice of Canada and the cultivation of a good healthy national conceit one of the highest duties of patriotism.

If in this little sketch I speak only of the correspondents of the Toronto *Globe*, it is not out of any desire to underrate the work of others, but because I want to speak only of that with which I am thoroughly familiar. Mr. Ewan is one of the best known of Toronto journalists, known through his series of letters describing the educational system of Quebec, through another series on the working of prohibitory laws in the western states, and, best of all, through his work in Cuba and South Africa. All this, as well as his writing in the editorial columns of the *Globe*, is characterized by clearness, good sense, a fine appreciation of humour, and freedom from the mannerisms and oddities and other strainings after effect which deface so much of our modern literature. The word "transparent" in its tone and literal sense describes his style. It is a medium through which the meaning shines so clearly that you do not always think of the meaning rather than of the words. Personally, I know of no better description of him than was conveyed by a member of the staff who said he wished Ewan was back because he was "such a comfort." He has a host of friends who draw largely upon his stores of confidence, cheerfulness and wholesome mirth. He is such a lover of literature, so eager and omnivorous a reader, that he might be called a book-worm if he were not so thorough a man of the world.

Mr. Hamilton is a graduate and a gold medallist of Queen's University, an institution that produces good men out of all proportion to its size. Judging from those I have met, there is something very inspiring in the air of Queen's. Mr. Hamilton holds a commission as lieutenant in the militia, and I should think is likely to go much higher, for he is a most assiduous and enthusiastic student of military affairs. In fact, all his work shows "an infinite capacity for taking pains." His work in South Africa is well known and his "scoop" after Paardeberg was the talk of the country for many a day. All who met him in South Africa speak of him most highly as a comrade, plucky, cheerful and unselfish. We of the *Globe* staff are rather proud of our South African team, but nothing has been said here that is better than they deserve.

John Lewis.



CHAPTER I.—CHOOSING THE KING.

THE DWELLERS OF THE BOUNDARIES AND THEIR NAMES IN LANGUAGE OF THE CREE INDIANS.

MOOSWA, the Moose: *Protector of the Boy.*
MUSKWA, the Bear.
BLACK FOX: *King of the Boundaries.*
THE RED WIDOW: *Black Fox's Mother.*
CROSS-STRIPES: *Black Fox's Baby Brother.*
ROF, the Blue Wolf: *Leader of the Gray Wolf Pack.*
CARCAJOU, the Wolverine: *Lieutenant to Black King, and known as "the Devil of the Woods."*
PISEW, the Lynx: *Possessed of a cat-like treachery.*
UMISK, the Beaver: *Known for his honest industry.*
WAPOOS, the Rabbit: *Really a Hare—the meat food for Man and Beast in the Boundaries.*
WAPISTAN, the Marten: *With fur like the Sable.*
NEKIK, the Otter: *An eater of Fish.*
SAKWASEW, the Mink: *Would sell his mother for a Fish.*
WUCHUSK, the Muskrat: *A houseless vagabond who admired Umisk, the Beaver.*
SIKAK, the Skunk: *A chap to be avoided.*
WENUSK, the Badger.
WUCHAK, the Fisher.
WHISKY-JACK, the Canada Jay: *A sharp-tongued gossip.*
COUGAR, Eagle, Buffalo, Ant and Caribou.
WIE-SAH-KE-CHACK: *Legendary god of the Indians, who could change himself into an animal.*
FRANÇOIS: *A French Half-breed Trapper.*
NICHEMOUS: *A Half-breed Hunter.*
ROD, the Boy: *Son of Donald MacGregor, formerly Factor to Hudson's Bay Company.*

When Rod was a little chap, Mooswa had been brought into Fort Resolution as a calf, his mother having been killed, and boy and beast became playmates. Then MacGregor was moved to Edmonton, and Rod was brought up in civilization until he was fourteen, when he got permission to go back to the Athabasca for a winter's trapping with François, who was an old servant of the Factor. This story is of that winter. Mooswa had been turned loose in the forest by Factor MacGregor when leaving the Fort.

The Boundaries include the great spruce forests and muskeg lands lying between the Saskatchewan River, the Arctic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains—the home of the fur-bearing animals.

THE short, hot summer, with its long-drawn-out days full of coaxing sunshine, had ripened nature's harvest of purple-belled pea-vine, and yellow-blossomed gaillardia, and tall, straight-growing mooseweed; had turned the heart-shaped leaves of the poplars into new sovereigns, that fell with softened clink from the branches to Earth, waiting for its brilliant mantle—a fairy mantle, all sashed blood-red by crimson maple woven in

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a woof of tawny bunch-grass and lace-fronded fern.

Oh, but it was beautiful—that land of the Boundaries, where Black Fox was king! It stretched from the Saskatchewan to where the Peace first bounded in splashing leaps from the boulder-lined foothills of the Rockies; all beautiful, spruce-forested and muskeg-dotted—the soft muskegs, knee deep under a moss carpet of silver and green.

The saskatoons, big brothers to the huckleberry, were drying on the bush where they had ripened; the raspberries had grown red in their time and gladdened the heart of Muskwa, the Bear; the currants clustered like strings of black pearls by the cool beds of the lazy streams, where pin-tailed Grouse and Pheasant in big red cravats strutted and croaked in this glorious feeding ground, so like a miniature vineyard; the cranberries nestled shyly in the moss, and the wolf and willow berries gleamed like tiny white stars along the banks of the swift-running, emerald-green Saskatchewan and Athabasca. All this was in the heritage land of Black Fox and Muskwa and Mooswa.



BLACK FOX—KING OF THE BOUNDARIES.

It was at this time, in the full autumn, that Whisky-Jack flew north and south, and east and west, and called to a meeting the Dwellers that were in the Boundaries. This was for the yearly choosing of the King and for the settling of other matters. When they had gathered, Black Fox greeted the animals:

"Good year to you, Subjects, and much eating, each unto his own way of life!"

Whisky-Jack preened his mischievous head, ruffled his blue-gray feathers, broke into the harsh, cackling laugh of the Jay, and sneered: "Eating! always of eating; and never a more beautiful song to you, or—"

"Less thieving to you, eh, Mister Jay?" growled Muskwa. "You who come by your eating easily have it not so heavily on your mind as we toilers."

"Well, let me see," resumed Black Fox. "Here ye have all assembled; for form's sake I will call your names."

From Mooswa to Wapoos each one of the dwellers as his name was spoken stepped forward in the circle and saluted the King.

"Jack has been a faithful messenger," said Black King, "but where are Cougar and Buffalo and Eagle?"

"They had notice, Your Majesty; but Cougar says the Mountain is his King, and that he wouldn't trust himself among a lot of plain-dwellers."

"He's a highway robber and an outlaw, anyway, so it doesn't matter," asserted Carcajou.

"You wouldn't talk that way if he were at your throat, my fat little friend," lisped Whisky-Jack. "Buffalo is afraid of Man, and won't come; nearly all his brothers have been killed off, and he is hiding in the spruce woods near Athabasca Lake."

"I saw a herd of them last summer," declared Mooswa; "fine big fellows they have grown to be, too. Their hair is longer and blacker and curlier than it was when they were on the plains. There's no more than fifty of them left alive in all the north woods; its awful to think of how they were slaughtered. That's why I stick to the Timber Boundaries."

"Eagle won't come, Your Majesty, because Jay's chatter makes his head ache," declared Carcajou.

"Blame me," cried Whisky-Jack, "if anybody doesn't turn up at the meeting—say it's my fault; I don't mind."

"You know why we meet as usual?" queried Black Fox, placing his big, white-tipped brush affectedly about his feet.

"That they do," piped Whisky-Jack; "it's because they're afraid of losing their hides. I'm not—nobody tries to rob me."

"Worthless gabbler!" growled Muskwa.

"Jack is right," declared Black Fox; "if we do not help each other with the things we have learned, our warm coats will soon be on the shoulders of the White Men's wives."

"Is that why the Men are always chasing us?" asked Beaver, turning his sharp-pointed head with the little bead-eyes toward the King.

"Not in your case," snapped Whisky-Jack, "for they eat you, Old Fat Tail. I heard the two White Men who camped on our river last winter say that your brother, whom they caught when they raided your little round lodge, tasted like beefsteak, whatever that is—he, he! And François, the guide, ate his tail and said it was like fat bacon."



MUSKWA—THE BEAR.

"Unthinking wretch!" cried Umisk angrily, bringing his broad tail down on a stone like the crack of a pistol.

"I picked his bones," taunted the Jay; "he was dead and cooked, too, so it didn't matter."

"Cannibal!" grunted Bear.

"They eat you, too, Muskwa—only when they're very hungry, though; they say your flesh is like bad pork, strong and tough."



WHISKY-JACK.

Black Fox interrupted the discord. "Comrades," he pleaded, "don't mind Jack; he's only a Jay, and you know what chatterers they are. He means well—does he not tell us when the Trappers are coming, and where their traps are?"



CARCAJOU—THE WOLVERINE.

"Yes, and steal the bait so you won't get caught," added Jay. "Oh, I *am* good—I help you. You're a lot of crawling fools—all but the King. You can run and fight, but you don't know things. That's because you don't associate with Man, and sit in his camp as I do."

"I've been in his camp," asserted Carcajou, slyly picking up a small stone to shy at Jack.

"Not when he was home," retorted the Jay; "you sneaked in to steal when he was away."

"Stop!" commanded the King angrily. "Your chatter spoils everything. Do stop!"

Whisky-Jack spread his feathers till he looked like a woolen ball and subsided.

"This is the end of the year," continued Black Fox, "and the great question is, are you satisfied with the rule?"

Wolverine spoke: "I have been Lieutenant to the Black King for four years—I am satisfied. When our enemies, the Trappers, have tried to catch us by new wiles His Majesty has told us how to escape."

"Did he always?" demanded the Bird. "Who knew of the little white powder that François put in the meat—the white medicine powder he had in a bottle? Neither you, Carcajou, nor Black King, nor any one tasted that—did you? Even now you do not know the name of it; but I can tell you—it's strychnine. Ha, ha! but that was funny. They put it out, and I, Whisky-Jack, whom you call a tramp, told you. I, Jack the Gabbler, flew till my wings were tired warning you to beware."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," retorted Wolverine; "Black

King would have found it with his nose. Can he not tell even if any Man has touched the meat that is always a bait?"

"Stupid!" exclaimed Jack; "do you think the Men are such fools. They handle not the bait that is put in the traps—they know that all the brains you chaps have are in your noses. Catch François, the half-breed, doing that; he's too clever. He cuts it with a long knife and handles it with a stick. The little white powder that is the essence of Death is put in a hole in the meat. I know; I've seen him at it. Haven't their Train Dogs noses also—and didn't two of them that time eat the bait, and die before they had traveled the length of a Rabbit run. I saw them—they grew stiff and quiet, like the White Man who fell in the snow last winter when he was lost. But I'm satisfied with Black Fox; and you can be his Lieutenant—I don't care."

"Yes," continued Carcajou, "who among us is more fitted to be King? Muskwa is strong and big and brave; but soon he will go into his house and sleep until spring. What would become of us with no King for months?"

"Yes, I'm sleepy," answered Bear, "and tired. I've tramped up and down the banks of the river eating white buffalo-berries and red cranberries until I'm weary. They are so small, and I am so big; it keeps me busy all day."

"You've got stout on it," chuckled the Jay. "I wish I could get fat."

"You talk too much, and fret yourself to death over other people's business," growled Bear. "You're a meddling tramp."

"Muskwa," said the Mink, "there are bushels and bushels of big, juicy, black currants up in the muskeg, near the creek I fish in—I wish I could eat them. Swimming, swimming all day after little frightened Fish that are getting so cunning. Why, they hide under sticks, and get up in shallow water among the stones so that I can hardly see them. It must be pleasant to sit up on your quarters, nice and dry, pull down the bushes and eat great juicy berries. I wish I lived on fruit."

"No, you don't," snarled Jay; "you'd sell your soul for a Fish."

"If you're quite through wrangling," interrupted Wolverine, "I'll go on talking about the King. Who is better suited than Black Fox? Is it Mooswa? He would make a very magnificent-looking King. See his great horns. He would protect us—just now; but do you not know that in the spring they will drop off, and our comrade will be like a Man without hands all summer. Why, even his own Wife won't look at him while he is in that condition. Then the young horns come out soft and pulpy, all covered with velvet, and, until they get hard again, are tender, and he's afraid to strike anything with them.

"You see, we must have somebody that is King all the year round. Why, Mooswa couldn't tell us about the bait; he can't put his nose to the ground. He can't even eat grass because of his short neck."

"I wish I could," sighed the Moose. "I get tired of the purple-headed mooseweed, and the leaves and twigs. The young grass looks so sweet and fresh. But Carcajou is right; I was made this way—I don't know why, though."

"No, you weren't," objected Whisky-Jack; "you're such a lordly chap when you get your horns in good order, and have gone around so much with that big nose stuck up in the air that you've just got into that shape—he, he! I've seen Men like you. The Hudson's Bay Factor, at Slave Lake, is just that sort. Bah! I don't want you for a King."

The Bull Moose waved his tasseled beard back and forth angrily, and stamped a sharp, powerful forefoot on the ground like a trip-hammer.

The Black King interfered again. "Why do you make everybody angry, you silly Bird?" he said to the Jay. "Do you learn this bitter talk from listening to your Men friends while you are waiting for their scraps?"

"Perhaps so; I learn many things from them and you learn from me. But go on, Bully Carcajou. Tell us all why we're not fit to be kings. Perhaps Rof, there, would like to hear about his failings."

"I don't want to be King," growled Rof, the big Blue Wolf, surlily.

"No, your manners are against you," sneered Jack; "you'd do better as executioner."

"Well," commenced Carcajou, taking up the challenge, "to tell you the truth, we're all just a little afraid of Rof. We don't want a despotic king if we can help it. I don't wish to hurt his feelings, but when Blue Wolf got hungry his subjects might suffer."

"I don't want him for King," piped the Mink; "his jaws are too strong and his legs too long."

"Oh, I couldn't stay here," declared Blue Wolf, "and manage things for you fellows. Next month I'm going away down below Grand Rapids. My brother has been hunting there with a pack of twenty good fellows, and he says the Rabbits are so thick that he's actually getting fat," and Wolf licked his steel jaws with a movement that made them all shudder. His big lolling tongue looked like a firebrand.



MOOSWA—THE MOOSE.

"You needn't fret," squeaked Jay. We don't want you. We don't want a rowdy ruler. I saw you fighting with the Train Dogs over at Wapiscaw last winter. You're as disgraceful as any domestic cur."

"Now, Pisew——" began Carcajou.

As he mentioned the Lynx's name a smile went round the meeting. Whisky-Jack took a perfect fit of chuckling laughter, until he fell off his perch. This made him cranky in an instant. "Of all the silly sneaks!" he exclaimed scornfully, as he fluttered up on a small jack-pine, and stuck out his ruffled breast. "That spear-eared creature for King! Oh, my! oh my! that's too rich! He'd have you all catching Rabbits for him to eat. Kings are great gourmands, I know; but they don't eat Field Mice, and Frogs, and Snails, and trash of that sort—not raw, anyway."

Carcajou proceeded more gravely with his objection. "As I said before, this is purely a matter of business with us, and anything I say must not be taken as a personal affront——"

"Of course not, of course not," interrupted Jack. "Go on with your candid observations, Humpback."

"We all know our friend's weakness for perfume," continued Wolverine.

"Do you call castoreum a perfume?" questioned Whisky-Jack. "It's a vile, diabolical stink—that's what it is. Why, the Trappers won't keep it in their shacks—it smells so bad; they bury it outside. Nobody but a gaunt, brainless creature like the Cat there would risk his neck for a whiff of that horrible smelling stuff."

"Order!" commanded Black King, you get so personal, Jack. You know that our comrade, Beaver, furnishes the castoreum, don't you?"

"Yes, I know; and he ought to be ashamed of it."

"It's not our fault," declared Umisk; "your friends, the cruel Trappers, don't get it from us till we're dead."

"Well, never mind about that," ob-

jected Carcajou. "We know, and the Trappers know, that Lynx is the easiest caught of all our fellows; and if he were our King they'd snare him in a week; then we'd be without a ruler. We must have some one that not only can take care of himself but of us, too."

"Pisew can't do that—he can't take care of his own family," twittered Jack. "His big furry feet make a trail in the snow like Panther's, and then, when you come up to him, he's just a great starved Cat, with less brains than a Tadpole."

Carcajou suddenly reared on his hind quarters and let fly the stone with his short, strong right arm at the Bird. "Evil chatterer!" he exclaimed angrily, "you are always making mischief."

Jack hopped nimbly to one side, cocked his saucy, silvered head downward, and piped: "Proceed with the meeting; the prince of all mischief-makers, Carcajou, the Devil of the Woods, lectures us on morality."

"Yes, let us proceed with the discussion," commanded Black King.

"Brothers," said the Moose, in a voice that was strangely plaintive coming from such a big deep throat, "I am satisfied with Black Fox for King; but if anything were to happen requiring us to choose another, one of almost equal wisdom, I should like to nominate Beaver. We know that when the world was destroyed by the great flood, and there was nothing but water, Umisk took a little mud, made it into a ball with his handy tail, and the ball grew and they built it up until it became dry land again. Wie-sah-ke-chack has told us all about that. I have travelled from the Athabasca across Peace River, and up to the foot-hills of the big mountains, to the head-waters of the Smoky, and have seen much of brother Umisk's clever work and careful, cautious way of life. I never heard any one say a word against his honesty."

"That's something," interrupted Jay; "that's more than can be said for many of us."

The big melancholy eyes of the Moose simply blinked solemnly, and he proceeded: "Brother Umisk has constructed dams across streams, and turned miles of forest into rich, moist muskeg, where the loveliest long grasses grow—most delicious eating. The dams are like the great hard roads you have seen the White Men cut through our country to pull their stupid carts over; I can cross the softest muskeg on one of these and my sharp hoofs hardly bury to the fetlock. Is that not work worthy of an Animal King? And he has more forethought, more care for the winter, than any of us. Some of you have seen his stock of food."

"I have," eagerly interrupted Nekik, the Otter.

"And I," said Fisher.

"I, too, Mooswa," cried Mink.

"I, too, have seen it," quoth Muskrat; "it's just beautiful."

"You tell them about Umisk's food supply, brother Muskrat," commanded the Moose. "I can't dive under the water like you, and see it ready stored, but I have observed the trees cut down by his chisel-teeth."

"You make me blush," remonstrated Beaver modestly.

"Beautiful white poplar trees," went on Mooswa; "and always cut so that they fall just on the edge of the stream. Is not that clever for one of us? A Man can't do it every time."

"Trowel-tail only cuts the leaning trees — that's why," explained Whisky-Jack.

Mooswa was too haughty to notice the interruption,



ROF —THE BLUE WOLF.

but continued his laudation of Beaver's cunning work. "Then he cuts the poplar into pieces the length of my leg; and, while I think of it, I'd like to ask him why he leaves on the end of each stick a piece like the handle of a rolling-pin."



PISEW—THE LYNX.

"What's a rolling pin?" gasped Jack.

"Something the cook throws at your head when you're trying to steal his dinner," interjected Carcajou.

Lynx laughed maliciously at this thrust. "Isn't Wolverine a witty chap?" he said, fawningly, to Blue Wolf.

"I know what that cunning little end is for," declared Muskrat. "I'll tell you what Beaver does with the sticks under water, and then you'll understand."

Black King yawned as though bored. "It makes him sleepy to hear his rival praised," sneered Whisky-Jack.

"Well," continued Wuchusk, "Beaver floats the poplar pieces down to his pond, to a little place just up stream from his lodge, with a nice soft bottom. There he dives swiftly with each stick, and the small round end you speak of, Mooswa sticks in the mud, see? Oh, it is clever; I wish I could do it—but I can't. I have to rummage around all winter for my dinner. All the sticks stand there close together on end; the ice forms on top of the water, and nobody can see them. When Umisk wants his dinner he swims up the pond, selects a nice, fat, juicy poplar, pulls it out of the mud, floats it in the front door of his pretty, round-roofed lodge, strips off the rough covering, and eats the white, mealy inner-bark. It's delicious! No wonder Beaver is fat."

"I should think it would be indigestible," said Lynx. "But isn't Umisk kind to his family—dear little chap!"

"Must be hard on the teeth," remarked Mink. "I find fish bones tough enough."

"Oh, it's just lovely!" sighed Beaver. "I like it."



UMISK.

"What do you do with the logs after you've eaten the crust?" asked Black King, pretending to be interested.

"Float them down against the dam," answered Beaver. "They come in handy for repairing breaks."

"What breaks the dam?" mumbled Blue Wolf gruffly.

"I know," screamed Jay; "the Trappers. I saw François knock a hole in one last winter. That's how he caught your cousins, Umisk, when they rushed to fix the break."

"How do you know when it's damaged, Beaver?" queried Mooswa. "Supposing it was done when you were asleep—you don't make your bed in the water, I suppose."

"No, we have a nice dry shelf all around on the inside of the lodge, just above. We call it the second-story; but we keep our tails in the water always, so as soon as it commences to lower we feel it, you know."

"That is wise," gravely assented Mooswa. "Have I not said that Umisk is almost as clever as our King?"

"He may be," chirruped Jay; "but François never caught the Black King and he catches many Beaver. Last winter he took out a pack of their thick brown coats, and I heard him say there were fifty pelts in it."

"That's just it," concurred Carcajou. "I admire Umisk as much as anybody. He's an honest, hard-working little chap; and looks after his family and relations better than any of us; but if there were any trouble on we couldn't consult him, for at the first crack of a firestick, or bark of a Train Dog, he's down under the water, and either hidden away in his lodge, or in one of the many hiding holes he has dug in the banks for just such emergencies. We must have some one who can get about and warn us all."

"I object to him because he's got fleas," declared Jay.



NEKIK—THE OTTER.

"Fleas!" a chorus of voices exclaimed in protest.

The Coyote, who had been digging viciously at the back of his ear with a sharp-clawed foot, dropped his leg, got up and stretched himself with a yawn, hoping that nobody had observed his petulant scratching.

"That's silly," declared Mooswa. "A chap that lives under the water have Fleas?"

"Is it?" piped Whisky-Jack. "What's his thick fur coat with the strong, black guard-hairs for? Do you suppose that doesn't keep his hide dry. If one of you chaps were out in a stiff shower you'd be wet to the skin; but he wouldn't, though he should stay under water a month. If he hasn't got Fleas, what is that double nail on his left hind-foot for?"

"Perhaps he hasn't got a split nail," ventured Fisher.

"My nails are all single," asserted Muskrat.

"Look for your yourselves if you don't believe me," screamed Jack Jay. "If he hasn't got it, I'll take back what I said, and you can make him King if you wish."

This made Black Fox nervous. "Will you show our comrades your toes, please," he asked politely.

Umisk held up his foot deprecatingly. There, sure enough, on the second toe, was a long, black, double claw, like a tiny pincers.

"What did I tell you?" shrieked Jack. "He can pin a Flea with that as easily as Mink seizes a wiggling trout. He's got half a dozen different kinds of Fleas, has Umisk. I won't have a King who is a little better than a bug nursery. A King must be above that sort of thing."

"This is all nonsense," exclaimed Carcajou angrily, for he had Fleas himself; "it's got nothing to do with the matter. Umisk has to live under the ice nearly all winter, and would be of no more service to us than Muskwa—that's the real objection."

"My!" cried Beaver patting the ground irritably with his trowel-tail, "one really never knows just how vile he is till he gets running for office. Besides, I don't want to be King—I'm too busy. Perhaps some time when I was here governing the Council, François, or another enemy, would break my dam and murder the whole family; besides, it's too dusty out here—I like the nice, clean water. My feet get sore walking on the land."

"Oh, he doesn't want to be King!" declared Jay ironically. "Next! next! Who else is here, frog-legged Carcajou?"

"Well, there's Muskrat," suggested Lynx; "I like him."

"Yes, to eat!" interrupted Whisky-Jack. "If Wuchusk were King we'd come home some day and find that he'd been eaten by one of his own subjects—by the sneaking Lynx—'Slink' it should be."

"Well," said Carcajou, "like Lynx, I admire Beaver, though I never ate one in my life——"

"Pisew did," chirruped the Bird from over their heads.

"Though I never ate one," solemnly repeated Wolverine; "but if Umisk won't do for King, there is no use discussing Wuchusk's chances. He has all Trowel-Tail's failings, without his great wisdom, and he even can't build a decent house though he lives in one. Half the time he hasn't anything to eat for his family; you'll see him skirmishing about winter or summer, eating roots or, like our friends Mink and Otter, chasing Fish. Anyway, I get tired of that horrible odour of musk always. His house smells as bad as a



THE COYOTE.



WAPOOS.

Trapper's shack with piles of fur in it. I hate people who use musk; it shows bad taste; and to carry a little bag of it around with one all the time—it's detestable."

"You should take a trip to the Barren Lands, my fastidious friend, as I did once," interposed Mooswa, "and get a whiff of the Musk Ox. Much fodder! it turned my stomach."

"You took too much of it, old Blubber-Nose," yelled Jay fiendishly; "Wolverine hasn't got a nose like the head of a Sturgeon Fish. Anyway, you're out of it, Mr. Rat; if the Lieutenant says you're not fit for King, why you're not—I must say I'm glad of it."

"There are still the two cousins, Otter and Mink," said Carcajou.



WENUSK.

"Fish Thieves—both of them!" declared Whisky-Jack. "So is Fisher, only he hasn't nerve to go in the water after Fish; he waits till Man catches and dries them, then robs the cache. That's why they call him Fisher—they should name him Fish-stealer."

"Look here, Jack," retorted Wolverine, "last winter I heard François say that you stole even his soap."

"I thought it was butter," chuckled Jay; "it made me horribly sick."

"I must say," continued Carcajou, "that these two cousins Otter and Mink, like Muskrat, have too limited a knowledge for either to be Chief of the Boundaries. Though they know all about streams and water powers, they'd be lost on land. Why, in deep snow Nekik with his short little legs makes a track as though somebody had pulled a log along—that wouldn't do."

"I don't want to be King," declared Otter.

"Nor I," added Mink.

"And we don't want you—so that settles it; all agreed;" cried Whisky-Jack gleefully.

"Black Fox will make the best King," said Carcajou; "he has saved us from many a trap in the past; also is he wearer of a regal coat. Look at him! His mother and all his brothers and sisters are red, except Stripes, the baby, who is a cross; does that not show that he has been selected for royal honours? Among ourselves each one is like his brother—there is little difference. The Minks are all alike; the Otters are alike; the Wolves are alike—all are alike; except, of course, that one may be a little larger, or a little darker than the other. Look at the King's magnificent robe—blacker than Fisher's coat; and the silver tip of the white guard-hairs makes it more beautiful than any of our jackets."

"It's just lovely," purred Pisew with a fine sycophantic touch.

"I'm glad I haven't a coat like that," sang out Jay; "His Majesty will be assassinated some day for it. Do you fellows know what he's worth to the Trappers — do any of you know your market value? I thought not—let me tell you."

"For the sake of a mild winter, don't—not just now," pleaded Carcajou, "let us settle this business of the King first, then you can all spin yarns."

"Yes, we're wasting time," declared Umisk. "I've got work to do on my house, so let us select a chief by all means. There's Coyote, and Wapoos, and Sikak the Skunk who have not yet been mentioned." But each of these three had skeletons in their forest



THE RED WIDOW.

closets, so they hastily asserted that they were not in the campaign as candidates.

"Well, then," asked Carcajou, "are you all agreed to have Black Fox as leader until the fulness of another year?"

"I'm satisfied," said Bear gruffly.

"It's an honour to have him," ventured Pisew the Lynx.

"He's a good enough King," declared Nekik the Otter.

"I'm agreed!" exclaimed Beaver; "I want to get home to my work."

"Long live the King!" barked Blue Wolf.

"Long live the King!" repeated Mink, and Fisher, and the rest of them in chorus.

"Now that's settled," announced Wolverine.

"Thank you, comrades," said Black Fox; "you honour me. I shall try to be just, and look after you carefully. May I have Wolverine as Lieutenant again?"

They all agreed to this.

CHAPTER II.—PERILS OF THE FOREST.

THE King had been chosen; the business of the meeting was concluded and the animals had become talkative. "Jack," said the King, "now tell us about the fur, and perhaps some others also have good tales to tell."

Whisky-Jack hopped down from his perch and strutted proudly about in the circle.

"Mink," he began, snapping his beak to clear his throat, "you can chase a silly, addle-headed fish into the mud and eat him, but you don't know the price of your own coat. Listen! The Black King's jacket is worth more than your coat and all the others put together. I heard the Factor at Wapiscaw tell his clerk all about it last winter when I dined with him."

"You mean when you dined with the Train Dogs," sneered Pisew.

"You'll dine with them some day, and then their stomachs will be fuller than yours," retorted the bird. "Mink, your pelt is worth a dollar and a half —'three skins,' as the Company men say when they are trading with the Indians, for a skin means fifty cents. You didn't know that, I suppose."

"What do they sell my coat for?" queried Beaver.

"Six dollars—twelve skins, for a big dark one. Kit-Beaver (that's one of your babies, old Trowel-Tail) sells for fifty cents—or is given away. You, Fisher, and you, Otter, are nip and tuck—eight or ten dollars, according to whether your fur is black or of a dirty coffee colour. But there's Pisew; he's got a hide as big as a blanket, and it only sells for two dollars. Do you know what they do with your skin, Slink? they line long coats for the White Wives with it; because it's soft and warm—also cheap and nasty. He, he! old Featherbed Fur. Now, Wapistan, the Marten, they call a little gentleman. It's wonderful how he has grown in their affections, though. Why, I remember five years ago the Company was paying only three skins for prime Marten, and what do you suppose your hide sells for now, wee brother?"

"Please don't," pleaded Marten; "it's a painful subject; I wish they couldn't sell it at all. I'm almost afraid to touch anything to eat—there's sure to be a trap underneath. The other day I saw a nice, fat Whitefish head, and thought Mink had left a bite for me; but when I reached for it, bang! went a pair of steel jaws, scraping my very nose. The jagged teeth looked cruel. If my leg had got in them I know what I should have had to do."

"So do I," asserted Jay.

"What would he have done, babbler—you who know all things?"

"Died," solemnly croaked Jay.

"I should have had to cut off my leg, as a cousin of mine did," declared Wapistan. "He's still alive, but we

all help him get a living now. I wish my skin was as cheap as Muskrat's."

"Oh, bless us! he's worth only fifteen cents," remonstrated Jack. "His wool is but used for lining—put on the inside of Men's big coats where it won't show. But your fur, dear Pussy Marten, is worth eight dollars; think of that! Of course, that's for a prime pelt. That other brother of yours, sitting over there with the faded yellow coat, wouldn't fetch more than three or four at the outside, but I'll give you seven for yours now, and chance it; I shouldn't wonder if you'd fetch twelve, for your coat is nice and black."

"I suppose there's no price on your hide," whined Lynx. "It's nice to be of no value in the world—isn't it?"

"There's always a price on brains, but that doesn't interest you, silly, does it? You're not in the market. Your understanding runs to a fine discrimination in perfumes—prominent odours like castoreum or dead fish. If you were a Man you'd surely be a hairdresser. Muskwa, your hide's a useful one; still it doesn't sell for a very great figure. Last year at Wapiscaw I saw pictures on the Factor's walls of Men they call soldiers, and they had the queerest, great big head-covers, made from the skins of cousins of yours. And the Factor also had a Bear pelt on the floor, which he said was a good one, worth twenty dollars—that's your value dead; twenty dollars. Mooswa's shaggy shirt is good, but they scrape the hair off and make moccasins of the leather. Think of that, Weed-eater! Perhaps next year the Trappers will be walking around in your hide killing your brother or your daddy, or some other big-nosed, spindle-legged member of your family. The homeliest man in the whole Chippewa tribe they have named 'The Moose,' and he's the ugliest creature I ever saw; you'd be ashamed of him—he's even ashamed of himself."

"What's the hide worth," asked Carcajou.

"Seven dollars the Factor pays in trade, which is another name for robbery; but I think it's dear at that price, with no hair on, for it is tanned, of course—the squaws make the skin into leather. You wouldn't believe, though, that they'd ever be able to skin Bushy-Tail, would you?"

"Skunk?" cried Lynx. "Haven't the Men any noses?"

"Not like yours, Slink; but they take his pelt right enough; and the white stripes down his back that he's so proud of are dyed, and these Men, who are full of lies, sell it as some kind of Sable. And Marten, too, they sell him as Sable—Canadian Sable."

"I'm sure we are all enjoying this," suggested Black King, sarcastically.

"Yes, brothers," assented Whisky-Jack, "Black Fox's silver hide is worth more than all the rest put together. Sometimes it fetches five hundred dollars!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Otter, enviously; "is that true, Jack?"

"It is, Bandy-legs—I always speak the truth. But it is only a fad. A tribe of Men called Russians buy it. It is said they have a lot of money but, like Pisew, little brains. For my part, I'd rather have feathers; they don't rub off, and are nicer in every way. Do you know who likes your coat, Carcajou?"

"The Russians!" piped Mink, like a little schoolboy.

"Stupid fish-eater! Bigger fools than the Russians buy Wolverine—the Eskimos, who live away down at the mouth of the big river that runs to the icebergs."

"What are icebergs, brother?" asked Mink.

"Pieces of ice," answered Jack. "Now you know everything; go and catch a Goldeye for your supper."

"Goldeye don't come up the creeks, you ignorant bird," retorted Sakwasew, "I wish they did, though; one can see their big, yellow eyes so far in the water—they're easily caught."

"Suckers are more useful," chimed in Fisher; "when they crowd the river banks in autumn eating those black water-bugs, I get fat and hardly wet a

foot. I hate the water, but I do like a plump, juicy Sucker."

"Not to be compared to a Goldeye or Doré," objected Mink; "they're too soft and flabby."

"Fish, fish, fish! Always about fish, or something to eat, with you Water-Rats!" interrupted Carcajou, disgustedly. "Do let us get back to the subject. Do you know what the Men say of our Black King, comrades?"

"They call him the Devil!" declared Jay.

"No they don't," objected Carcajou; "they think he's Wie-sah-ke-chack, the great Indian god, who could change himself into animals. You all know François, the French half-breed, who trapped at Hay River last winter?"

"He killed my cousin," sighed Marten.

"I lost a son through him—poisoned," moaned Black King's mother, the Red Widow, who had been sitting quietly during the meeting, watching with maternal pride her son.

"Yes, he tried to catch me," boasted Carcajou, "but I outwitted him, and threw a number four steel trap in the river. He had a fight with a Chippewa Indian over it—blamed him for the theft. Oh, I enjoyed that. I was hidden under a spruce log and watched François pummel the Indian until he ran away. I don't understand much French, but the Half-breed used awful language. I wish they'd always fight among themselves."

"Why didn't the Chippewa squeeze François till he was dead?—that's what I should have done," growled Muskwa. "Do you remember Nichemous, the Cree half-breed, who always keeps his hat tied on with a handkerchief?"

"I saw him once," declared Black Fox.

"Well, he tried to shoot me—crept up close to a log I was lying behind and poked his iron stick over it, thinking I was asleep. That was in the winter—I think it was the second of February; but do you know, sometimes I get my dates mixed. One year I forgot in my sleep and came out on the first to see what the weather was like. Ha, ha! fancy that; coming out on the first, and thought it was the second!"

"What has that got to do with Nichemous, old Garrulity?" squeaked Whisky-Jack.

Muskwa licked his gray nose apologetically for having wandered from the subject. "Well, as I have said, it was the second of February. I had been lying up all winter in a tremendously snug nest in a little coulee that runs off Pembina River. Hunger! but I was weak when I came out that day!"

"I should think you would have been," sympathized the Bird mockingly.

"I had pains, too; the hard red-willow berries that I always eat before I lay up were gripping me horribly—they always do that—they're my medicine, you know."

"Muskwa is getting old," interrupted Jay. "He's garrulous—it's his pains and aches now."

Bear took no notice of the Bird. "I was tired and cross, the sun was nice and warm, and I lay down behind a log to rest a little. Suddenly there was the sound of the crisp hide of the snow cracking, and at first I thought it was something to eat coming—something for my hunger. I looked cautiously over the tree, and there was Nichemous trailing me; his snowshoe had cut through the crust. It was too late to run, for that iron stick of his would have reached, so I lay still, pretending to be asleep. Nichemous crept up, oh, so cunningly! He didn't want to wake poor old Muskwa, you see—not until he woke me with the bark of his iron stick. Talk about smells, Mr. Lynx! Wiff! the breath of that when it coughs is worse than the smell of Coyote—it's fairly blue in the air, it's so bad."

"Where was Nichemous all this time?" cried Jack mockingly.

"Have patience, little shaganappi (cheap) Bird. Nichemous saw my trail leading up to the log, but could

not see it going away on the other side. I had just one eye cocked up where I could watch his face. Wheeze! it was a study. He'd raise one foot, shove it forward gently, put that big gut-woven shoe down slowly on the snow, and carry his body forward; then the other foot the same way—so as not to disturb me—good Nichemous! What a queer scent he gave. Have any of you ever stepped on hot coals?"

"I have!" cried Blue Wolf; "I had a fight with three Train Dogs once, at Wapiscaw, when their masters were asleep. It was all over a miserable frozen Whitefish that even the dogs wouldn't eat. They were husky fighters. Wur-r-r! We rolled over and over, and finally I fetched up in the camp-fire."

"Then you know what your paw smelled like when the coals scorched it, and that was just like the nasty scent that came down the air from Nichemous—like burnt skin. I could have nosed him a mile away had he been up wind, but he wasn't, at first. When Nichemous got to the big log he reached his yellow face over, with the iron stick in line with his nose, and I saw murder in his eyes, so I just took one swipe at the top of his head with my right paw and scalped him clean. Whu-u-o-o-f-f! but he yelled. The iron stick barked as he went head first into the snow, and its hot breath scorched my arm, underneath, where there's little hair; but the round lead thing it spits out didn't touch me. I gave Nichemous a squeeze, threw him down, and went away. I was mad enough to have slain him, but I'm glad I didn't. It's not good to kill a Man. You see I was cross," he added apologetically, "and my head ached from living in that stuffy hole all winter."

"Didn't it hurt your paw?" queried Jack. "I should have thought your fingers would have been tender from sucking them so much while you were sleeping in the nest."

"That's what saved Nichemous's life," answered Muskwa. "My fist was swoolen up like a moss-bag, else the blow would have crushed his skull. But I knocked the fur all off the top; and his wife, who is a great medicine woman, couldn't make it grow again, though she patched the skin up some way or other. That is why you'll see Nichemous's hat tied on with a red handkerchief."

"I also know of this Man," wheezed Otter. "Nichemous stepped on my slide once, when he was poaching my preserve—I had it all nice and smooth and slippery, and the silly creature, without a claw to his foot, tried to walk on it."

"What happened, Long-Back?" asked Jack eagerly.

"Well, he went down the slide faster than ever I did, head first; but—would you believe it?—on his back!"

"Into the water?" queried Muskrat. "That wouldn't hurt him."

"He was nearly drowned," laughed Nekik. "The current carried him under some logs, but he got out, I'm sorry to say. That's the worst of it; we never manage to kill these Men."

"I killed one once," proclaimed Mooswa—"stamped him with my front feet, and his friends never found him; but I wouldn't do it again; the look in his eyes was awful."

"They'll kill you some day, Marrow-Bones," declared Jay blithely.

"That's what this Man tried to do."

"Tell us about it, comrade," cried Carcajou, "for I like to hear of the tables being turned once in a while. Why, Mistress Carcajou frightens the babies to sleep by telling them that François, or Nichemous, or some other Trapper, will catch them if they don't close their eyes and stop crying—it's just awful to live in continual dread of Man."

"He was an Indian named Grass-head," went on Mooswa, lying down to tell the little tale comfortably. "I had just crossed the Athabasca on the ice; he'd been watching, no doubt, and as I went up the bank his fire stick coughed, and the ball struck me in the neck. Of course I cleared off into the woods at a great rate."

"Didn't stop to thank the Man, eh, old Pretty-Legs?" questioned Jack ironically.

"There was a treacherous crust on the snow; sometimes I would go through up to my chest, for it was deep. Grasshead wore those big shoes that Muskwa speaks of, and glided along the top, but my feet are small and hard, you know, and cut the crust."

"See!" piped Jay; "there's where pride comes in. All of you horned creatures are so proud of your little feet, and unless the ground is hard you soon get done up."

"Well," continued Mooswa, "sometimes I'd draw away many miles from the Indian. Once I circled wide, went back close to my trail, lay down in a thicket and watched for him. He passed quite close, trailing along easily on top of the snow, chewing a piece of dried moosemeat—think of that, brothers! Stuck in his loose shirt was dried meat cut from the bodies of some of my relatives; even the shirt itself was made from one of their hides! His little eyes were vicious and cruel; and several times I heard him give the call of our wives, which is, 'Wh-e-a-u-h-h!' That was that I might come back, thinking it was one of my tribe calling. All day he trailed me that way, and twice I rested as I speak of. Then Grasshead got cunning. He travelled wide of my trail, off to one side, meaning to come upon me lying down, or circling. The second day of his pursuit I was very tired and the Indian was always coming closer and closer.

"Getting desperate, I laid a trap for him. It was the fire stick I really feared, for without that he was no match for me. With our natural strength, he with his arms and teeth and I with my hoofs and horns, I could easily kill him. Why, once I slew three wolves nearly as large as Rof; they were murderous chaps who tackled me in the night. It wouldn't do to fight Grasshead where the crust was bad on the deep snow, so I made for a jack-pine bluff."

"I know," interrupted Black Fox, nodding his head; "nice open ground with no underbrush to bother—just the place for a rush when you've marked down your Bird. Many a Partridge I've pinned on one of those bluffs."

"Yes," went on Mooswa, "the pine-needles kill out everything but the silver-green moss. The snow wasn't very deep there; it was an ideal place for a charge—nothing to catch one's horns, or trip a fellow. As Grasshead came up he saw me leaning wearily against a pine, and thought I was ready to drop. I was tired, but not quite that badly used up. You all know, comrades, how careful an Indian is not to waste the breath of his iron stick. He will creep and creep and sneak just like——"

"Lynx," suggested Whiskey-Jack.

"Well, Grasshead, seeing that I couldn't, as he thought, get away, came cautiously to within about five lengths, meaning to make sure of my death, you know, brothers, and just as he raised his iron stick I charged. He didn't expect that—it frightened him. The ball struck me in the shoulder and made me furious with rage. The Indian turned to run, but I cut him down and trampled him to death—I ground him into the frozen earth with my antlers. He gave the queer Man-cry that is of fear and pain—it's awful! I wish he hadn't followed me—I wish I hadn't killed him."

"You were justified, Mooswa," said Black King; "there is no blame—that is the Law of the Forest:

> First we run for our lives,
> Then we fight for our lives:
> And we turn at bay when the killer drives."

"Bravo!" applauded Whisky-Jack. "Don't fret, old Jelly-Nose. I'm glad you killed him. I've heard the White Trappers say that the only good Indians are dead ones."

"I also know Nichemous," broke in Umisk. "He cut a hole in the roof of my house one day, first blocking up the front door, thinking we were inside and meaning to catch us. He had his trouble for nothing, for I got the whole family out just in the nick of

time; but I'd like to make him pay for repairs to the roof. I don't know any animal so bad as a Man, unless it's a Hermit Beaver."

"What's a Hermit Beaver, ye of the little forefeet?" asked Jay.

Umisk sighed wearily. "For a Bird that has travelled as much as you have, Jack, you are wondrously devoid of knowledge. Have you never seen Red Jack, the Hermit?"

"I have," declared Pisew; "he has a piece out of the side of his tail."

"Perhaps you have, perhaps you have, but all hermits are marked that way—that's the sign. You see, once in a while a Beaver is born lazy—won't work—will do nothing but steal other people's poplar and eat it. First we reason with him and try to encourage him to work; if that fails we bite a piece out of his tail as a brand, and turn him out of the community. I marked Red Jack that way myself; I boarded him for a whole winter, though, first."

"Served him right," concurred Whisky-Jack.

"Yes, Nichemous is a bad lot," said Carcajou, reflectively, "but he's no worse than François. He's tried so often to kill Black Fox that now he says the King is Wie-sah-ke-chack, the Devil. He's got a silver bullet for his fire stick, and thinks that will kill our leader, sure."

"That's Man's silly superstition," declared Whisky-Jack; "the King has always outwitted him, and will now."

Black Fox arose, stretched himself, yawned and said: "The meeting is over for to-day; three spaces of darkness from this we meet here again; there is some business of the Hunting Boundaries to do, and Wapoos has a complaint to make."

"I'm off," whistled Whisky-Jack. "Good-by, Your Majesty. You fellows have got to hunt your dinners—I'm going to dine with some Men—I like my food cooked."

Each of the Animals slipped away, leaving Black Fox and his mother, the Red Widow.

To be Continued.

THE SONG OF THE VOYAGEURS.

(From the French of Octave Crémazie.)

OURS are the woodland mysteries,
Whose deepest secrets well we know,
Ours are the streams, where forest trees
Are mirrored in their waves below;
Ours is the life the savage knows,
With all its gladness, all its grief;
Ours are the firs, whose foliage throws
Shade, where the toil-worn find relief.
On rafts or in the forest free
Thirty voyageurs are we.

Braving the storms' and lightnings' power,
Their mighty branches raised on high,
In stately ranks the pine trees tower,
Like pillars that support the sky.
When their tall forms to earth are laid,
O'ercome by our fell axes' sweep,
It seems that in the gloomy shade
The Spirit of the woods must weep.
On rafts or in the forest free
Thirty voyageurs are we.

When o'er our wooden huts the night
Her sombre veil of dark hath shed,
We see the fleeting shades of white,
Pale phantoms of the Indian dead.
They come, these ancient kings of yore,
To seek their haunts of ages past,
Where gnarléd oaks they knew before
Still face unharmed the raging blast.
On rafts or in the forest free
Thirty voyageurs are we.

Then on the raft that merrily
Floats down the swift St. Lawrence stream,
A sweet and tender memory
Of childhood comes, as in a dream.
The village maid we left behind,
Our mothers and our sisters dear,
Make hearts beat fast when called to mind,
Awaiting us upon the pier.
On rafts or in the forest free
Thirty voyageurs are we.

When years have made us agéd men,
And arms and voices all grow weak,
To eager youths about us then
Of old adventures we shall speak.
And when the final journey's near
That must be made by one and all,
We'll answer boldly without fear
Grim death, who gives the parting call,
"On rafts or in the forest free
Thirty voyageurs were we."

William Wilkie Edgar.



THE CANOE MEET OF 1900—TORONTO CLUB WAR CANOE.

THE INTERNATIONAL CANOE MEET OF 1900.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

By D. J. Howell.

WHEN the pioneers from the Old World penetrated the wilds of this continent they found a craft wonderfully well suited to its rushing streams and island-dotted lakes. The Indians called this craft a canoe. The apparent ease with which it was handled appealed at once to these hardy adventurers, and they soon became as expert paddlers as their dusky companions.

The creation of this craft is, perhaps, the greatest thing the red man has done for us.

The canoe of birch bark, though light, was frail and often cranky. Its split-wood frame, lashed together with thongs of the skin or sinews of the deer, has given place to the keel and ribs of oak, and its skin of birch bark to finely fitted planks of cedar or basswood riveted together with copper. The uncertain lines have become symmetrical, so that the canoe of to-day is a craft of great beauty, speedier and safer, but not so picturesque as the boat of bark which it has superseded. The development of the canoe from where the red man left it has been the work of an ever increasing number of enthusiastic sportsmen who have found it the ideal one-man craft.

From the clubs that were formed in recent years, by kindred spirits brought together on many cruises, and who were one in their enjoyment of sailing or paddling, sprang the American Canoe Association. The evolution of the craft, the growth of the sport and the creation of a bond of comradeship among its members has justified its existence, and to-day canoeing stands among the few sports that the blighting influence of professionalism has not touched.



THE CANOE MEET OF 1900—BIRCH POINT, BIG ISLAND, LAKE ROSSEAU, MUSKOKA.

Camping and cruising are the favourite enjoyments of the canoeist, and naturally the great event of the A. C. A. is its annual meet, camping for two weeks in some well-selected spot.

Canada is particularly the home of canoeing, and the Northern division, which includes the whole of it, is the strongest in the Association.

This year when the meet came to this division, it was unanimously decided to hold it in the Muskoka lakes ; the location was left to the commodore, who selected Birch Point, Big Island, in Lake Rosseau.

This Point lies in the most beautiful part of the lake. To the west lies the famed Venitia group of islands ; Ferndale lies just across the lake to the southwest, and Port Carling within two miles to the south. It was the most northerly situation ever selected for the annual camp, but the beauties of this region of the Canadian Highlands, its clear bracing atmosphere and delightful waters were considered worth the time, trouble and tedious trip. In spite of the cramped quarters selected, the expectations of those who attended the 1900 meet were fairly well realized.

In arranging for a camp on a large scale, a great deal of preliminary work has to be done, and the organization of the A.C.A. for this purpose is interesting. For convenience of management and administration the Association is divided into five divisions, each dealing with their local affairs through an executive committee with a vice-commodore at its head. The privilege and responsibility of the general meet comes to each division in turn. The division accepting it selects the general locality for the camp and nominates the commodore from its own membership.

As the commodore has very wide powers, appointing all the committees and usually the secretary-treasurer, he stamps the meet with his personality, and is responsible almost wholly for the success of the general camp. His

expenditure is, however, fixed by the board of governors who control the finances of the Association. Within these prescribed limits the commodore has a free hand, and it requires a man of considerable ability "to swing" a meet successfully.

Mr. W. G. Mackendrick, of the Toronto Canoe Club, the commodore for this year, answered these requirements fully, and displayed a great capacity for hard work.

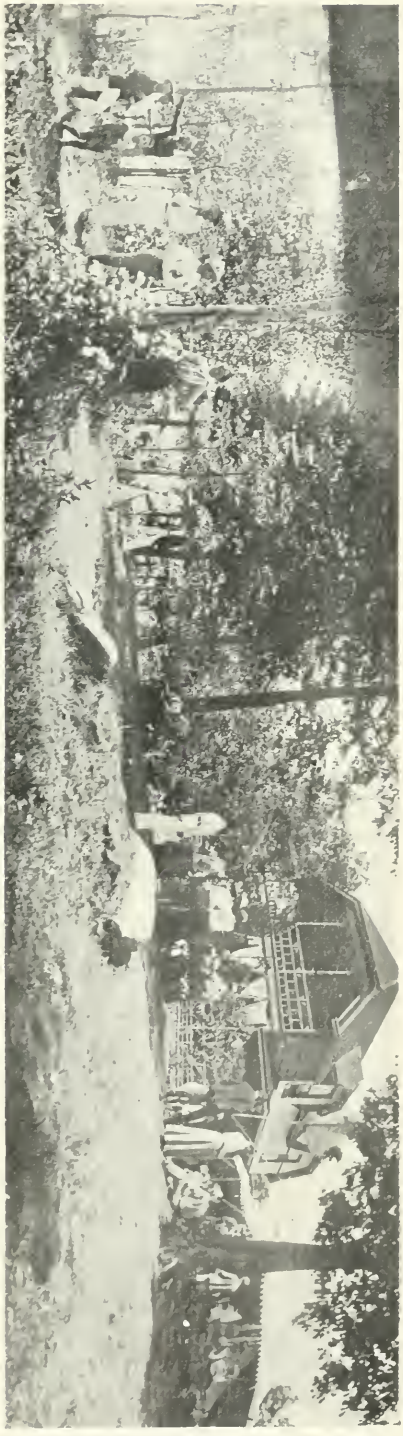
The meet was from Friday the 3rd to Friday the 17th of August.

Those who got to camp on Saturday, the great arrival day, will not forget the scene of bustle and confusion at Muskoka Wharf. The members from New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and other distant points were glad their long railway journey was ended, and once on the boat the camp had fairly begun. The Toronto club transferred their streamers, flags and burgees from their special car to the *Medora*, taking possession of that steamer on her trip up the lake through the lock at Port Carling, around the winding channel of the Indian River into Lake Rosseau. A first glimpse of the camp was had as the steamer rounded the point at the entrance to the lake. A mile across the water a cluster of flags on the pier and Mr. Paul Butler's house-boat, drew all eyes; the Stars and Stripes and Canadian Ensign supporting the red and white burgee of the Association.

To the right of the pier along the shore the white tents gleamed through the green foliage of the birch trees.

The tedium of the journey was forgotten in the preparations for landing. The "Hi-Yah" rang out with startling emphasis, and came back in answering call from the boys already in the camp. The boat touched the pier amid enthusiastic cries of welcome, and as soon as the gangway was run out there were many joyful meetings. Some of the old campers were literally received with open arms.

Everybody lent a hand to pile high the baggage, canoes and camp sup-



THE CANOE MEET OF 1900—THE HEADQUARTERS.



THE CANOE MEET OF 1900—THE SECRETARY'S TENT.

plies on the wharf, from the steamer. As the bustle subsided the bugle sounded the sunset call, the evening gun was fired and the colours came down with a run. Away to the west, between and over the islands, the clouds reflected the sunken sun in glowing reds and gold, and the first night in camp for the new arrivals had begun. Nearly all were able to sleep in their canvas home the night of their arrival, thanks to the commodore and his able lieutenant.

As the evening drew on, the ruddy blaze of the bonfires lit up the tents and the birch trees ; the groups of campers throwing weird shadows on canvas walls and dim-lit paths as they gathered to re-welcome the weary travellers in true A.C.A. style. Long after the bugle had sounded "lights out," snatches of song would come fitfully from the revellers as they slipped away in twos or threes to their tents, some stopping to be entertained at the tent of a friend until the night patrol saw that every one was in bed.

It is around the camp fire, whether at Squaw Point with its refined vaudeville, or the smaller gatherings and impromptu programs in the men's camp, that some of the most enjoyable hours of the fortnight are spent.

The ladies inspired the players to their finest efforts on cornet, mandolin, guitar or violin, and willing singers and reciters gave their best. A song with a swinging chorus brings every one in happily. The uncertain light and the glamour of the night give opportunities for the growth of friendship that the most timid do not neglect.

In the smaller groups in the men's camp, instrument, song and story leave but small gaps for conversation. The stories sometimes have a flavour of Boccaccio, and the songs a touch of Villon, which is apt to grow stronger as the good cheer goes round.

The camp ground was hardly an ideal location, being situated on a point of Big Island. In reality an island, a canoe channel having been cut through the narrow neck connecting it with the larger part of the island. Around headquarters, which was right up from the pier, and in the ladies camp, the ground was quite rocky and heavily wooded, the western and

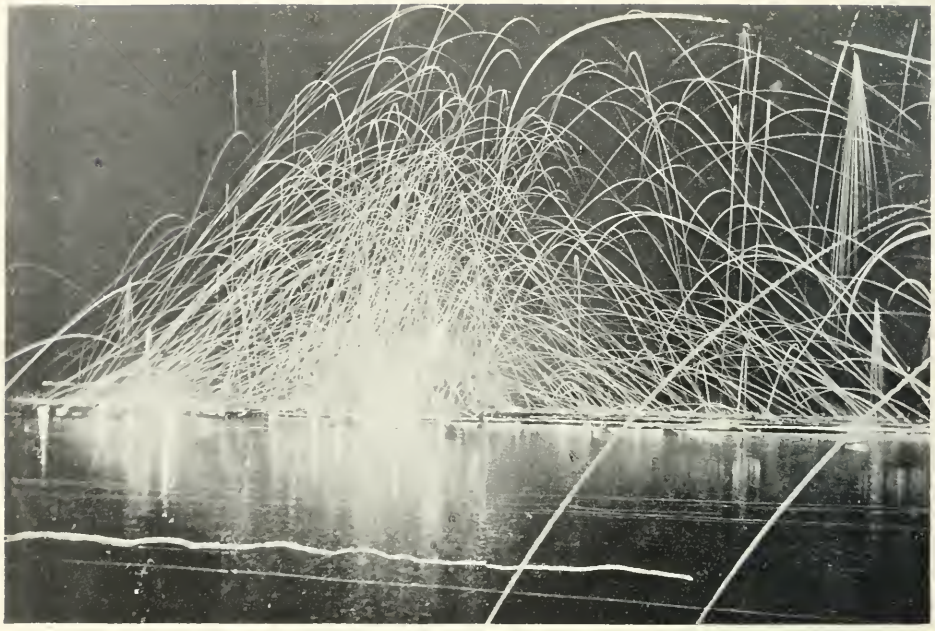


CANOE MEET OF 1900—A SAILING CANOE.

northerly shores rising rather steeply from the water. Among the trees and underbrush and well up from the water the tents of the women and families were pitched, making an unsatisfactory "Squaw Point." A number of convenient wharfs redeemed it to a certain extent. On the south side, along from headquarters to the narrow neck with the canoe channel, lay the main camp, extending back at the narrow part of the island to the north shore. A little stretch of high rocky ground lay immediately east of the secretary-treasurer's tent; on this a number were camped, including the "K. K.'s" (kickers' klub), representatives from the "Wawbewawa" club of Boston and the "Initou" club of Woburn, Mass. Beyond this group the members of the New York clubs arranged their tents fronting on a small bay, with a fine sandy beach, the bottom gradually sloping to deep water.

This was the best location in the camp, and at this beach the "official" swim took place daily at 11 a.m. At the other side of the bay amid the trees, the Toronto Canoe Club clustered their tents. The club colours of red and black, and the red ring of their totem and burgee were strongly in evidence. Brooklyn, Buffalo and other clubs lay behind them looking out on the water to the north. On the rising ground between the two camps was the house which the commodore occupied, and alongside was the mess tent, where, at bugle's call, the campers assembled three times a day to take the edge off their Muskoka appetites.

A pathway, "Chuck ave." ran down the hill to the pier, with the barber shop, camp store and official dark room for the photographers on the right; to the left before you got to the wharf was the headquarters, made up of the camp site, commodore's tent and the secretary-treasurer's tent, which was the post office and writing room, usually crowded in the morning before the mail closed. The secretary-treasurer, Mr. Herbert Begg, was the busiest man in the camp, and was always on hand discharging his duties with tact and unvarying courtesy. The arrival of the steamer with the



THE CANOE MEET OF 1900—STORMING THE TAKU FORT. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS MADE BY LEAVING THE PLATE EXPOSED DURING A CONSIDERABLE PART OF THE DISPLAY. THE LARGER AND CLOSER LINES ARE THE PATHS OF ROCKETS CLOSE AT HAND.

mail was one of the important incidents of each day. The mail was usually sorted on the wharf, the addresses read out and the letters claimed on the spot.

The camp was roused by the bugle sounding the reveille at seven o'clock, and morning gun fired at 7.30, when the colours were run up. Beside the breakfast, dinner and supper calls, there was a call at 10 a.m. to report any sick to the camp surgeons; the sunset call and evening gun when the colours were run down; last post at 9.30 and "taps" or lights out at 11 p.m.

These calls gave quite a military air to the camp. Discipline was maintained by an officer appointed for the day by the commodore, assisted by four pickets, each of which was responsible for a section of the camp.

There were pleasant excursions and cruises during the first week. The trip on the *Islander* to Bala Falls, among the finest islands in Lake Muskoka, was a delightful one; and the kindness of some cottagers in placing their launches at the disposal of the campers for a cruise through Lake Joseph, will be remembered as one of the many occasions of thoughtful hospitality extended to the members of the A.C.A.

The great interest of the camp centres in the races, which are the most important in the canoeing world. The number of sailing men was small compared with other years, there being only eight sailing canoes at the camp. To some this indicates the decay of this part of the sport. The race for the International Sailing Trophy promised to be very interesting; and when Mr. F. C. Moore, of New York Club, in his new *Pioneer II.*, overhauled Mr. C. Archibald, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, in his famous *Mab* on the third leg of the course, the interest was intense. Unfortunately, Mr. Moore's seat broke and his boat capsized, leaving Mr. Archibald to win as he pleased.

There were many entries in the paddling races. In some of the events there were more contestants than there has been for years. The war-canoe races were on a small scale compared

with last year when eight full crews competed. The Toronto Canoe Club had their two war-canoes up, and a number of races were run off by lending one of their boats to other crews. The crew from the Toronto Club captured all the prizes they competed for, and the A. C. A. crew, which defeated that of the Muskoka Lakes Association, was largely made up of members of this club. It was the most largely represented club at the meet, and its members carried away one-half of the prizes that were competed for, the McNicol brothers of the club winning fifteen prizes between them. The Britannia Club, of Ottawa, was represented by a fours crew that won easily every race they entered, doing credit to their club. Its individual members won a number of other events.



START OF WAR CANOE RACE.

Among the humorous features of the regatta was a tail-end race, where the paddler sits in the bow of his canoe and attempts to paddle a straight course. It is only necessary to try this to find how nearly impossible it is. So expert have the paddlers become in upsetting their canoes in the upset-race, that by a certain movement as the paddle jumps into the water, the canoe is turned completely over in the air, alighting right side up without water in it. The Regatta Committee ruled, however, that an upset canoe must be filled with water, and the expert who disregarded their instructions was disqualified.

The tilting tournament was as full of surprises as usual.

The ladies' hand-paddling race, and the ladies' and gentlemen's tandem races aroused more interest among Squaw Pointers than any others, and were keenly contested.

The scene at the camp during the regatta days was one of great beauty. The water was dotted with canoes of every hue. These colours and the bright costumes of the paddlers were reflected in the placid waters of the lake. Here and there a sailing canoe drifted in the dying breeze, and circling round or standing by the course were many steam launches with their brilliantly gay passengers contributing with the deep green of the wooded shore and island to make an ideal aquatic scene.

A little rocky island near the paddling course was a point of eager in-



BRITANNIAS OF OTTAWA—WINNERS OF FOURS.



FINISH OF LADY AND GENTLEMAN'S TANDEM.

terest. A fort had arisen: its pagoda and quaint turrets would indicate, without the many yellow dragon flags, that it was of Chinese origin. This Taku fort was constructed under the direction of Li Hung Chang, in the person of L. W. Seavey, of New York, whose surprising entertainments have extended back into the dim past of the early days of the Association. He has created sea-serpents, giant birds and wonders at many camps. Last year at Hay Island, a series of tableaux was given under his direction, and the year before at Stave Island a circus under his direction gave one performance of transcendent magnificence.

The storming and destruction of this Chinese fort by the allied fleets of war-canoes and canoes of lighter draft, whose crews hurled a storm of rockets and Roman candles at the fort, made a dazzling spectacle, and one that eclipsed Mr. Seavey's previous efforts. He was awarded a special prize for breaking the record.

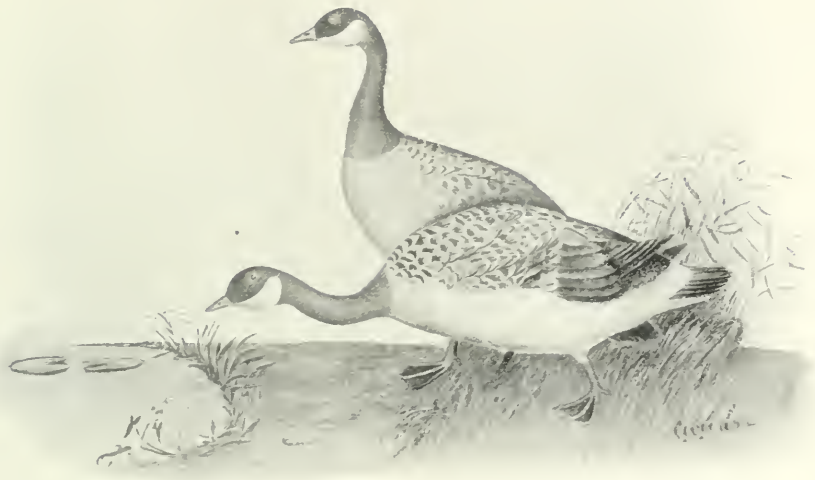
The last days in camp are often the most pleasant. The crowd thins out and friendships formed have a chance to deepen, and yet there is an air of sadness, for many tents are gone that but yesterday were places of happy gatherings. Some bright faces that you looked for at the mess tent are not there to smile back to you. Finally your thoughts are drawn to the home and business, and you realize that the camp is virtually over.

The steamer carries away all but a few stragglers on the Saturday. The parting cheers and waving handkerchiefs have followed the good-byes till next meet. Every camper unconsciously carries away with him a crowd of memories, pleasant and otherwise. When these have settled, the pleasant times of the 1900 camp will far outweigh the others, and stamp indelibly the success of the A.C.A. meet in Muskoka.

DEBTOR TO ETERNITY.

MY life was forming when the stars were born,
And will be forming when the stars are lost,
A proud Armada cast upon the coast
Of grey oblivion. Yes, we may scorn
The ages that have been as garments worn,
Now flung aside, but ever will some ghost
Be lingering near those garments and when most
We think them worthless then may they adorn
The actions of to-day. We owe the Past
Our life and the eternal Present stands
A grim attorney with his outstretched hands
Demanding what is due. Give what thou hast
And God, who is the Treasurer of all,
Shall be thy bondsman when the judgments fall.

Austin Bill.



THE CANADA GOOSE.

WILD FOWL OF ONTARIO.

THE FIRST OF TWO ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

By C. W. Nash.

AMONG all the sports with gun and dog indulged in by the people of this Province, probably duck-shooting is the most popular. The wealthy members of the community have their clubs and preserves which cost large sums annually for their maintenance, and on these places vast numbers of wild fowl are killed every season. Other sportsmen, not blessed with affluence, can still find places even near our centres of business at which they may for a day or two in the season find a sufficient number of birds to satisfy their more moderate desires.

In the good old days before the advent of the breech-loader and before shooting for the market became a fine art, Ontario must have been a perfect paradise for water-fowl. Even now there are some old timers living who can speak of the days when Toronto and Burlington bays might be seen covered with birds while clouds of others hovered about seeking a place to alight. The stories told by these men of the bags they made would seem incredible if it were not that a similar state of things may even now be seen in the proper season on some of the favoured lakes and sloughs of the Northwest.

The reduction in the number of fowl that visit us is not altogether attributable to the destruction worked by the gunners. The clearing of the bush has caused many streams which fed the small lakes and marshes to dry up; drainage has followed, so that now large tracts of land which once provided shelter and feed for ducks and fish is brought under cultivation.

Whether this will be an advantage to the country or not, remains to be seen. So far the results do not seem to be altogether profitable, for every

summer we hear complaints of shortage of pasture and want of water owing to the drying up of what were once never-failing streams. Presently the people and the Government of this Province will see the necessity for replanting trees along the margins of the water courses. If this is done soon, the next generation will neither suffer so much from drought in summer or floods in the spring. Our water-fowl will then be able to find feeding and resting places according to their desires, from their breeding grounds in the north to their winter homes in the south, instead of being compelled to rush right through without stopping, as they do now. A moderate man may then be able to obtain fair sport in most localities in the autumn. As it is now, when the first of September arrives and the shooting season for water-fowl commences, the most of our inland marshes are so dried up that they no longer afford feed and shelter for ducks. The birds are driven from them in the first few days and they then take refuge in the larger marshes at various points on the Great Lakes. The majority of these are strictly preserved and are only open to the members of the clubs who own them.

These club preserves are not the unmitigated evil that some people consider them, in fact they are of considerable advantage to the neighbourhood in which they are situated, for the ducks do not always remain in the sanctuary, but often afford outsiders fair sport. Further than that, if these grounds were thrown open to the general public, the army of market shooters and others who would collect there would quickly drive out the birds, and there being no other ground in the Province to which they could resort, the ducks would at once go off southward for the season instead of remaining until the waters freeze up.

What I have said above with regard to preserves applies principally to the marsh ducks, such as the Mallard, Black Duck and Teal. The open-water ducks, Redheads, Bluebills, Canvas-backs and all other species that obtain their food by diving, are much more independent. The whole space of the waters is open to them, and except in very severe weather they much prefer lakes and bays to the pond-holes in the marshes.

Not only do these preserved marshes afford sanctuary to the wild fowl in the fall, but they are now the only places left in the southern half of Ontario in which ducks can breed in security. Having found from experience that they are not molested there in the spring and summer, large and increasing numbers of them are resorting to these protected places every spring for nesting purposes. If, as sometimes happens, a pair of ducks attempt to nest anywhere outside of these preserved grounds they are almost sure to be destroyed. I have known cases within the last two years where men have killed female Teal and Lesser Bluebills at the time when they were with their downy young, and this practice is only too general all over the country. The result is that the Wood-duck and Blue-wing Teal (both of which are very tame in the breeding season and will nest in any suitable place, even about cultivated lands), are becoming very scarce, and in the case of the beautiful Wood-duck particularly, verging on extinction. The wilder species have sought safety in the far North, only visiting us as they rush through on their way southward, stopping only when compelled to do so by hunger or stress of weather.

Besides the innumerable ducks, we are told that in the early days of the settlement of the country both swans and geese visited our waters in considerable numbers, and that some bred here in the larger marshes. This is probably correct, but this having been a forest country, I think these birds, as a rule, were only spring and fall visitors, their favourite summer home having always been, as now, on the lakes and prairie sloughs to the north and west of us. In the early eighties geese were commonly found breeding in Dakota, Minnesota and throughout Man-

itoba, but swans rarely bred so far south as that, the bulk of them nesting within the Arctic circle.

As the prairie lands have been occupied and brought under cultivation the geese have been driven back to the marshes surrounding the great lakes of the Northwest. From these breeding grounds they come out in the autumn and feed on the grain in the stubbles, and it is there only that good goose-shooting can be had in Canada at the present day.

SWANS.

These noble birds are not often seen in the Province of Ontario. The only part of our country known to me that is regularly visited by them is that large marshy tract of land on the north shore of Lake Erie, and about Lake St. Clair. In this locality a few flocks off their line of migration, in spring and fall sometimes drop in for rest and food, and under such circumstances occasionally come within reach of a well-concealed sportsman.

The swans are represented in America by two species, both so much alike that their identity cannot be determined from their appearance, except upon close examination, for which an opportunity is rarely afforded. As, however, a lucky shot sometimes brings a specimen into possession, and its identification then becomes a matter of interest, I give a description of each, with its distinguishing characteristics.

Whistling Swan (Olor columbianus).—Length, fifty-three to fifty-six inches. Adult—Entire plumage pure white; the head, sometimes the neck or even the entire underparts, tinged with rusty. Bill, legs and feet deep black, the bare skin at the base of the beak usually marked by an oblong spot of orange or yellow; iris brown. Young—Light plumbeous, paler beneath the fore part and top of the head, tinged with reddish brown. Bill, reddish flesh colour, dusky at the tip, feet dull yellowish flesh colour or greyish. Tail usually of twenty feathers.

Trumpeter Swan (Olor buccinator). Adult—Plumage entirely pure white, the head, sometimes the neck and even the entire underparts tinged with rusty. Bill, legs and feet uniform deep black; iris brown. Young—In winter the young have the bill black, with the middle portion of the ridge to the length of an inch and a half light flesh colour, and a large elongated patch of light dull purple on each side, the edge of the lower mandible and the tongue dull yellowish flesh colour, the eye dark brown, feet dull yellowish brown, tinged with olive, claws and webs brownish black, upper part of the head and cheeks light reddish brown. General colour of the other parts greyish white, tinged slightly with yellow. Tail usually of twenty-four feathers. Length, fifty-eight to sixty-eight inches.

The geographical distribution of both species appears to be much the same, but while in some favoured localities the Whistling Swan is common, the Trumpeter appears to be nowhere so abundant. Professor Fannin, in his list of the birds of British Columbia, says of the Whistling Swan that "it is a winter resident in the southern portions of the Province, and very abundant during the summer in some portions of the mainland interior." And of the Trumpeter he states that he has seen it only at Dease Lake, Cassiar, where it appears to be not uncommon. Both species are said to winter more or less abundantly and regularly on the Gulf of Mexico, and, as I have previously said, the summer is spent by the bulk of them within the Arctic circle, so that as game birds they do not interest us very greatly.

The nests of both species are large structures built on the ground, on some secluded island, generally well concealed, and composed of grass and rushes lined with feathers and down. The eggs are from four to six in number. Those of the Whistler are white, slightly stained with brown. The Trumpeter's are chalky white, rough, or somewhat granulated on the surface.

GEESE.

Nearly every man in Canada knows the wild goose, or will say he does, which simply means that some few times in his life he has seen and heard these birds as they fly across country in their spring and fall migrations; but there are not very many, even of our most enthusiastic sportsmen, who have ever shot any, or who have made their acquaintance where they are really at home.

Crossing the Province at almost every part as the ice begins to break up, their loud "honk, honk" is recognized and welcomed as a sign that winter has loosened its grasp, and spring is coming. Sometimes they make a slight miscalculation and get ahead of the season, in which case, after going north and finding no feeding grounds open, they are forced to return southward. At such times they will seek the nearest open shallow water that presents itself, and when this happens to be in the marshes along our southern boundary, a few days' shooting may be had. Such cases are, however, not very common, and when the geese do visit us in numbers, the weather is so bad, and the whole surroundings of the birds so wretchedly unpleasant, that but few people care to go out for them. Besides, a spring goose is a poor affair if you do get him. A man who has just escaped from a besieged city might enjoy one, but I doubt if any one else ever did.

Besides the Canada goose, which is the commonest variety, we are occasionally visited by four other species, viz., the greater snow goose, white-fronted goose, Brant goose, and Hutchin's goose. These are all so very rare, however, as to require but slight attention here. The snow goose and Hutchin's goose are abundant in Manitoba, and the white-fronted goose frequents the western part of that Province, and in Assiniboia. The Brant is a bird of the sea coast, sometimes ascending the St. Lawrence for some distance, but seldom reaching the lakes.

The common wild goose of all North America is the Canada goose (Branta canadensis), one of the best known and most widely distributed of all our wild fowl. In its migrations it is found from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic ocean, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its principal breeding grounds are in the interior of the north-western part of Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador, the island of Anticosti and Northern Quebec. No part of Ontario appears to be regularly resorted to by these birds for nesting purposes, but occasional pairs have been found breeding within our limits even of recent years; the last case of which I have any information occurred at St. Ann's, St. Clair flats, in 1895, when, Mr. John Maughan informs me, a pair raised a brood in the club marsh at that place.

The nests are large structures, composed of dead rushes, grass and leaves, lined with feathers, and are usually placed upon the ground amongst masses of reeds or other vegetation sufficient to conceal it. In some few places geese have acquired the habit of nesting in trees, in such cases they occupy the deserted nests of hawks and other large birds, some of them having been built as high as forty feet from the ground. It would be interesting to know how the old birds get their young ones safely down from such a height as this. The eggs vary in number from five to eight, and are pure white.

Wild geese breed early, most of the young being hatched by the end of the first week in June. In July the old birds moult; this is for them a very dangerous period, as they become unable to fly and so fall comparatively easy victims to the Indians, who know their habits. From their other enemies they can escape either by keeping in deep water or hiding among the rushes at which they are very expert.

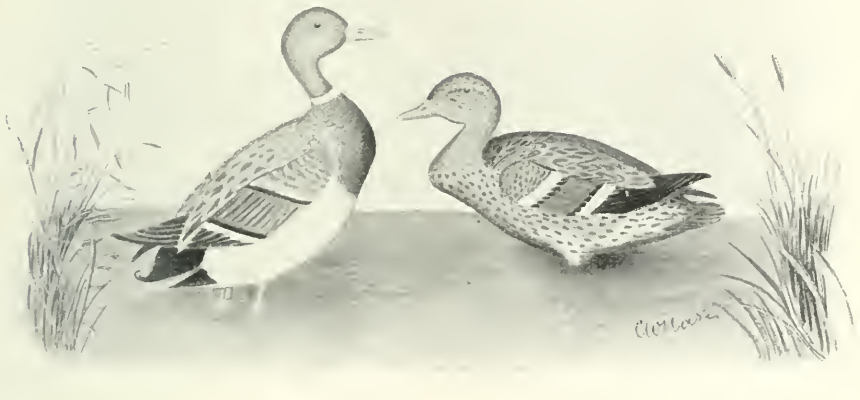
Soon after the grain is cut in Manitoba, they begin their visits to the stubble fields, where they fare sumptuously every day and grow fat, but their increasing fatness never makes them too lazy to be watchful. At all times wary birds, they are when feeding in the fields so extremely vigilant that attempting to stalk them is sheer waste of time.

At this time the flocks are very regular in their movements, generally leaving the water for their feeding grounds at the same time every morning, going back to drink and bathe towards noon and returning to the fields for a time in the afternoon. Just before sunset they go to the large marshes or some lake to roost.

To successfully shoot geese a knowledge of their habits in the locality they are frequenting is necessary; when this is acquired the rest is comparatively easy. The most important things to remember are: make a blind of the materials nearest to hand, so that it closely resembles its surroundings and make it only just large enough to hide you when closely crouched down; keep perfectly still until the birds are well within shot, they are large and always seem to be nearer than they really are; and do not set out your decoys with their heads all one way. When geese stand with their heads up, all staring in one direction, it means that they are not easy in their minds and you want an incoming flock to believe that your decoys are feeding or resting in perfect security. In Ontario, geese do not often visit the stubble fields in the fall, but whether you want to shoot them in the marsh, on the sand bars which they frequent for gravel, or on the green wheat fields in early spring, the same rules apply. The greatest care is necessary here in making your blind, for the birds that reach us have, as a rule, been well educated on their way and are well posted as to blinds, decoys and all sportsmen's devices.

MARSH DUCKS.

To the sportsman these marsh ducks are the most interesting of all our wild fowl, affording considerable variety in shooting and all of them being of value as food after they are killed. The most esteemed are the Mallard and the Black Duck principally by reason of their large size and the good showing they make in the bag, but also because they are universally approved on the table. I may as well say that I believe a well-fed Mallard to be the best duck that flies. Epicures say that a Canvas-back excels all others in flavour, and perhaps it does, when one has been educated up to believing it; but my discrimination in taste has never yet enabled me to discover the Canvas-back's superiority, though I have killed and eaten a good many.



MARSH DUCKS—THE MALLARD.

The habits and manners of the Mallard and Black Duck are much the same, though their range is different. The Mallard is most abundant in the West, being perhaps the commonest duck found in Manitoba; it is common in Ontario, but becomes rare in the Eastern Provinces. The Black Duck, on the contrary, is common in the east and as far west as our western boundary, but only occurs as a rare strag-

gler in Manitoba. Both species breed in all suitable places throughout this Province, but in the settled parts of the country are not often allowed to rear their young unmolested; to the preserved grounds, however, they are now resorting in considerable numbers. In the breeding season, if they are not persecuted, they lay aside their usual shyness and care very little about the proximity of people who do not disturb them. In the early eighties in Manitoba I frequently found Mallards nesting quite near towns and about the farms. Here I noticed about the only difference there is in the nesting of these two ducks, which is, that the Black Duck always places its nest near the water, while the Mallard is not particular as to that, and will often construct its nest on the dry prairie or in a grain field at some distance from water. They breed early, the Mallard particularly so, and usually lay eight or ten eggs of a pale drab colour, the Mallard's generally having a greenish tinge. As soon as the females begin to sit the males leave them and retire to the most secluded spots in the marshes where they moult. While undergoing this process, they skulk and hide in the rushes and are not often seen until they have again recovered the use of their wings. Their plumage is then almost exactly the same as that of the female, and it is not until late in October that the Mallard drake assumes the brilliant colouring that is such a marked feature of the species.

I have never in Ontario seen either of these ducks visiting the stubble fields, but in the western provinces as soon as the grain is cut the Mallards visit the fields in vast numbers and soon get into fine condition on the feed they get there. Here is to be had such sport as only the West can give, the perfection of duck shooting without the wet, cold and discomfort that so frequently spoils the enjoyment of wild-fowl shooting elsewhere.

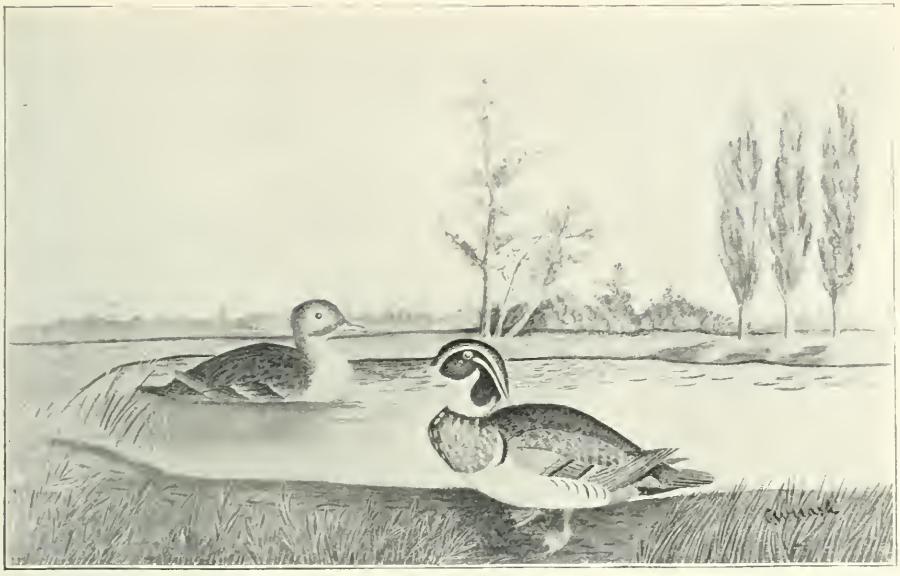
THE WOOD-DUCK.

Besides being the most beautiful of all our water-fowl the Wood-duck is possessed of so many good qualities that it has always been an object of interest to sportsmen and naturalists. This seems to be rather an unfortunate thing for the birds, the form of attention that has been paid them having so reduced their numbers that it cannot now be long before they become extinct. Thirty years ago, in the parts of Southern and Western Ontario that I knew best there was scarcely a pond-hole or a stream, no matter how small, that did not support a pair of Wood-ducks and their brood, but they have been so remorselessly hunted in the spring for their plumage, and are so easily killed at that time, that it is now a rare thing to see one where once there were hundreds. In Manitoba I did not find it common anywhere; certain wooded sloughs were regularly visited by a few pairs which bred there, but the open prairie is not to their taste.

Early in April the Wood-ducks usually arrive here, and being already paired at once resort to such ponds and streams as are near woods in which they may find a suitable hollow tree for a nesting place. Those that have previously established a home and successfully raised a brood in it, return to the same spot and will continue to occupy it, year after year, so long as they are left undisturbed. The country being so well cleared now, and hollow trees scarce, the younger pairs probably have some difficulty in finding a home to their liking. The hollow in which the nest is built is sometimes as much as twenty or thirty feet from the ground, and in such cases the young when hatched are said to be carried down to the water by their mother in her beak.

Wood-ducks are rather prolific, usually producing from nine to twelve young ones to a brood, but apart from their human enemies they have many others to contend with in their infancy.

The pond-holes to which they are at first taken are usually tenanted by large snapping turtles, black snakes, minks and other amphibious creatures reside there, and all of them are partial to a



MARSH DUCKS—THE WOOD-DUCK.

diet of young duck, so that long before the gunner begins his destructive work the broods have sadly diminished.

About the middle of August the birds desert their secluded retreats in the woods and visit the larger marshes, particularly those in which wild rice is growing thickly; here they hide during the bright hours of the day and find feed to satisfy them at all times. In these rice beds they will lie as close as a woodcock in cover, and sometimes bother a dog for a long while before they will get out. Late in the afternoon they are fond of resorting to some open pond near their cover and there, having climbed on to some partially sunken log or old muskrat house, they will sit close together basking in the sun's last rays ; this too often gives the man with a gun an opportunity to sweep off the whole of the little family at one shot. I have often heard men boast of having performed this feat as if it was something to be proud of.

Wood-ducks do not like cold weather, and so before the end of September the majority of them have taken their departure for the south. They winter from Southern Illinois southward keeping always below the region of severe frost.

These birds are easily tamed and will readily breed in captivity if proper boxes are furnished for nesting places, but the young should be pinioned before the time of their fall flight or they will obey their migratory instinct and go away.

When well fed on wild rice these ducks are very delicious and can hardly be excelled by any other species.

THE PINTAIL.

The range of this graceful species extends over the whole of North America, the greater part of Northern Europe and part of Asia. In Ontario it is quite common about the larger marshes, and in Manitoba it is very abundant. As soon as the ice begins to break up in the spring the Pintails return to their summer home, generally arriving in pairs. Sometimes small flocks may be seen, but even then they are usually composed of mated birds. These ducks seem to be of a most affectionate disposition, and exhibit the greatest fidelity to each other. Should one be shot the other will circle about the place, regardless of danger, for a long time.

Formerly Pintails bred in considerable numbers in suitable places throughout

this Province, but the persecution to which they were subjected has caused them to abandon much of the ground they frequented for that purpose; some few pairs, however, still resort to the preserved marshes and other quiet places every summer, and there raise a brood. Their nests are made in a depression amongst the rank grass, generally near water, and they lay from seven to ten eggs of a pale greenish white colour.

Pintails are very fast fliers, and when shooting season these birds are very careful how they approach decoys; they generally circle about a good deal before coming in, and while so doing they turn and twist their heads in every direction in order to discover if all is safe. If the blind attracts their attention they are very likely to mount high in the air and circle over it, in which case you will see every head turn downward for one moment, and then, as they realize the danger to which they were so nearly exposed, they give



MARSH DUCKS—THE PINTAIL.

on the wing are easily distinguishable from any other ducks by their long necks and slim bodies. They are, except when very young, remarkably wary, and use their long necks to good purpose in making observations. I have often watched them as they stood in the grassy sloughs on the prairie drawn up to their full height, so that they could note every movement I made. Stalking them is quite out of the question under such circumstances.

After their first experience of the one mighty spring and are off.

When swimming in pairs in the spring the drake and duck keep close together, and if not alarmed arch their necks and carry themselves most gracefully. I have never seen them dive for food, but if only wounded they will, when pursued, go under water and hide in the weeds quite readily.

When well-fed they are very good birds for the table, though they do not rank as high in that respect as either the Mallard or Black Duck.

To be Continued.

SHOOTING THE WILSON SNIPE.

By Reginald Gourlay.

THE English or Wilson Snipe (Gallinago Wilsoni), whose only fault as a game bird is his comparatively small size, enjoys, nevertheless, many claims to distinction in the eyes of the true sportsman. I will enumerate some of them in this short paper.

To begin with, he has the undoubted honour of being the most widely distributed game bird on the face of the earth. He is found all over Europe, in Asia, Africa, North and South America, and on the great island continent of Australia, wherever marshy land is to be found; and is true to himself, and is the same wily old game bird everywhere, with the same zig-zag flight and eccentric ways.

Kane found the Wilson snipe far within the Arctic circle, also the common house fly, another cosmopolitan circler of the globe and, like the poor, destined to be "always with us"—though not with our approval and consent, as in the case of the snipe.

This wide distribution enables the snipe to give pleasure to "all sorts and conditions of men."

He is the "stand-by" of the British subaltern in India and Burmah. Two officers of high rank were nearly captured in the last Afghan war by the enemy while shooting this very bird on the marshy shores of the Cabool River, in Afghanistan. On the great plains of Australia, the herdsmen know well his harsh scâpe-scâpe, as he rises in wisps before them as their horses splash over the long marshy levels. In the States, and especially in Canada he is distributed in fair—sometimes in great—numbers, all over the vast continent: and his pursuit, in my opinion, is one of the most manly and fascinating of field sports.

The snipe, too, on his own merits, will outlast, as a *wild* game bird, every other species in America. His feeding and breeding grounds in the vast marsh lands about our great lakes and rivers will be untouched for many a generation to come.

I am glad to think that this is so, for to my mind there is a peculiar charm and fascination about the pursuit of this agile long bill that renders it the most attractive of sports.

The wide prospects—the vast, free, open spaces on the great marsh lands where this bird is mostly found, the interesting and abundant life you encounter in these watery solitudes, and, above all, the opportunities you have of making what all sportsmen love—"a mixed bag"—all these things add to the strange charm of snipe shooting.

You may get on his feeding grounds, besides the snipe himself, various sorts of wild duck and teal, many kinds of plover, rail, and other game birds of the marshes.

You will see the great fish-hawk or osprey poised motionless in the air, the swift marsh-harrier flying low and close over the rushes, beating for his prey like a pointer dog. You may watch the mink playing in some lonely pool, or note the slow tranquil swim of the muskrat—all the wild redundant life of the great swamp will appear before you; and if you are a bit of a naturalist, as most sportsmen are, will both charm and interest you as only nature can. Like most other game birds, the Wilson snipe has his peculiarities, some of which, and how to take advantage of them, I will note down here, in hopes that the sporting reader may get a hint or two by perusing the next few paragraphs, though the subject must necessarily be briefly and crudely dealt with.

To begin: The snipe *always* rises against the wind, as do all water fowl that I know of. So, if you have marked down a wisp of snipe when a strong

wind is blowing, try to approach them with the wind on your back. Then you will get some easy cross-shots. Approach them any other way, and you will either get hard straight-away shots at very long range, or more probably get no shots at all, but find that the game has "gone away wild." Do the very reverse of what you would do when still-hunting deer, viz., go *down* wind to your game instead of *up* wind.

The flight of the Wilson snipe has given rise to diametrically opposite opinions among experienced sportsmen; one school maintaining that he is one of the hardest of birds to kill on the wing, the other that he is one of the very easiest. Strange to say, "they both are right, and both are wrong." When the snipe first arrives on his feeding grounds after his annual migration, he is thin and wild; rising swiftly and strongly with his familiar cry of "scâpe-scâpe"—and making those three zig-zag twists or whirls which cause the sportsman to expend many a fruitless cartridge and many an injurious expression addressed to his poor innocent dog.

But at the end of the season, when the snipe has become fat and lazy with good living, he omits these misleading twists altogether, and goes off as straight as a crow, and not much faster, becoming one of the easiest of game birds to kill, instead of being the difficult proposition that he was when he first arrived.

The snipe on the whole presents the same queer mixture of intelligence and imbecility which we observe in his near relation, the American Woodcock (Philohela Minor). He has one especially idiotic trick which many sportsmen besides myself must have noticed. This habit of his has its origin in his rooted dislike to leaving a good feeding ground when he has once settled down to it.

I have often fired at and missed (open confession, sometimes, is good for the soul) a Wilson snipe, stood and watched him till he became a mere speck against the grey sky; seen him turn and seek various points of the horizon successively as if he was uncertain what distant part of North America to emigrate to, and at last beheld him approach nearer and nearer, till with the swift perpendicular descent peculiar to this bird, he has dropped within fifty yards of the place where he was first flushed. Hundreds of shooters besides myself must have observed this very silly, but very convenient, trait of the snipe.

The dog *par excellence* for snipe shooting is a well-broken retriever, or still better, Irish water spaniel, which has been trained to hunt very close to the gun, and, above all, to retrieve well. The best broken pointers and setters are to my mind, out of place in a marsh. I have a little Irish spaniel, now alas! growing old, who is worth a dozen good setters or pointers for this one kind of shooting.

Almost the last time I was out with setters after snipe, the occasion was rendered memorable by my companion (a major in a Highland regiment), through some "uncanny" chance, bestowing a liberal share of a charge of No. 10 on his valuable Gordon setter just as it was making its first point—a queer way of encouraging merit. He was very sorry—so was the dog—who, however, was, owing to its thick coat, very little hurt, and, strange to say, not even rendered "gun-shy."

There remains one very good thing to be insisted upon as regards the Wilson snipe which may be fittingly kept for the conclusion of this short paper, which is, that he will outlast as a *wild* game bird every other species in North America.

Of course, the quail, the English pheasant, and other upland game birds, may survive in a semi-domesticated state, as they do now in England, for an indefinite period.

The virtual extinction of game birds that cannot from their habits be preserved in this state, such as the wild turkey, the woodcock, and perhaps the prairie hen, or pinnated grouse, will probably be witnessed by the next, if not by this generation. But with

the snipe it is quite another matter, and for these reasons: his range is vast, that of the others comparatively restricted. His breeding places are inaccessible, theirs are not; and his breeding grounds are about the last places that will be cleared and cultivated. At any rate he holds his own far better than any other wild game bird.

Frederick Tolfrey, A.D.C. to Sir John Sherbroke, an early Governor of the Canadas, in his now forgotten book "The Sportsman in Canada," written long years before the writer of this paper was born, speaks of the number of snipe in Lower Canada (Quebec) as "being *dans toute la force du terme*—marvellous."

If he lived to-day he might say the same thing. So that for many a generation to come, this long billed "lover of the wind and open sky" may be trusted to afford a fascinating and healthy amusement to the sportsman.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

By R. L. Richardson, M.P.

HAVING referred at greater length than I at first designed to the facts surrounding the "insane" C.P.R. bargains (I think, however, they are sufficiently startling and instructive to warrant the space occupied), I shall briefly refer to two or three other railway enterprises for the purpose of showing that government blunders in relation to the railway question were not confined to the C.P.R. I am, of course, quoting "bargains" of more recent date; I am informed on excellent authority that enormities have been perpetrated in connection with railway deals extending over a period further back than it is deemed wise to go in this review.

One of the most striking instances of jobbery and manipulation in connection with any railway enterprise in Canada is that of the old Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay Railway. A member of Parliament obtained a charter to build a road from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, a distance of 700 miles, through a territory largely forbidding and unproductive, and involving an expenditure of fourteen or fifteen millions. The Dominion Parliament voted the customary land grant of 6,400 acres per mile within the limits of Manitoba and $12,800 for that portion of the line through the Territories. There was a cash postal subsidy of $80,000 and bonding powers for $25,000 a mile. The history of this charter is a stain on Canadian politics, and is one of the most striking commentaries upon the railway policy of the country. It was used as a political bludgeon for nearly two decades in Manitoba, and even yet it is occasionally made to do duty to frighten some timorous politician. Despite the prodigality of the subsidies the promoter failed to "float" his scheme for reasons which need not be explained here. A general election was pending in Manitoba, and the odium of C.P.R. monopoly having created a popular demand for competition, the government of Mr. Norquay sought to catch the popular breeze by guaranteeing the company's bonds for $6,400 a mile for forty miles, taking as security the company's land grant. On the strength of this arrangement the rails were purchased in England for the forty miles, the gradient was completed and the rails laid. The sequel to the story is highly discreditable; the English company which forwarded the rails

was defrauded out of the purchase money; the Province of Manitoba, which has become responsible for $256,000 and interest, was jockeyed out of its security, as the Dominion Government refused to hand over the land grant on the plea that the road was never properly completed. While disputations and recriminations were being carried on, the railway, all uncared for, fell into decay, the grade largely subsided, the ties and bridge timber were stolen and to-day only two streaks of rust, beginning at nowhere and ending at the same indefinite locality, constitute the original design of the great Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay Railway.

Let me briefly cite from Mr. Willison's pamphlet two other cases: "The history of the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Railway is faithful to the details of American railway methods. More than $3,500,000 was received from the sale of bonds. The road cost for construction and commissions and disbursements in connection with the sale of bonds probably $2,500,000. Rolling stock and terminals were supplied by the Canadian Pacific. The road received also a land grant of 1,400,000 acres and a cash subsidy of $80,000 a year. It was leased for six years to the Canadian Pacific without rental and the lease has just been renewed. But the original promoters got a million or two out of the speculation."

To summarize Mr. Willison's statement we find that out of public grants, subsidies, etc., the promoters obtained $6,500,000 for building a road costing $2,500,000.

"The Calgary and Edmonton Railway Company was incorporated in 1890. The length of the road as projected is 340 miles, of which 295 miles have been constructed. The promoters received the usual land grant of 6,400 acres per mile, and annual mail subsidy of $80,000. The subsidy is to be paid direct to the London agents as trustees for the bondholders. The bonding powers given to the company were to the amount of $25,000 per mile. Almost immediately the road passed under the operation of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Many of the promoters and contractors were closely identified with that company. At the session of Parliament of 1891, the Canadian Pacific obtained permission to issue its own 4 per cent. consolidated debenture stock to the amount of $20,000 of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. This was stated to be for the purpose of 'satisfying or acquiring obligations entered into in respect of the acquisition, construction, completion or equipment of the Calgary Railway.' The 295 miles of the road were opened in October, 1892, the Canadian Pacific Railway agreeing to operate it for the first five years, furnish the rolling stock, and retain all income other than the subsidy. To estimate correctly the resources which from various channels have been provided for the construction and operation of this 295 miles of prairie road is scarcely possible upon the information available. But a more or less close approximation may be calculated from the above facts. Railways sometimes calculate their land grant upon a basis of $3 an acre. The Calgary and Edmonton Company will not say that half that figure is an excessive basis. That gives $2,832,000 under that head. To this amount must be added the roads' bonded indebtedness, consisting of $5,458,940 first mortgage 6 per cent. 20-year bonds. It may be that these bonds were subjected to a discount, but the measure of guarantee which was given them by means of the mail subsidy no doubt materially strengthened them. Roughly speaking, therefore, and leaving out of the addition the mail subsidies, the promoters raised upon the road in bonds and land the amount of $28,000 per mile. The cost of the road, according to the company's own figures, has been $3,717,882, or $13,000 a mile. Actually, however, the road did not cost them more than probably $7,000 a mile. The roadbed is now in very poor condition. At this rate the total cost was $2,065,000, and over against this is a

bonded debt of five and a-half millions, and the 1,888,000 acres of land grant. In view of all these facts," concludes Mr. Willison, " we should make it an inflexible feature of our future railway policy that we shall not vote public money for the construction of parallel roads, that we shall rigidly limit issues of stock and capital, and force railway construction and railway operation down to business principles. It is time we learned something from a very instructive experience. The American people have awakened to the importance of this problem, and it is time we too gave it very serious attention. All these carrying corporations are the offspring of Parliament, the holders of public franchises, and their right of taxation ought to be limited to a reasonable profit on a reasonable investment, although we may not violate solemn bargains nor unload even upon corporations that we have unwisely created, the consequences of our own folly."

Two of the more recent railway bargains which have been consummated between Government and promoter, and which appear to possess many of the same insane features as those already enumerated, are the Crow's Nest and Rainy River enterprises. In the case of the Crow's Nest line, Parliament in 1887, on the recommendation of Government, gave the Canadian Pacific Railway Company a subsidy of $11,000 per mile for 330 miles (from Lethbridge, Alberta, to Nelson, B.C.). Not only has the federal authorities power to grant charters and subsidies, but the provincial legislatures and governments all possess like powers and jurisdiction. The existence of this dual franchise and subsidy-granting authority has been a great "snap" for the railway exploiter and promoter and has resulted in the plundering of the resources of the Canadian people to an enormous extent. To understand the Crow's Nest bargain properly it must be explained that the Legislature of British Columbia in 1896 granted a charter to a corporation called the British Columbia Southern Railway Company, empowering it to build a railway in the very district through which the Crow's Nest line has now been partially built by the C.P.R. One of the subsidies carried by this charter was an enormous grant of valuable coal lands, said to be one of the most valuable coal deposits in the world. This charter was acquired by some eastern Canadian capitalists, who sold it to the C.P.R. for a cash payment of $85,000, reserving, however, to themselves 260,000 acres of the best coal and oil lands included in the grant. A company was then formed known as the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, and in a prospectus shortly afterwards issued the assets were inventoried as follows: 260,000 acres of coal and oil lands, $1,415,000. This estimate will furnish the public with some idea of the value of the millions of acres included in the original land grant (3,500,000 acres was the amount) out of which the C.P.R. generously donated to the Dominion 50,000 acres in consideration with the valuable cash subsidy of $3,630,000. Readers who desire further information as to the value of the franchise obtained by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company without giving to the public one farthing as a *quid pro quo*, can consult the stock quotation and discover what Crow's Nest is worth. A little figuring will be all that is necessary to reach the gross profit. That the Crow's Nest Pass Railway would doubtless have been constructed by the C.P.R. without any aid whatever will be seen by any one who chooses to refer to the report of the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the financial year previous to the voting of the immense subsidies.

It must, of course, be stated that the Crow's Nest bargain with the C.P.R. involved concessions by the company in the form of considerable rate reductions on the line itself, and on the main line as well, in addition to the retention by Government of control of running powers to other lines over the Crow's Nest roadbed.

The details of the Rainy River Rail-

way—a line now under construction and designed to afford competition to the C. P. R. from the wheat fields of the Northwest to Lake Superior—show that the Manitoba end, 140 miles in extent, has aid to the extent of 6,400 acres per mile and a guarantee of bonds by the Province of Manitoba to the extent of $8,000 a mile. It is believed by good authorities that under the conditions which prevailed when this portion of the prairie line was under construction that it was built practically for the provincial guarantee of $8,000 a mile. But the company's land grant of 6,400 acres a mile on a mileage of 120, will yield to the company the amount of $1,536,000, taking the land grant at $2 an acre, which is a pretty low estimate. Add $530,000 for the tax exemption of the land for thirty years and $670,000 for the tax exemption on roadbed for a similar period, it will be seen how snug a thing there is for the company in the Manitoba end of the Rainy River road. Now glance at the aids voted in connection with the eastern section running through Northern Ontario from Fort Francis east. For 290 miles, the Federal Government has voted $6,400 a mile and the Ontario Government has voted $4,000 per mile for the same section, making $10,400 per mile, or a total of $3,016,000. It is estimated that even the expensive part of the line will not exceed $15,000 a mile to construct, although the company will doubtless by skilful bookkeeping make the nominal cost appear to exceed that figure in order to draw the maximum amount of aid, which as voted in the resolutions, is on a sliding scale governed by the cost of construction. Add $3,000 a mile for equipment and it will be found that the cost to the company will not be more than $8,000 a mile in excess of the public aid given. And yet Parliament has given the company power to bond the road for $20,000 a mile and to stock it for $28,000, thus enabling the company to load the road with fixed charges on $48,000 a mile when $8,000 would do. The evil of excessive stocking and bonding must be self-evident to the simplest mind, for the public must pay in high freight rates the money necessary to meet the fixed charges.

Instances of the "insane" manner in which Government has utterly failed to rise to the occasion and protect the public interest when dealing with the railway question, might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but surely more than sufficient evidence has been adduced to prove the case I set out to establish.

Although a slight divergence, permit me to heartily subscribe to the following sentiments to which an able Canadian writer recently gave utterance: "The underlying cause, or rather condition, which has made possible the incalculable loss, confusion and danger which have resulted from the insane railway policy of several Canadian Governments, is the unreasoning partizanship which has hitherto prevailed in Canada. Under present conditions party organization is necessary to the maintenance of popular government. When parties are organized and divided on well-defined differences of principle, party government is a good thing. When the party alignment is on the mere question as to which set of politicians shall control the power and patronage of government, party has degenerated into faction, and government by faction is an unmitigated curse. The methods and devices practised by these leaders and organizers of the factions, with the object of withholding or wresting power from each other, constitutes what is known as 'machine politics,' and 'machine politics' have been the bane of Canada. When a man votes and continues to vote for a political party without thought or regard for the principles or policy of that party, for the effect of these principles or policy on the well-being of the country, or for the fidelity with which the party adheres to its principles or professions, but simply because it is his father's party, he fails egregiously in his duty to this country, and his conduct is no more rational and far more immoral than that of the Guinea negro who fatuously worships the fetich mon-

strosity which probably he has himself created."

While not attempting in these papers to give anything like a history of the manner in which the public treasury has been exploited to enrich railway promotion (?) without affording the desired transportation relief to the public, I think I have quoted a sufficient number of instances to demonstrate, even to the most dense or skeptical mind, that the railway policy pursued by our Governments up to the present time has been characterized either by insanity, criminal ignorance or a wilful betrayal of public interests. My intercourse with public men who have had much to do with the transportation question convinced me that, so far as they are concerned, it is neither insanity nor criminal ignorance on their part which led them to lend their countenance and encouragement to a policy which cannot fail to bring in its train a legacy of trouble and fearful loss to the Canadian people. I think rather that they reckoned upon the existence of such popular ignorance, and such prejudice on the part of the people against public ownership, that they hesitated to attempt to lead the masses along the right path. In doing this they utterly failed in patriotism and statesmanship. If, therefore, our leaders cannot be induced to lead public opinion upon this question, the masses must be reached in some other way, and what medium could be better than the press? The people have no private interest in resisting the truth and in blocking a great and much-needed reform. All that is necessary is that they should comprehend the facts and the true bearing of the problem, and they will certainly put the necessary pressure upon the leaders to compel them to inaugurate the reform, or exchange them for leaders who will.

When our people realize that the acme of philosophic statesmanship has not been attained by the policy of handing over the public resources and public credit to start private individuals in business, with practically no public control; when they realize that railway corporations have no inherent power, but that all their strength is derived from their own ignorance or indifference, and the incompetency and venality of the "statesman," then and not till then will a speedy solution of the transportation problem in Canada be possible. When we bear in mind that the records prove that it has apparently been the custom rather than the exception to give as "aid" to railway corporations in lands, cash subventions, and other securities far more than sufficient to complete the enterprise, some little conception of the insanity of our policy may be gleaned. Has it never occurred to our people that if we have paid, and are paying, for these railroads, we might as well own them? If it has not so occurred to our people, has the suggestion never entered their heads that even if we did not own them we ought in all conscience to have reserved to ourselves control of them, instead of doing as we have done, created powerful masters who have not hesitated to chastise us without stint or apparent scruple of conscience. It seems to me that the policy we have been and are still following is tantamount to the creation at public expense of a great mercantile warehouse filled with a stock of goods and then handed over to a private firm with no consideration nor conditions, and with a monopoly of the particular line of goods contained in the warehouse. If it should be found that the firm so equipped by the public bounty was using its position for the purpose of making the people pay twice as much for their goods as it asked in other districts in which it had no monopoly; and if, in order to remedy the state of affairs and "to secure competition," it was proposed to build another warehouse, fill it with another stock, and hand it over to another private firm to do business with for its own profit—if such proposals were made by statesmen, how would they be received? Need the question be asked? They would be laughed out of countenance. And yet that is precisely the methods upon which Government has been dealing with the

transportation question, the only difference being that the gifts and endowments have been incomparably greater in the case of the transportation companies than anything imagined in the hypothetical proposition.

In my next paper I shall endeavour to deal with the question of the over-capitalization of railways, and point out the relation that it bears to high freight rates. I shall also deal with competition, and clear the ground for the concluding paper, in which I purpose discussing Government ownership as the true solution of the transportation problem.

To be Continued.

PARENT AND TEACHER.

By Agnes Deans Cameron, Principal South Park School, Victoria.

THE factors in the problems of education are the parent and teacher, the child, the home, the school, the church, society in the aggregate, and back of them all the first great cause, and all these factors are active and reactive. We speak of the parent and the teacher educating the child, forgetting that no less truly the child educates both parent and teacher.

It is a huge subject—it strikes at the root of things—it takes in everything, and I scarcely know where to attack it.

Let us go back in the history of the race to a time when the teacher had no existence. Turning the page to patriarchal times, we find the father instructing his sons in the arts of war and peace, and the mother expounding to her daughters the primal duties of obedience and industry. Each parent taught his own children as a matter of course, just as he ground his own meal and made his own clothing ; each family in matters of education as in every line of domestic labour was a unit by itself.

Times and manners changed, and gradually the workers in the world's economy realized that by a division of labour better results could be secured with a saving of time. One man now grinds the corn, another turns tailor, a third is shoemaker in common. Each turns his talents in one acceptable direction. So by a natural process one parent, as his share of the common work, undertook to teach for a certain number of hours a day with his own children the children of his neighbours, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. So was instituted the office of teaching. The teacher for a set time did a certain direct, specific, and limited work for the parent. This is as it was in patriarchal times.

Let us turn our field-glass from the past to the present, and what do we see? Well, for one thing, the parent as an active factor in the equation educational has reduced his personal responsibility pretty nearly to zero, and unless a change is made will soon "fade away and gradually die." And as he has been successively slipping off one burden of responsibility after another, the teacher urged by society at large (*i.e.*, parents in the aggregate) has picked them up.

Some one (a man) apropos of a meeting of the National Council said in the street car, recently, "O, these women ! I suppose they want the same privileges as the men : women's rights, the extension of the franchise, the right to sit on juries, etc., etc. !" Well, as regards the teaching section of us, it is not more power and responsibility that we want, but less. The teacher of the old school looked after the intellectual needs of his pupil for

five hours a day, and then the parent, the church and society at large had their turn at the pupil. To-day an impartial observer would think that the five hours of school was the only period of a child's mental activity, that he remained comatose for the rest of his time—for everyone with a teaching mission makes his demand of the child during these five teaching hours. The progressive doctor, the preacher, the moral reformer, the specialist of varieties manifold demand with a "stand and deliver" insistence that his particular fad shall be accorded a place, and withal a place of prominence on our already much "enriched" school programme.

Long ago the medical men decided that the welfare of the country demanded that a regular system of physical training should be introduced into our public schools. It was done.

It is not long since a meeting of the evangelical clergy in the New England States decided that morals must be taught in our schools. They recommended a series of set homilies to be delivered by the teacher in daily instalments. The reverend gentlemen seemed to think that morality is to be inculcated by preaching, a not unnatural conclusion, perhaps, for preachers to arrive at; but the implication that morality is not now taught is calculated to startle the thoughtful teacher.

Then the W.C.T.U. has succeeded in introducing into the schools the formal teaching of the effects of alcohol. A child now is to be kept in the narrow way of self-restraint by dangling before him a hob-nailed liver, and by intimidating him with visions of the tobacco-heart. He trembles and joins the Band of Hope.

The S.P.C.A. bears down upon us with the seductive badges of the Bands of Mercy. What more fitting place than the school-room for teaching love for the cat on the domestic hearth and the honest watch-dog in the backyard? True, these faithful animals belong to the home rather than the school. But the child can be taught to entice them with him to the school-room, and the "adaptable" teacher, the versatile one can no doubt use Carlo and the cat not only to point a moral and adorn a tale for the S.P.C.A.—she might make a "nature study," perhaps, of one of them, and give a five-minute anatomy lesson on the other. Reading, writing and arithmetic are old-fashioned. They can wait.

Last year the British Columbia Council of Women was all agog for domestic science. When I, opening my eastern windows which look towards the sun, saw the procession of cooking stoves and stew pans, carpenters' benches and jack planes heading for the school-room door, I lifted up a feeble wail for mercy. In this whole Council of Women I found no friend. I was anathema and ultra-conservative. I was unprogressive and lazy. Did I not know that cooking was a good thing, a most necessary thing? And shouldn't the school course be enriched?

Again, this British Columbia of ours is a new country. Says one superintendent of education: "The children should be taught agriculture. You see the little fellows will study all about soils, and weeds and ensilage, and the raising of prize stock and the rotation of crops; and then they will go home and round the family table they will let fall crumbs of knowledge which their fathers will pick up and afterwards reduce to practice in their daily lives; and so wisdom and knowledge will increase." This is actual fact that I am stating. This argument was used in sober earnest, and the people who used it had the power, and the subject of agriculture was added to our school course, and the text books were put into the hands of the children; but, alas, the books had been compiled for Ontario, and they told of Ontario soils and warned against Ontario weeds, and, somehow, neither teacher nor farmer seemed to be able to adjust them to the longitude of British Columbia, and so agriculture dropped out of the course.

Sewing guilds and Delsarte demonstrators clamour for the chance to enrich our programmes, while piping in be-

tween them is heard the siren voice of the tonic sol-fa-ist. You can't open your school-room door for a breath of fresh air without having some one with a mission fall in. The boys are assailed with rope-splicing and they have fret-sawing at recess, and when it rains dry-land swimming is taught them in the basement.

The school-room stands wide open. The teacher and the receptive children within panting like gold fish for a little air; are they not fair game for the wise men from the East and the West and the North and the South, and the eight and twenty other points of the compass?

The truth is the large numbers of children gathered daily into school-rooms form tempting fields easy of access to every hobby-horse rider for the introduction of what each considers the sine qua non for reforming the world. One of the most difficult phases of the teachers' profession is the fact that the teacher more than any other worker is at the mercy of theorists. No one gets more gratuitous advice than she does. Everyone you meet is willing to tell you how to do your work—they are just bubbling over with recipes of "how to do it." Parsons keep a regular supply of sermons for our use. City editors, when they run short of subjects for the Sunday sermonette, just turn their attention to "these well-paid and certainly not overworked teachers." "Children are not patriotic," they say, "and the teacher is to blame." What is the effect on the teacher, of all this public badgering? Here and there is found a worm who (like the pew-paying worm in 'Red Pottage') ventures to turn. For the most part the teacher (who is of a long-suffering race) accepts the editor's reproof, plunges wildly into Ladysmith and Mafeking processions, marshals her pupils into triumphal columns, drags the feeble from under horses' hoofs, and in defence of her charges engages in hand-to-hand conflicts with mobs and trampling hordes. And the parents, the natural protectors, one would think, of their own offspring, view the conflict from afar off, and smile approval from sheltered coigns of vantage; while the editor leans back in his carriage, smokes a committee cigar and thinks what a grand thing patriotism is.

Again, to satisfy some one's love of display school children are made a part of many public functions. I have been ordered out with my pupils to help celebrate the bringing in of a first railway train and the laying of hospital foundations. We have formed part of an agricultural exhibition (we were not told to which section we were supposed peculiarly to belong). Jammed in between the fire brigade and Adgie and the lions, we have helped to swell patriotic processions; and once at the sword's point was I ordered to marshal my class forth to join the pageant of a politician's public funeral—the occasion was not without its features of grim humour as the children, blissfully innocent of any incongruity, solaced themselves during the long wait with bun-bites and surreptitious oranges.

Now, well do I know that I will be called an obstructionist. I see it coming by more than one determined eye in front of me, so I want to clearly define my position with regard to these Bands of Mercy, Bands of Hope, W. C. T. U.'s and S. P. C. A.'s; this sewing, sawing and swimming, straw-weaving, rope-splicing, wood-splitting, cooking and tonic sol-fa. Some of them I know to be good in themselves, and the rest may be. But that is not the question which confronts us.

Five hours is a period of time with mathematical limitations. You cannot crowd something new into it, without crowding something old out. Already the ground-work subjects have suffered of necessity. We have "enriched" our course at the expense of thoroughness. We pretend to teach that which it is an impossibility, equally mental and physical, for us to teach in the limited time at our disposal.

I speak not for myself. I would fain be a special pleader for the child: as his "delegate." I in all earnest-

ness ask: "Is it not time for some one to cry a halt and let the reasoning faculties draw the breath of life?"

In the school, as elsewhere in this busy age of emulation, of turmoil and competition, we attempt too much—eagerness takes the place of earnestness—and we are out of touch with the good old-fashioned virtues of thoughtfulness and thoroughness.

The cure? If we have fallen into error let us acknowledge it. Put back the clock. Lop off the enrichments (I had almost said excrescenses), and get back to simpler conditions. Attempt less, and if we only teach a little, let us teach that little philosophically, livingly and lovingly, and (shall I say it?) trust your teachers a little more, oh, parents individually, school boards and framers of programmes! Almost every theorist under the sun has been allowed to curtail a teacher's usefulness by binding him down to cast-iron programmes and by courses of study.

The real teacher, and by this I mean one who looks beyond the mere passing of examinations and satisfying of the "powers that be" to a tribunal that deals with the roots of things and to whom mere externals and pretences are abhorrent, is longing and hungering to do real teaching. Give her a chance and see how willingly she will throw off the shackles of grind and cram.

For my own part I have been reckless enough this last year to leave the regular course for days at a time to look after itself, while together my pupils and I explored the byways of literature and had many a comfortable talk together, talks which, although not labelled "instructive and profitable," served to make us better friends.

Nine-tenths of our teachers to-day would do the same thing if you'll only let them. I say, give them the chance.

Look back over your own school days. Who was the teacher for whom you entertain the kindliest feelings—the one who most influenced your life? It wasn't that teacher who held you off at arm's length, and in allopathic doses administered the school course to you straight. It was the one who got at your inner self and let you see a little bit of his own in the process. Again, in throwing the whole work of teaching on the school, I feel that there is danger of depriving the home of its legitimate influence. Children of this generation are losing a something that nothing else in this world can supply. Their busy, overcrowded school lives are robbing them of that direct mother-influence which belonged to us of the last generation of children. The quiet, heart to heart chat at the end of the day's work, the children's hour, is it not slipping away?

Is it permissible for me, I wonder, to speak about mothers to mothers? May an old maid do so without presumption? Then let me say that if I were one of the mothers of these days I would be jealous of my influence with my children—I would be loath to give so much of it up to the teacher. Educating children in the mass has its advantages, but it is the family, not the fifty children in a school grade which forms the unit of national greatness, and God's own plan is the family plan. A mother can, if she will, do more in foundation character building for the child in those first and only years when she represents to him the law of life, than any teacher can ever hope to do afterwards. Don't be too eager to pass your little one on to the nation's nurseries, the kindergarten and the primary school. Your child will in his school journey have many teachers and they will, some more and some less, influence his life, but he has and can have but one mother. Mothers are queer. There are some inexplicable points about them. I have studied the subject (from an exoteric standpoint) for years and there are some things that I cannot understand. One is the attitude of that mother who, when you are trying with all earnestness to strengthen the moral fibre of her child thrusts herself in between that child and the natural consequences of his own acts with a note of this tenor: "Miss Cameron, please excuse Johnny for being late; excuse him for his home

work ; don't keep him in after school ; don't punish him for anything at any time. Let him out of school at half-past two, excuse him for all his delinquencies, past, present and to come, shut your eyes to everything that is wrong, take pretence for performance, and in short, Miss Cameron, make yourself one of a partnership of three to call wrong right and right wrong."

Let me with all the force at my command emphasize my deep conviction that the action of this mother (and her name is Legion, for she is many) is the cruelest folly. It must result in keen disappointment and undoing when the child learns in the sterner school of the world of men and women that surely and without one deviation does the great Father enforce His rule, "As a man sows, so must he reap." I think it is Goldsmith who says, "There is often the truest tenderness in well-timed severity." I suppose I will offend again when I say that I have little sympathy with that school of educators who would remove from a child's path all difficulties, and make it ever for him plain sailing. The tendency to sentimentalism in our age is, I know, constantly seeking excuses for not doing unpleasant things. Text books and school journals tell us how to keep our pupils wide-awake and interested so that they may need no rules. This may be very pleasant for the time being for all concerned, but there is no discipline in it. There are hard duties in citizenship, and I contend that the habit of always expecting to be pleased and interested while a child, does not help the man or woman to do earnest work in hard places. There can be no discipline unless the child learns to do unpleasant things because they are right.

Another thing difficult for me to understand is how a mother can be willing and content to send her child to school to be taught by a teacher whom she does not know. I couldn't, I wouldn't. If I were a mother I would want to know the teacher into whose care I was turning over my little one for more than one-half of his waking hours. And I would want to thoroughly know her, too. I wouldn't be at all curious about her family history—it would be a matter of equal indifference if her father had been a doctor or her grandfather a ditcher. I wouldn't exercise myself about finding out what church she attended, or what names were on her calling list. The question of "caste" would not trouble me. But I would want to know what she was doing in the world, what she was thinking about, what she was teaching and why she was teaching it —just what she stood for in the busy ranks of the world's workers. And if I couldn't approve of her, I would not leave my little one in her care. If I found in her a woman to esteem and respect (we might differ on a thousand matters if we were one on vital things), it seems to me that I would try hard to make a warm personal friend of her. If I could not succeed in this (and friendship is a tender plant which refuses to be forced), I would at least be loyal to her; I trust I would not be guilty of the bad form of discussing her actions and questioning her methods, or of permitting others to do so, in the presence of my children ; and I would honestly try to strengthen her hands in every possible way. And why not? Is not the teacher the mother's substitute for the time being —her full working-partner?

Just one thought and I am done. I put it forth in no captious spirit ; indeed it is with extreme diffidence that I touch upon it at all. It is this : Parents allow their children to grow away from them ; and too often just at the time when boys and girls have arrived at the borders of manhood and womanhood, at the time of all times when they feel the need of counsel of a personal nature, parents and children find themselves miles apart. I can best explain what I mean by speaking of my own experience, and I trust that you will excuse the ever-recurring personal pronoun. At different times I have had boys and girls come to me with troubles and questions of a personal nature, confidences too sacred to

touch upon here; and after we had been freely talking together, I have asked, "How about your home people, have you talked it over with any one there?" The reply generally is, "No, I didn't like to talk to my mother about it."

Now, I speak from my own point of view, of course; isn't something wrong somewhere? Does not the mother, busy and crowded though her life may be, who in following after the many lines of present-day activities fails to keep in close touch with her children, allow something to drift out of her life, the loss of which nothing else in this world can replace? And the pity of it is that that confidence is such a subtle something! We can't let it slip one day and go back and pick it up the next.

Before closing I would say that as a teacher, personally, I have much to thank the parents for. Indeed the friendships which have meant the most to me in life have come to me through the school room. My lines have fallen in pleasant places and I am truly grateful. And with this I am done. I can not and will not write platitudes on this subject, and, after all, that which we feel most deeply is the thing which we never put in words.

CANADA PETE.

A STORY OF THE KLONDIKE.

By A. C. Campbell.

IN the course of several years' knocking about the West I had heard more than once of Canada Pete, and, being a Canadian myself and prone to be homesick, I had many times wished I could meet him. Though long a resident of the "Coast," and drifting hither and thither according to the varied fortune of the prospector and gold-seeker, he had never yielded to either the blandishment or the bullying of the Americans with whom he came in contact; but, as it were, flew the flag of his native land at the masthead, and lived an outspoken, uncompromising upholder of the purest type of Canadianism. Knowing how many Hannibal Chollops there were in the West who *would* have their country "cracked up," it was easy for me to surmise — as, indeed, I afterward learned from himself—that many a time this clinging to the traditions of his birthplace had made enemies of those about him, and had got him into serious trouble. But he had won through it all, and by the time I first heard of him, had been licensed by common consent to be in but not of the United States. The common opinion was well voiced by the man who first told me of him. This was Shorty McGowan, a prospector whom I met "promisc'ous," as they say, in the wilds of Guadalajara, Mexico. That was a great trip, and I would have made ten million dollars out of it if it had not been for—but I mustn't stop to tell that story now.

"Never heard of Canaday Pete?" said Shorty McGowan; "'low you 'ain't be'n long on the Coast."

I was a tenderfoot then, and owned up to it. But I said that the name Canada Pete sounded good, and asked for more information.

"I knowed you was a Canadian," said my new friend, "by the make of yer plug terbacker, 'n' by yer talk. 'Twuz allus a wonder to me b'fore I see Canaday Pete that he wasn't lynched; but no man thet ever saw him 'd want to lay a hand on him. He's a forty-niner—fact—come to Cali-

forny jest a kid. But when he come West he grew up with the country, *I* tell you. He's over six foot, 'n' when he wuz young he could heft a hill. Ever forgot Canaday? You'd 'a' thought, to hear him talk, that the United States wa'n't nothin but jest an outlandish, barbarious place, only good fer a man to make his pile in, 'n' then go back to Canaday 'n' clean up 'n' be a gentleman *among* gentlemen. One time, they tell me, he wuz drawed on the jury in Frisco, an' he swore out of it on account of not bein' a citizen. The judge asked him why he hadn't taken out his papers, an' Pete said he didn't have to 'r somethin' like that. The judge told him—that's a way judges hez up in the States—he ought to be ashamed of himself to be livin' in the country, gettin' the benefit of its laws, an' not become a citizen. Then Pete turned to an' gev him brimstone. Men thet wuz there hez told me it wuz ez good ez a Fourth July oration the way he talked about Canaday and the British flag. The judge threatened to send him to jail for contempt of court, but Pete told him not to be sassy 'n' he wouldn't get sassed back. He bluffed that judge to a standstill, 'n' walked out o' court with his head up 'n' his big eyes flashin' fit to set the air afire. The boys admired his spunk. An' so do I. Dern a man that 'd go back on his country anyhow! I'm an American, you bet, 'n' ef I had to live the rest of my days among these cussed greasers, I'd never be a Mexican while the sky held up. No *Sir*! Reckon it's about the same with Pete. Never wuz in Canaday m'self, but I've seen consid'r'ble many Canadians, 'n' they're all right."

I would like to tell about that Guadalajara affair, but that's not the story I started out to tell. Anyhow it was a failure, and I had to look for other diggings.

In the course of human events I found myself in Alaska, one of those who made a living, such as it was, by washing gold out of some of the creeks that fed the Yukon or its tributaries. We used to go in every summer and rush out every winter until we learned "burning" as we call it—that is, thawing out the ground in winter and throwing up the dirt ready for sluicing or panning in the spring. After that we remained all winter. Circle City was our headquarters, and there we congregated, as strange a crew as ever fortune threw together.

In the bar-room one night a man stated in my hearing that Canada had never had any placer mining. When I reminded him of the Cariboo excitement, he said that that was in British Columbia before it became part of Canada, and so did not count. This made the point in discussion a pretty fine one, and by rights I should have dropped it. But, of course, I thought my next retort would clinch the argument—that is how wrangling begins. I said the Cariboo country was part of Canada now, anyway, and that there were still placers in it.

"Well," said the other, "there may be, but we don't hear of no rush to them. Anyhow, it seems to me that this Cariboo business must have been a fake, from start to finish, becuz *I* never see a man that struck it rich there."

"Here's one now," said a voice from a corner of the bar-room; "take a look at him."

The man was a stranger to me, and I had not noticed him until he spoke. I shall never forget how the first sight of him recalled to my mind a line of Tennyson that I read when a youngster, where, speaking of Merlin, he used the words, "the vast and shaggy mantle of his beard." Neither on head nor face of the stranger was there a tinge of grey, but in the large prominent eyes, in the strong lines of the countenance, and even in the great beard which seemed to add to his height and girth, both of which were remarkable, the experience of over sixty years of strenuous life had left its imprint.

"Did you strike it rich in the Cariboo?" asked the man who had been talking with me.

"That's what I did," said the big man, as he rose and came over to join us.

"There you are," said I, glad to exult over my antagonist in debate; "and, what's more, there is gold on the Peace River, and on the Saskatchewan. Big placers will be heard of in Canada yet, and don't you forget it."

"Right you are, Canuck!" said the big man, laying a brawny, hairy paw in affectionate accommodation on my shoulder. "There never was anything richer known than the Cariboo, while the rush lasted. But the Cariboo was only the beginning of what Canada is to do, and California—humph! California's a fool to it."

"I s'pose you'll tell us," said another, joining in with a good-natured laugh, "that Canaday'll give us suthin better'n Chicken Creek"—the big strike that was then the reigning excitement.

"For chickens on this side they have full-grown Shanghai roosters in Canada," said the stranger.

"An' whereabouts are you goin' to make these big strikes? Down among the Habitaws, I s'pose."

"Not three hundred miles from where you stand."

"Shucks! They ain't no Canada so near as that. All this" (with a comprehensive motion of the hand) "is Alaska, an' belongs to Uncle Sam."

"No it ain't; it's Canada, and belongs to Queen Victoria."

Something in his tone, a sort of love and reverence affected me so as almost to bring the tears to my eyes. An impulse within me rather than myself seemed to speak my next words.

"Why, you must be Canada Pete!"

"That's me."

Our "shake" was with both hands. I could have hugged him, but with an effort I maintained my dignity and expressed my joy only in the formal manner, by ordering drinks for the crowd. Nearly all except myself knew Canada Pete, and out of good-natured consideration for him, and in honour of our meeting, they drank not only the conventional "Here's lookin' at you," but also "Canada; Good Luck!"

I made myself a chum of Canada Pete after that. Though I had been told that he was a man of few words, I found that he talked freely enough to me—almost too freely, for what he said almost seemed to justify the significant looks of our fellow-miners and even their pantomimic intimations that hard luck and hard work had at last turned the poor old man's brain.

He told me (not in a complaining way, he blamed nobody but himself, not even his luck) that he had come near making his pile over and over again in the United States, but always something had happened to dash the cup of fortune from his very lips.

"The only time I ever really had money," he said, "was when I came down from the Cariboo in '66. But I wasn't satisfied—wanted an even million to go home with. So I went into quartz mining in California. Pooh! One of us fellows might as well try to run a flour mill. Of course I lost every dollar. I made a little in the Cassiar after that, but dropped it in Spokane real estate. Strange how long it's taken me to learn my lesson. But I've got it off pat now. I always thought I was to make my pile in the States and spend it in Canada. I'm headed for Canada next week. That's where I'm to make my money."

"But there are no diggings in Canada yet."

"The gold is there, though."

"Yes, quartz."

"And placers."

"How do you know?"

"The Yukon flows, in part, through Canada, and gold is found in the Yukon. There's gold in Cariboo and in Cassiar and in Omenica, and about here. Don't you see? The next big placer finds will be south or east of here, and I'm after them."

"But you've got a good claim here."

"Wages—just wages. This is the United States, and I'm a Canadian. My luck is in Canada. I've got the worst claim on the creek. On the other side of Ogilvie's line I'll have the best."

"See here," I said, serious now. "Honest Injun! Do you *know* any-

thing. If you've got any pointers that you can depend on, and want a partner that'll rassle through anything with you, give me your pointers and I'm your man."

"I have pointers that are pointers to me, but they would be nothing to you. If I told you that I saw an Indian with a nugget that I *know* never could have come from any creek about here; if I told you that old Sam Dake, once when he was full o' booze, said something that nobody but me understood, about finding gold on the Upper Yukon; if I told you that a Hudson's Bay man told me years ago that old Fort Reliance was in a gold country—you would say there was nothing in any of these things. But put them all together, and then look at the map. Look at the map, man! See how the gold country runs north and gets richer as you near the pole. Even the very location of their Chicken Creek proves it. Chicken Creek! Paugh! A couple of dollars a pan at the best. I want gold by the shovelful! And I'll get it when I follow my luck into Canada."

I tried hard to dissuade him, telling him that he was going out on a wild-goose chase, that it was well enough for prospectors who had nothing, tenderfeet and busted parties to go nosing around for impossible big strikes, but for a man of property like himself, a man with a sure thing—for his claim *was* worth more than wages—it was straight foolishness. He listened to all I had to say, smoking thoughtfully the while, but when I had finished he knocked the ashes out of his pipe as though that conversation were over.

But he resumed it himself a day or two after. He said he would like to have me for a partner. He had no proof that he was on the right trail, he said, and no money to guarantee me against loss, but he knew he had a good thing ahead, and, if I could see it that way, he would share with me. I felt not only that it would be foolish of me to accept his offer, but also that I ought to dissuade him from carrying out his plan. I had "bought in" on Flat Creek, and did not feel like abandoning my investment and its prospective returns for a chance which looked like no chance at all. Strange how a man will turn away when luck stands ready with bag and scoop to fill his pockets with gold! I gave Pete a kindly but decided "No" for an answer.

"That's right," he said; "you do exactly what I would do if our places were changed. But I've done my share in making the offer. You're the only man I'd make a partner of. All my old chums are dead or rich. If you won't go in, then I'm the only man on this prospect, and nobody makes or loses but me."

He was ready within a day or two after that. The steamer *Bedon* came "sloshing along"—that is the only way to express it—bound up the river, and Pete and his outfit were taken aboard.

This was in August, 1895.

We people went on pottering along with our little prospects. Within a year opinions concerning Canada Pete had considerably changed. Miners coming down the river spoke of the district about old Fort Reliance as the best gold region to be found, but said it was almost impossible to prospect properly on account of the expense of getting in supplies.

During the summer of '96 the rumours that reached us reminded one of the children's game of "hot butter and blue beans." A good many prospectors were searching for the rich gravel, and the finds improved considerably—the searchers were "getting hotter." The news obtained indirectly from the Indians grew a good deal more definite. Men about Circle City began to talk about leaving for "up the river," and a good many wondered what information Canada Pete could have had that he had started off so confident of success.

One day—shall I ever forget it?—word reached us that the rich ground had been struck. Not the rich ground we had talked about, but something that no old miner would have dared to

hope for. It was Canada Pete's "gold by the shovelful," and it was all in Canada.

There may have been some people left behind, but I doubt it. All the creeks, including those at the head of Forty Mile River; yes, even the great Chicken Creek itself, which had been a marvel up to that time, were promptly abandoned.

I got there in time to take up a claim on Bonanza Creek, and, as the fellows who write "recommends" for patent medicine say, I have never had reason to regret it. I had a good many offers to sell out, but I thought I knew a good thing when I had it in my grip, and, besides, I knew that when word reached the outside world in the spring, there would be many more possible purchasers to deal with if I should then want to sell. So I went on sluicing that fall and "burning" in the winter.

I must pass over the events of the spring of '97 on the Klondike. Some day, it may be, one of the old-timers more eloquent than I will tell that stirring story.

The summer was well advanced when Canada Pete reappeared. I did not know that he was anywhere near Dawson until he stood in the doorway of my shack. So far as his features and figure were concerned, he looked just about as he had when I last had seen him, but that appearance not exactly of age but of almost an eternity of experience was increased tenfold.

"Well," he said.

There was a whole dictionary full of "I told you so's" in his tone.

I was so astonished at his sudden appearance, so overwhelmed with the recollection of the almost supernatural fore-knowledge he had shown of the future of the country, so confounded by that inscrutable look and the tone of the one word of greeting he had spoken, that I could hardly utter a word. I think I said "Good day," or something like that. I may have said what Chimmie Fadden was wont to say when he "couldn't t'ink uv nuttin else."

But I brought Pete in and gave him a drink, which, as it were, brought us back to the line of a fair start. I began to tell him about the richness of my claim and others. Forty dollars to the pan, fifty, sixty, a hundred, two hundred dollars and more to the pan—riches that would have driven the old timers of California or Australia stark, raving crazy, were events of everyday occurrence around us. Canada Pete looked as though he did not regard my news as so very wonderful, and even when I somewhat exaggerated the common reports, or gave as gospel some that, to say the least, were not verified, he gave a grave assent as though I were talking of mere matters of course.

"What luck have you had?" I asked.

"I got what I came for," he replied. "Did you ever hear of the Band of Hope in Ballarat, Australia?"

What miner does not know the story of those iron-willed heroes who removed a mountain that rested upon the rock-encrusted gold they sought?

"As your finds are to the Ballarat placers, so is mine to the vein uncovered by the Band of Hope."

There was no boastfulness in the tone. I realized that those eyes that looked so calmly into mine had seen back there in the wilderness somewhere, such riches as man had never beheld before. Among a certain class, whom we old-timers were rather disposed to regard as tenderfeet, there was a good deal of talk about finding the "mother lode." If there was such a thing Pete must have found it, or the grandmother or the great foremother of all lodes.

But I dared not ask questions—I knew that it would be no use to do so anyway. I had had my chance when Pete had offered me a partnership, and I had refused it. I remembered perfectly his words, "I'm the only man on this prospect; nobody makes or loses but me." It was evident he had not forgotten them either.

I waited to see how he would describe his claim when he entered it. There was nothing unfair in that, for if there was only one good claim he would have it, and if there were more

than one he could not take all and could not be injured by others coming in beside him ; in fact, it would benefit him by opening up a route to the new ground, wherever it was, and so reduce the cost of getting in supplies.

But Pete did not enter a claim. He had about half a million in gold with him, of which he spent freely as occasion called for, but with none of the crazy extravagance of the ordinary miner who has struck it rich. A good many of the boys thought these things proof that he had worked his claim for all it was worth and found it necessary to economize—for we all knew that an even million was his mark. But I figured that he simply did not think enough of his money to bother about using it. There is such a thing as having more money than you can spend. My opinion was strengthened when I expressed in a mild way and indirectly my surprise at his not entering his claim and so protecting his rights. He smiled.

"There's enough to last my time and yours," he answered with a gesture that indicated a belief that gold was as plentiful as snow in winter, and precautions for keeping it were wholly superfluous.

"Good bye," he said then, and extended his hand.

"Going away?"

"Yes ; going home at last. This is home in a way," and he gave the ground a pat with his foot. "This is Canada and home. But I want to go back to the old place in Upper Canada and give the folks that are left what I've brought out. I'll be back next year. So long."

That was the last I ever saw of him. He went down the river to St. Michael's, and there took the ill-fated *Benson* down the coast. George Clarke, one of the survivors of the wreck, came back to Dawson to look for another fortune, having lost over eighty thousand dollars' worth of nuggets and dust. He looked me up and gave me a paper which Canada Pete had entrusted to him for me. It was a sort of map, but so water-soaked and travel-worn that I have been unable so far to understand it. Pete had drawn it after the vessel struck and before she went down. I live in hope that some occurrence may give me the key to it, for I do not doubt when I can read it I shall be able to find the rich ground from which the old man took his half million.

"He was Canada Pete to the last," said Clarke. "While we were waiting for the vessel to get off the rock or go to pieces, he told me he couldn't get through, but it served him right for trusting himself and his money on an American boat, instead of keeping to Canadian soil."

THE DAISY.

SWEET child of earth, thy face is purer far
Than ours, to whom all things the God has given ;
White as an angel's robe, fair as the fairest star,
It turns serenely upward, unto Heaven.

I feel a likeness, drawing me to thee,
I, stained with sin, with worldly passion rife ;
What throbs through thee, fills also even me,
The great mysterious mother-spirit—Life.

Bert Marie Cleveland.

A FORECAST OF THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.

By M. E. Nichols.

ASSAILING a Government in the vigour of its career is a disheartening undertaking, and without an issue which commands the earnest interest of the electorate is rarely rewarded with success. There was such an issue in the elections of 1896 when the Manitoba School Question divided the Conservative strength, alienated the Independent element and made the triumph of the Liberal party sure.

A government is the entrenched party, and in the fulness of its strength heroic action is necessary to dislodge it. An overshadowing issue, an issue capable of appealing with crushing force to the electors, is an Opposition's only hope of victory. The political history of Canada substantiates this. Sir John Macdonald went out of power in 1874 on the Pacific scandal; he reinstated himself in 1878 on the strength of the National Policy. Two great questions brought about two great changes in the fortunes of the political parties of Canada. To-day with the general elections at hand there is no issue which can be said to claim precedence in the sight of the electorate. True, the Opposition has numerous important quarrels with the governing party. It disputes the wisdom of its tariff policy; denounces its preference to Britain; assails its administration of the Yukon, and finds serious fault with its attempted redistribution of seats. But of all the issues which Sir Charles Tupper delights to relate, there is not one which the Canadian elector can declare to be of surpassing importance. An Opposition is not nearly as dangerous hacking at the enemy's wall, producing a spark here and a splinter there, as when it concentrates its whole strength at the weakest point. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier hesitated to send Canadian troops to Britain's aid in South Africa he came just as near presenting the Opposition with a fatal issue as is healthy for a Government, but he recovered his judgment in time. As it is, the Opposition must attack an entrenched enemy with small arms, and the conflict promises small success to the attacking party.

Since there is no great issue to engage the attention of the country, the fate of the Laurier Government will be determined by different influences in nearly every Province. From Ontario and the West the Opposition may expect to make its greatest, if not its only gains. The influences which menace the Government in Ontario are both selfish and patriotic. There can be no doubt that the patronage which every Government controls is conceded a strength which it does not possess. Personal interest is at the root of the activity of thousands of electors in behalf of a party and it is not easy to persuade one why his claims are inferior to those of another. The office or the contract which gladdens the heart of one faithful follower makes hostile or indifferent a dozen or more who aspired for the prize. Patronage cuts both ways, and the most skilful distribution is certain to leave numerous disgruntled followers who nursed their ambitions throughout the long years of Conservative ascendency at Ottawa. There are Liberals too who are not enthusiastic in the Government's behalf, and who are honest in their hostility or indifference. A party in opposition is irresponsible. It appeals to the people with theories workable and unworkable. The Liberal party had eighteen years to form good intentions, and the Government which could have carried out the promises it made in Opposition would be an ideal one. Belief, however, that the Liberal leaders pledged the party to practical reforms which they have signally failed to give

effect to has estranged many warm adherents of Liberalism. The Laurier Government is likely to suffer from the feeling that the ideals energetically fought for in the dark days of the Liberal party no longer guide its leaders. The Ontario elector who was told that the national debt would shrink under Liberal rule has seen it enter into the spirit of the growing time. The annual expenditure which, according to Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. David Mills, and Hon. Wm. Mulock, was ruinously extravagant at $38,000,000, is now millions in excess of the outlay which this eminent trio bewailed. The farmer has not seen the duty disappear from agricultural implements; the gates of the American markets have not opened to him at Sir Wilfrid Laurier's touch. Members of parliament have accepted offices of emolument under the Crown, even as in the days when Liberals characterized this as a disgraceful assault upon the independence of Parliament. Railways which were to cease fattening from the country's resources, fare as well, if not better, under Liberal rule. Perhaps Ontario Liberalism expected too much, but there can be no doubt that the party's failure in power to make good its many promises has subdued much of the enthusiasm which characterized the party in its Opposition days. The approaching battle will not see the Liberal party fighting in such unison and enthusiasm. While they are not likely to change their political faith, many of them will be more or less indifferent as to the result, and indifference is one of the greatest dangers that can beset a party. Conservative expectation from these and other sources must be discounted by the fact that the fates have smiled on the country during the period of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's administration. Prosperity is the friend and adversity the relentless enemy of Governments. Wrath at misdemeanours, which the Opposition leaders are improving every hour to point out, is tempered by the feeling that the country is going ahead.

One other saving influence the Liberal party can depend upon. It will not have the manufacturers' great power arrayed against it as when the Liberal Government threatened the removal of protective duties. The Laurier Government, by maintaining the high tariff, has shown the manufacturers the folly of their fears, and that important influence will now be directed along more natural lines. Giving due weight to the influences which will determine the result of the contest in Ontario, Conservative hope of gains does not seem to be without substantial basis. A majority of ten seats is not beyond the achievement of Sir Charles Tupper, but such a gain would be the extreme limit of rational expectation.

Quebec was the Province of surprises in the elections of 1896, and Conservatives who know the Province well declare that the result in the coming contest will prove just as pronounced a surprise. They say this in answer to the great Liberal confidence, amounting to almost certainty in Quebec, which confidence, in fact, is shared by men who have no friendship for the Laurier Government. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Frenchman, Liberals assert, will carry Quebec even as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Frenchman, captured the Province against tremendous odds in 1896. There are strong Conservatives who would place the maximum Bleu victories at fifteen. The Laurier Government in some instances has not pleased the French Canadian electorate. It has done that which would array the Province almost solidly against it were its leader other than an eminent French Canadian. Quebec would be better pleased if more Government officials had been dismissed to make way for faithful Liberals. Quebec is outraged at the thought of contributing Canadian men and money towards the prosecution of Imperial wars, and Quebec is seriously dissatisfied with what the Laurier Government has chosen to call a settlement of the Manitoba School Question. A racial prejudice, or to be milder, a lack of racial enthusiasm abetted by a religious grievance, the

two foregoing influences would accomplish the ruin of any government controlled by other than a French-Canadian Premier. Conservatives who, appreciating the operation of these forces, look for a great secession from the Liberal ranks, forget the almost marvellous influence which the eloquence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier exerts upon the French Canadians. Sir Wilfred Laurier will talk to them in their own tongue ; he will talk to them as compatriot to compatriot ; as Catholic to Catholic. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's appeal to Quebec on sentimental grounds will do much to offset the feeling which is reflected in the anti-Imperial outbursts of Henri Bourassa, M.P., and Dominique Monet, M.P., and to neutralize the enmity of the hierarchy provoked by an unsatisfactory settlement of the Manitoba School Question. Sir Wilfrid Laurier will do the sentimental part, and Hon. J. Israel Tarte, the brainiest organizer that Canada has seen, will take care that the fruits of his leader's eloquence are not lost. The Laurier Government has, undoubtedly, again to face the hostile influences of the Church. The Roman Catholic hierarchy feels that it has a Majuba Hill to wipe out, and it will not fail to do its utmost for the party in whose behalf it worked in vain in the election of 1896. It is a more dangerous foe than when it last combated the Liberal party. In 1896 Liberal and Conservative alike were solemnly pledged to remove the grievance of the Manitoba minority, a fact which hampered the church in controlling its adherents. The hierarchy is not now commanding, it is arguing, entreating vengeance upon the party which abused the confidence of the French Canadians. The probability is, however, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will triumph over the church as he did when he encountered its hostility in 1896. Some four or five seats the Conservatives may gain on the ground that Canada should not be drawn into Imperial wars, but there are constituencies held by the Opposition which the Liberals will redeem. Sir Charles Tupper will do well if he secures twenty followers in Quebec, which leaves the Government with a majority of twenty-five in this Province alone.

New Brunswick holds out no hopes to the Opposition. In this Province party lines are faintly drawn ; the Liberal of to-day may be a Conservative to-morrow. A man changes his political faith sometimes with good reason, but more often without any patriotic motive. The New Brunswick electorate does not hold its representatives to account for their political whims. Some of the most successful politicians in the Province have changed from one party to the other for no other purpose than to be with the governing power. Hon. A. G. Blair was not looked upon as a pronounced Liberal until he went to Ottawa to accept a portfolio in the Laurier Government. Hon. Wm. Pugsley of St. John has been Liberal and Conservative according to the fortunes of the parties since 1873. And Hon. John Costigan, who carried Victoria and Madawaska presumably as a Conservative Minister of the Crown, will now contest the same constituency as a supporter of the Laurier Government with excellent chances of success. New Brunswick reasons that the party to be supported is the party which has the railway subsidies, and the harbour appropriations to dispense. It is the proverbial friend of governments. When every other Province turned against Alexander Mackenzie in 1878, New Brunswick stood by the Administration, but once the Conservative star sparkled in the political firmament it did not fail to send a Conservative contingent to Ottawa. Out of the fourteen seats in New Brunswick nine are now represented by Conservatives, but the undying love of the Province for governments chills Conservative hearts. Hon. A. G. Blair by reason of the great strength which he acquired as provincial administrator at Fredericton is doubly to be feared by the Opposition. In the elections of 1896 he worked in the dark ; now with all the combined provincial and federal force he can

summon he is fighting in the open. Hundreds who voted Conservative in federal elections were the most enthusiastic supporters of Blair's Provincial Government. They are still bound to him by many ties and no small number may be expected to renounce the party at Ottawa for the man they so long looked to at the local capital. Mr. Blair is enabled to place very strong candidates in the field; they are backed by the prestige which harbour appropriations and railway subsidies give. Mr. Blair has been fairly generous in his distribution of government moneys to his Province, far more-so than Geo. Eulas Foster whose greatest local weakness as New Brunswick's Cabinet representative in the late Government was due to his failure to raid the Dominion treasury for such sums as the Province thought it deserved. There are not more than two seats which Mr. Foster could carry in New Brunswick to-day, whereas A. G. Blair could successfully contest any one of a dozen seats. New Brunswick will do for the Liberals in the approaching elections as much as it did for the Conservatives in the elections of 1896. And this means for Sir Wilfrid Laurier a majority of five or six seats.

The Liberal party made a great showing in Nova Scotia in the last general elections, winning twelve of the twenty electoral divisions. That Nova Scotia will send a smaller Liberal contingent to the next Parliament is not to be expected. Hon. W. S. Fielding had the confidence of the Province as its chief administrator at Halifax, and as Minister of Finance at Ottawa he has shown himself to possess an ability which it was impossible to display in the smaller field of provincial politics. Nova Scotia has confidence in W. S. Fielding's integrity and admires his great ability. Many of the old Liberals of the Province are disposed to be severe with the Government for acts which have brought it into disfavour in Ontario, but there is not likely to be any important secession. What gives the Government great strength is the development of the industries of the Province which has marked the Liberal regime. Conservatives claim that their policy made possible the great boom in the iron industry which is making Nova Scotia's name famous throughout the world. Nova Scotia, however, is contemplating the effect, not the cause, and the effect happens to be coincident with Liberal rule. The Liberal party is certain of a majority of four in the Province. The probability is that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will fare even better at the hands of the Nova Scotia electorate. Prince Edward Island will be the one exception to Liberal ascendency in the Maritime Provinces. Sir Louis Davies is weak in his own Province, so weak that the most buoyant Liberals concede a majority of one to the Opposition in Prince Edward Island. From the Maritime Provinces, therefore, the Government will secure a majority of between eight and ten seats.

For the Government the blackest outlook is in the country west of Lake Superior. Of the seventeen constituencies embraced in Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia it can hardly hope to carry more than five. Proof of the unpopularity of the Administration in the West is to be seen in the revolt of R. L. Richardson, M.P., Frank Oliver, M.P. and W. W. B. McInnes, ex-M.P., three representative Liberals of the West. These men, in breaking with the party they were elected to support, have apparently acted in sympathy with their electors, W. W. B. McInnes' election to the local House, the unanimous endorsation of Frank Oliver by the Liberals of Alberta and Richardson's pronounced successes in his campaign in Lisgar, indicating popular disapproval with many acts of the Laurier Government. The Crow's Nest Pass bargain weakened the Administration throughout the West, the Government's refusal to act in obedience to the clamour for anti-Chinese legislation has brought it into great disfavour in British Columbia. Manitoba and the Territories are at

war with the Government for its failure to control the elevator monoply, its willingness to permit the C.P.R. to obtain blanket charters which must hamper the country for years and for its weak policy in relation to railways generally. There is not one seat in British Columbia which the Liberal party can hope to win. In the Territories two seats are the limit of the most sanguine Liberal expectation, and if the Laurier Government secures three followers in Manitoba it will do as much if not more than prospects permit them to expect.

The majority of twenty-two seats which Ontario and the West may give the Opposition is more than offset by the prospective Liberal majority in Quebec. With three seats in reserve coming ou of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, British Columbia and the Territories, the Laurier Government can rely on a majority of eight or ten in the Maritime Provinces. This estimate, therefore, based on a careful analysis of the conditions in all the Provinces assures the Administration of a second term at Ottawa with a comfortable majority at its back.

KAFFIRS.

THE GROUP OF TRIBES IN SOUTH AFRICA CLASSED UNDER THE NAME.

FOR some reason of scientific exactitude connected with the transliteration of Arabic and other extremely foreign languages with written characters utterly unlike English, the ethnologists and philologists prefer to spell the name K-a-f-i-r. Properly, it is only a negative designation. Like "Welsh" and "Walloon," both meaning "strange," which the English and the Flemings respectively applied to the Celtic races with whom they came in contact, "Kaffir" was the general term, meaning "unbeliever," applied by the Arabs of Africa to the fighting races with whom they came in contact in Southeastern Africa. Nowadays it is limited by the book-learned to the tribes which are scattered about the country, roughly speaking, bounded on the north by the Tekezas, on the west by the Bechuanas and Basutos, and on the south by what is left of the Hottentots. In other words, Kaffraria, ethnologically regarded, includes all Zululand and some of Portuguese East Africa, with the whole of Natal.

But the hunter and the miner of the Rand and of the Karoo are not book-men as a class, and, aiming at convenience rather than exactness or perspicuity, they apply the term "Kaffir" to almost any native in those parts much as the Southern white in the United States calls any one with a dash of negro blood a "nigger." Many of the blacks who go to Kimberley to work in the diamond mines, and are shut up there in the huge inclosures, or barracks to guard against their larcenous proclivities during the terms of their service, are really Kaffirs, and the rest—Bechuanas, Basutos, and so on—are of races closely akin to the Kaffir race. Their domestic habits and the tenor of their daily lives at home are all much alike. It is chiefly in his tribal organization that the Kaffir proper, especially the Zulu, differs from and excels his neighbours and congeners.

The home-life of the Kaffir is conducted upon the polygamous system, modified by strict tribal laws and pecuniary facts. The Kaffir young man, when his tribe is not hampered in its internal administration by the interference of white commissioners, is not allowed to marry at all until he has "washed his assegai." No soap known to civilization is fit for this

washing; it must be done with human blood, and the blood of enemies to the tribe. Here, according to the friends of Cetewayo, was that hero's excuse for his outbreak in 1878 and 1879: "I sought no war with the English. The Dutch are our enemies, and my young men clamoured before me for leave to wash their spears." Having washed his spear creditably the young man is allowed by his law to marry a wife, if he can collect enough cattle for the wedding fee, which is paid to her father, who is her owner. The payment and acceptance of this fee, is the essence of the ceremony, but the ceremony once complete the union has a stability, among the Zulus at least, which more civilized tribes elsewhere might well emulate.

The bridegroom shaves his head, all but a ring of wool left high up on the crown. The bride shaves her head, except for a tuft left on the top. This topknot is their idea of the lovely in matronly coiffure. They have decided ideas of their own as to feminine loveliness, and according to these ideas are keen critics of complexion. One of the signs that the origin of the Kaffirs as a homogeneous race is comparatively recent is the variety of tone in their skins—some few inky black, others varying shades of rich coffee color. They themselves esteem most highly the deepest black with a warm red tone, and this complexion constitutes one of the charms of the Ama Tembu belles, whose prices run as high as forty head of good cattle, while ten head is a good price to pay for a lady of less favoured breed.

When provided with one wife as a basis of housekeeping, the young man goes to work to start an independent kraal (pronounced "crawl"). This word is Dutch, the Kaffir to which it corresponds being umuzi. The hut, which is the centre of the Kaffir umuzi, is a conical or hemispherical wattle affair, with a ground plan from 15 to 20 feet in diameter, and one opening 2 feet high by 18 inches wide, serving as door, window and chimney. Inside, the floor is of hard, smooth clay, hollowed out slightly in the centre for a fireplace, and except around the edges, where the goats and chickens bunk, and the litter and hunting and fighting apparatus is kept, fairly clean. Here the Kaffir and his wife cook and eat their food, which is principally cornmeal (mealie) mush, with the occasional addition of fresh beef. "Kill and eat your cattle" is the conventional Kaffir order for "Break up your kraal and move." They can cook in pots made of finely woven watertight matting, or of thin, hard wood, though several of the northeastern tribes have attained some skill in working iron, mostly for weapons, but the iron pot of the white man has begun to find its way into the native home.

One point worth remarking about the domestic arrangements of the Kaffir young couple is that the bride is expected to build the house with her own dark red-toned hands, while the bridegroom fixes the surrounding fences to secure the cattle and keep out the leopards. As a rule, woman's rights are not in a flourishing state among the Kaffirs. The exception, that of the Zulus, among whom the women are better treated than among other divisions of the race, is a strong argument for woman's rights, because the Zulus are the pick of all the Kaffirs. The Zulus are taller, more agile, more intelligent, more good-natured and sociable when well treated, and more formidable in war than any other Kaffirs. They may not make as powerful "hands" in the gold or diamond mines as some of the western and southern natives, not being so thickset, or generally so well fitted to carry heavy loads; but among these people lightness and rapidity of motion—and, it would seem, grace—are more admired in men than what we call sturdiness.

The costume of the Zulu in the domestic circle, if he be a man of rank, is comprised in a leopard skin about his shoulders, a peculiar sort of belt made of strips of ox hide, an anklet or two of brass, and something in the way of a necklace. His wife has a very rainy day skirt, made for her by her

husband out of an ox hide which he himself has tanned and softened. But this, so far as the man is concerned, is only for the piping times of peace, when the family smoke Dutch tobacco out of smokehorns and exhilarate themselves with snuff. When the Zulu goes forth to "wash his assegai" he leaves leopard skins and belts at his kraal. His tribe have made themselves respected by the British in open fight, and the secret of his warlike respectability are his "impis" and his "assegais."

The Zulu "impi" is a tactical and disciplinary formation of about one thousand warriors on foot. In battle, the impi charges in solid formation, like the Macedonian phalanx, each warrior covering his body with a shield about 27 inches by 18 at the widest part, made of one thickness of ox hide. Each impi is permanently under the command of an induna. The principal offensive weapon of the Zulu warriors, the "assegai," is a light spear, sometimes as long as five feet, sometimes not longer than three, the long, flat head of iron, beaten into the shape of a willow leaf, bound to the haft with ox hide thongs. At close quarters the assegai may be used for stabbing, but it is more effective when used as a missile that will kill at two hundred yards, its penetrating power being due to the rotary motion, like that of a rifle bullet, which is imparted in the act of hurling by a peculiar hook of the little finger. It is said that no white man has ever thoroughly learned the Zulu trick of hurling an assegai or the Zulu way of pronouncing the name of Cetewayo.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

OH, for a romp through that blissful land,
The Isle of the summer sea,
Where Nature appears in her fairest dress,
Where the days are cool, and no heats oppress,
And the heart must dance with glee.

Land of the hill, the vale, the glen,
Land of the flower and tree,
Where the brooklet runs in silvery stream,
And Nature garbs in her emerald green,
And velvety is the lea.

Give me an hour in that haven of rest,
Where none e'er bows his knee
To the iron rule of a despot's sway;
But where freedom's head with age is grey,
And peace sleeps in the sea.

G. J. McCormac.

MANUAL TRAINING.*

By Sir Joshua Fitch.

ONE of the strongest arguments which justify the recent popularity of manual training is that, by means of it we are able to offer an opportunity for the development of special talents and aptitudes for which there is no adequate scope in the ordinary school course. Every school numbers among its scholars some who dislike books, who rebel against merely verbal and memory exercises, but who delight in coming into contact with things, with objects to be touched and shaped, to be built up and taken to pieces—in short, with the material realities of life. And a school system ought to be so fashioned as to give full recognition to this fact. We cannot permit ourselves, of course, to be wholly dominated by the special preferences and tastes of individual scholars ; but we ought to allow them fuller scope than has usually been accorded to them in educational programmes. Every wise teacher knows that in the most perverse and uninteresting scholar there are germs of goodness, aptitudes for some form of useful activity, some possibilities even of excellence, would men observingly distil them out ; and that it is the duty of a teacher to discover these, encourage their development and set them to work. We make a grave mistake if we suppose that all good boys should be good in one way, and that all scholars should be interested in the same things, and reach an equal degree of proficiency in all the subjects of our curriculum. This is, in fact, not possible. Nor, even if it were possible, would it be desirable. So one of the strongest arguments in favour of the recognition of manual and artistic exercises in our schools is that by them we call into play powers and faculties not evoked by literary studies, and so give a better chance to the varied aptitudes of different scholars. School-boys do not always like the same things. The world would be a much less interesting world than it is if they did. A school course, therefore, should be wide enough, and diversified enough, to give to the largest possible number of scholars a chance of finding something which is attractive to them and which they will find pleasure in doing.

I think, too, that a legitimate argument in favour of more handwork in schools may be found in the fact that by it we may, if it is wisely managed, overcome the frequent and increasing distaste of many young people for manual labour. In progressive countries there is often a vague notion that such labour is in some way servile and undignified, and less respectable than employments of another kind. In America, especially, this feeling prevails even to a larger extent than in this country. Perhaps the stimulating climate, the general restlessness and eagerness with which life is carried on, the numerous opportunities for rapidly acquiring wealth, have had a tendency to discourage young and aspiring men and to repel them from handicrafts. There is much in our common conventional phraseology which implies that physical labour has been imposed on man as a curse, and is a sign of the degradation. It is hard under these conditions, to awaken in any active-minded community a true respect for the dignity of labour. How is it to be done? Mainly, in my opinion, by associating manual work with intellectual work ; by recognizing in our systems of education that all art, even the humblest, rests ultimately on a basis of science and that handwork, when guid-

* Reading from Educational Aims and Methods. By Sir Joshua Fitch, M.A., LL.D.

ed and controlled by knowledge, becomes ennobled and takes a rank among the liberal employments of life, even among the pursuits of a gentleman. Take a single example. A century or two ago blood-letting was part of the business of barber-surgeons. They were tradesmen, and their trade was not one of the highest repute. But in time it came to be understood that the operation of bleeding was one which ought neither to be recommended nor practised by any but a properly qualified surgeon ; and the art, such as it was, ceased to belong to a trade, and became part of a profession, and in this way lost all ignoble associations. And, in like manner it is argued with some truth that, when you make manual dexterity and the right use of tools a part of general education, and duly connect it with a study of form, of beauty, of the properties of the materials employed, and of the laws of mechanical force, you are doing something to surround handicraft with new and more honourable associations, to disarm vulgar prejudice and to impress the young with a true sense of the dignity of skilled labour.

Such are some of the considerations which justify the fuller recognition of finger-training and sense-training generally as parts of a liberal education. But these very considerations are, at the same time, well calculated to warn us not to expect too much from such training if it is not duly co-ordinated with discipline of another kind. The true teacher will not seek to make physical training a rival or competitor with intellectual exercise, but will desire rather to make the whole training of his pupil more harmonious. He will hold fast to the belief that, after all, mental culture is the first business of a school, and ought never to be permitted to become the second. The reaction from excessive bookishness, from the rather abstract character of mere scholastic teaching, is, on the whole, well justified. But the opposite or wrong is not always right ; and it would be very easy to make a grave mistake by emphasizing too strongly the value of manual exercise by making too great claims for it.

What, after all, is the main function of the teacher who is seeking to give to his pupil a right training and a proper outfit for the struggles and duties of life? It is, no doubt, to give a knowledge of simple arts, and of those rudiments of knowledge which, by the common consent of all parents and teachers, have been held to be indispensable ; but it is also to encourage aspiration, to evoke power and to place the scholar in the fittest possible condition for making the best of his own faculties.

If this be so, we have to ask what, among all possible exercises and studies are the most formative and disciplinal? It has been before shown that, by the law of what are called "concomitant variations," there is such a relation between powers and organs that the cultivation of one leads, by a reflex action, to the strengthening of the other ; you cannot, in fact, call into active exercise any one power without, pro tanto, making the exercise of other powers easier. But here we must discriminate. This correlation and this mutual interchange of forces do not act uniformly. Take an example. You want, it may be, to give a large number of recruits, none of whom have had any previous practice, a knowledge of military evolutions, the power to handle a rifle and to do the duties of camp life. Say that half of them are clowns fresh from the plough, and the other half are men of similar age who have had a liberal education. Both groups are equally unfamiliar with what you have to teach, but there is no doubt as to which group will learn most quickly. The clowns will need hard work to bring them into discipline. They will misunderstand commands and be clumsy in executing them. The greater intelligence of the second group will be found to tell immediately on the readiness with which they see the meaning of the manœuvres, and on the promptitude and exactness with which they perform them. Here the mental training

has been a distinct help to the mere physical exercise. But it cannot be said in like manner that the handicraftsman is a likelier person than another to take up intellectual labour with zest, and to be specially fitted to do it well. Intelligence helps labour much more than labour promotes intelligence.

Ever since the time when Socrates paid his memorable visit to the workshops of Athens it has been a familiar fact of experience that your mere workman may, though skilled, be, so far as his understanding is concerned, a very poor creature, "borné" right and left by the traditions of his craft and by rules of thumb, and with very confused and imperfect ideas about matters outside the region of his own trade. The truth is that the constant repetition of the same mechanical processes, when practice has enabled us to perform them without further thought, may be rather deadening than helpful to the personal intelligence and capability of the worker. The use of tools, though a good thing, is not the highest nor nearly the highest thing to be desired in the outfit of a citizen for active life. The difference between a handy and an unhandy man is no doubt important all through life; but the difference between an intelligent, well-read man and another whose mind has been neglected is fifty times more important, whatever part he may be called on to play hereafter. It is quite possible so to teach the use of tools that the teaching shall have little or no reflex action on other departments of human thought and activity, that it shall appeal little to the reflective, the imaginative, or the reasoning power, and that it may leave its possessor a very dull fellow indeed.

Let us revert for the moment to the experience of Socrates as it is recounted in the Apologia. "I betook myself," he says, "to the workshops of the artisans, for here, methought, I shall certainly find some new and beautiful knowledge, such as the philosophers do not possess. And this was true, for the workman could produce many useful and ingenious things." But he goes on to express his disappointment at the intellectual condition of the artisans; their bounded horizons, their incapacity for reasoning, their disdain for other knowledge than their own, and the lack among them of any general mental cultivation or of any strong love of truth for its own sake. He thought that mere skill in handicraft and mere acquaintance with the materials, and with the physical forces employed in a trade, could carry a man no great way in the cultivation of himself and might leave him a very ill-educated person; that, in fact, the man was more important even than the mechanic or the trader, and that in order to be qualified for any of the employments of life, and to be prepared for all emergencies, mental training should go on side by side with the discipline needed for the bread-winning arts.



Current Events Abroad

by W. Sanford Evans

AS the situation exists at the time of writing, the Chinese question is likely to lose temporarily its absorbing interest for the British people. This is due to two causes. In the first place, it is not probable that there will be soon again any serious conflict of arms between the Chinese and the Allies, and the public do not follow with constant interest the slow and but partially revealed progress of diplomacy; and in the second place, the British policy, as far as it has been stated by Mr. Brodrick, is rather negative than positive, and so promises no clash with the other powers. Lord Salisbury has returned to London, but has not yet spoken, and the speech of Mr. Brodrick, the Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, at Thorncombe, on August 29, stands as the latest official pronouncement. According to this, Britain will lend support to the Viceroys of South China, who have maintained order in their provinces, will preserve British trade with China, and will claim some penalty or indemnity for the damage wrought. No hint was given as to how British trade was to be preserved, and it is not easy to see just what is meant by supporting the southern Viceroys. On the broad question of foreign control of China Mr. Brodrick said:—"Nevertheless we cannot undertake to govern China ourselves, or with the assistance of other powers." This may mean only that Britain will not enter into any scheme for joint control in China after the style of the joint control of Egypt; or it may mean that Britain will not even undertake to govern any large section of China which might fall to her share in case of dismemberment. Evidently Britain is not aggressive in China. If the British people do not wish to assume new and heavy responsibilities in the Far East, and are willing that other powers should relatively increase their possessions and their influence in that quarter, then the Government may be trusted to steer a safe and moderate course. But we must accept the fact that Britain is not attempting to lead in China, nor is she ambitious to follow in all respects the lead of the other powers.

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Among the Allies, the United States, Russia and Germany have each in turn taken the initiative. In July the United States endeavoured to secure the adherence of the powers to an agreement not to alienate any Chinese territory and to preserve the open door, and she has ever since been working to this end. The prospects of success are not bright. A few years ago when Britain was contending for that very policy the United States gave no assistance, and now Britain probably thinks the time has passed when such a policy can succeed, while the other powers do not favour it. Russia next came forward with a proposition to withdraw from Pekin. In a circular dated August 25th, she declared her intention to withdraw both her legation and her troops to Pekin and invited the other powers to do the same. Before considering the other reasons for this move, it may be pointed out that it was, incidentally, a check on Germany. There has been a great deal of display about Germany's aggressiveness, although it might be more correct to speak of the German Emperor rather than of Germany. The appointment to the command of the German forces in China of Count von Waldersee, a soldier who would probably be Commander-in-Chief of the German forces in the event of a European war, was somewhat startling. The assent of the Allies was sought to his assuming command of all the forces in China.

As he was certain to be the senior officer in the field he would naturally take the command if there were to be concerted action after he arrived; and on this ground the other powers made little objection. If a German had the chief command and he were competent to be an administrator as well as a general, Germany would be in a favoured position. But if part or all of the troops had withdrawn from Pekin before he arrived, and there were nothing for him to do except to wait at Tien Tsin until the Chinese Government made up its mind as to what terms to offer, then Germany would seem to have made a great fuss about nothing. Whether or not Russia calculated upon this effect of its proposition, the very fact that the proposition was seriously made discounted Germany's move.

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As reasons for withdrawal, Russia claimed that the immediate object of the expedition had been accomplished in the relief of the Legations, and that, as there was no Chinese Government at Pekin, it was not necessary, nor was it altogether dignified, that the Legations should remain waiting for a Government with which they could deal. In the Russian circular reference is made to the occupation of Newchwang and other places in Manchuria, and there follows this very interesting sentence: "As soon as lasting order shall have been established in Manchuria, and indispensable measures taken for the protection of railway construction, which, according to formal agreement, China assured, Russia will not fail to recall her troops from these territories of the neighbouring empire, provided the action of other powers does not present any obstacle in the way of such measure." As Russia must be the judge whether lasting order has or has not been established, as she must be the judge whether the measures taken at any time for the protection of railway construction complete the list of indispensable measures, and as she must also be the judge whether the action of any of the other powers has placed an obstacle in the way, it will be seen that she gave no assurance of any practical value that she would ever withdraw her troops from Manchuria. It is a very common thing to talk of Russia's bad faith. It is more profitable, however, to look at Russia's position. Expansion is a necessity for Russia if she would preserve her present system. It is a necessity also if she would extend her commerce. She needs more outlets on the sea than she has had in the past. The history of Russia in modern times has been largely a stretching out towards the sea. Her long coast line on the Arctic Ocean is not of great value to her. On the Baltic she is surrounded and hemmed in by foreign powers. On the Black Sea she is still more confined, unless she can secure Constantinople. Britain is opposed to her reaching the Indian Ocean. At Vladivostock, on the Pacific, she has a port open only during the summer months. As she is expending an enormous amount of money on the construction of her trans-Siberian railway she must have for it a port open all the year round. This she has secured by the lease from China of Port Arthur and Talien-wan. But she must secure this railway against interruption, and to do this she must control the territory through which it passes. Russia cannot give up Manchuria, and she will not. No matter in what form her diplomats may cover up her intentions, there can be no doubt that her intentions are, in the first place, to exclude all others of the Allies from Manchuria, and in the second place, to prevent the establishment there of any Chinese Government in such strength that it could threaten her railway or her territory to the north. By whatever name she may call it, she will virtually annex Manchuria. With this fact we must start. What then will the other powers do? After the manner of diplomacy none of them express themselves in simple language. Germany has taken the lead among those who decline to withdraw from Pekin, and has shaped the work to be done

while remaining at the capital. The Chinese Government have appointed two envoys to treat with the Allies. One is Prince Ching, uncle of the Emperor, and until Prince Tuan deposed him, President of the Tsungli Yamen, and the other is Li Hung Chang. Before dealing with these envoys Germany lays it down that those persons who were the original and real instigators of the attacks against the foreigners must be delivered up and punished, and that the representatives of the powers at Pekin should report upon those who, they have good evidence to know, were the leaders. To act upon this course will probably entail a long delay before further matters can be adjusted. The future is very uncertain.

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No doubt is entertained as to the result of the British elections in October. Even the Liberal leaders themselves have admitted that the return of the Liberal party to power is beyond their expectations, but nevertheless they believe that the Liberals will show themselves stronger at the polls than the Conservatives are inclined to believe. In so far as the Conservatives can do so, they will confine the issues to the justice of the South African war, and the nature of the settlement. Mr. Chamberlain vigorously, and even brusquely, forces these two issues to the front, and Mr. Balfour, while he acknowledges that there are other questions of the first importance, also makes the South African question supreme. And certainly the settlement of the South African trouble is the pressing question of the hour. If the result of the election should in any way bring indecision or weakness into the settlement, it would be a national calamity. It may be said that the principal Liberal leaders show no disposition to dispute the Government's position that what is now done must forever render it impossible for a race conflict again to rise in South Africa ; but the very fact of disunion in the Liberal ranks, and of the absence of any one leader whom all the rest are willing to follow, would render it unwise for the country to entrust the Liberals with the carrying out of the settlement. At the same time it is, from a party standpoint, fortunate for the Conservatives that the Liberals are not strong in themselves, and that there is one great matter which the Conservatives are best fitted to deal with, for there is so much else with which the country has reason to be dissatisfied, that it might otherwise go hard with the Government. It would be unfair, of course, to lay at the door of the Conservatives all the weaknesses revealed in the War Office, but the Government of the time is sure to suffer when weaknesses are revealed. There have been other questions relating to methods adopted, upon which effective criticism might be raised, and it is by no means sure that the country, if it had nothing else to absorb its attention, would vote confidence in the Chinese policy of the Goverment. The very eagerness with which Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour are calling attention to the South African problems, might almost be taken as an indirect admission that there are weaknesses in other directions. As matters stand, however, the chief interest for outsiders will lie in the reconstruction, which will undoubtedly take place in the Conservative Cabinet after the elections, and in the evolution that is equally certain in the Liberal party itself.

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In South Africa the operations, except in the Lydenburg district, were so broken that it was difficult to follow developments. On Sept. 1st Lord Roberts issued a proclamation announcing the annexation of the Transvaal. As he had hitherto been cautious about assuming or announcing success, this proclamation was accepted as good evidence that the Boers were incapable longer of formidable resistance. This was seen to be the case. President Kruger soon abandoned the Transvaal and arrived at Lorenzo Marquez on September 12th. He

afterwards accepted the offer of the Government of the Netherlands to place a warship at his disposal to convey him to Holland. It is understood that the British Government did not object to this, although the action of Holland was a discourtesy to Britain that amounted almost to an unfriendly act. Of the operations of the British troops during the month it can only be said that they were constantly successful With the exception of two or three days when General Buller's army was checked before an almost impregnable position, the record has been one of steady advance on the part of the British, and of equally steady retreat on the part of the Boers. The Lydenburg district, in which even a small band of Boers was expected to be able to hold out for months, was quickly overrun. The fact was, however, that the Boers had become so demoralized that they could hold no position, no matter how strong it might be. On September 19th Lord Roberts reported that a general tumult had occurred in the main body of the enemy on the recognition of the hopelessness of their cause, and that they were destroying their guns and scattering. As an organized army the Boers are no longer in the field, and it is only a question of time before the small guerilla bands will be worn down. Among the events were two of the greatest interest to Canadians. A detachment of 125 Canadian Mounted Rifles on Sept. 7th repelled a Boer attack on a section of railway they were guarding. Although the Boers brought two guns and a pom-pom to bear upon the Canadians, they were driven off. Lord Roberts characterized it as a very creditable performance, and has added one more to the already long list of such performances by the Canadian troops. The second event was the announcement of the return of 500 men of the first contingent at the end of their year's term of enlistment. This news was hailed with great satisfaction in Canada. Many of the men decided to re-enlist for a further term, and we must admire the spirit which prompted them to do so, but, under conditions now existing in South Africa, there is no necessity that our infantry should remain, and there are many good reasons why they should return. They will be welcomed as they deserve to be, for they have so conducted themselves that their country can be proud o them.

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A strange thing was the wave of apprehension which swept over England that war with France was imminent. It seemed to be taken for granted, without any tangible evidence being adduced, that France was only waiting for the close of the Exhibition to begin war. While the manifestation differed widely in the two peoples, this phenomenon may be compared with the apprehension France felt some few months ago that, as soon as the war in South Africa was over, Britain would turn her victorious army against France. The reasons for the strained relations between the two countries are many ; and no doubt there are in some quarters conflicts between substantial interests. But a fact that should not be lost sight of is that it is possible to assuage the bitterness of national feelings when there is a disposition on the part of men in responsible positions to do so. In this case two incidents had a marked effect in relieving the situation. One was the visit to Paris of 500 representatives of the British Chamber of Commerce. British visitors have not largely patronized the Exhibition, and this visit of representative business men was regarded as significant by the French people, and the welcome extended to the visitors was exceedingly cordial. The other incident was the warm praise given to the French troops under his command by Admiral Seymour, in his report on the abortive expedition toward Pekin. Canada has a deep interest in the relations between Britain and France. We have in this country men of both races, and it is certainly desirable, because of its effect in this country, that the races should be on cordial relations throughout the world.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

JOHN RUSKIN protested against the outcries concerning passion or sensation. He claimed that we need more sensation rather than less, because the ennobling difference between one man and another is precisely that one feels more than another. A man who is blunt in body and mind is vulgar, and does not feel for another. Disciplined and tested passion or sensation is good for a man. Fineness and fulness of sensation prevents vulgarity, and develops a sympathy which is above reason, is the guide and sanctifier of reason. There have been plenty of incidents during these passing days to call forth our sympathy and arouse our passion: the suffering of our race in China, and the indignities and inhumanities heaped upon innocent women and children; ceaseless barking of the dogs of war, and the absence of the white-winged angel of peace; the usual drownings and railroad accidents of the summer days; a town in our sister country swept over by a devastating storm which destroyed thousands of homes and snuffed out hundreds of bright lives—until one feels that human sympathy is inadequate to encompass human woe.

SENSATION.

One of the most touching incidents of the month is told in the Vancouver papers of a few days ago. An industrious, energetic young Neapolitan, living in that western city, recently wooed and won a sweet girl bride scarcely seventeen. The husband had saved enough for the wedding and the purchase of a building lot. The wedding day came and passed. Soon a little house was erected on the lot. Together they watched it rise. It had only three plainly-furnished rooms when they moved into it, but soon after it was lighted by the holy presence of a sturdy little chap, whose black eyes shone back into those whose affection he represented. Five months more of happiness and then an overturned lamp in the middle of the night envelopes baby and mother and father and cottage with flames. The father breaks out through a window, but the mother's cry, "My baby! my baby! where is my baby?" draws him back—once—twice—searching for the two that are already dumb. And at last he is found prone across the threshold by those whom we appoint to save. He is taken to the hospital, but his reward is not denied him. Next day, husband and wife and baby are prepared for burial, while three released spirits enter the harmony of the eternal.

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A recent magazine writer * comes to the defence of plagiarism and claims that it is the basis of all superlative literary achievement. This is a rather surprising attitude and a most unusual statement.

PLAGIARISM AND CANADIAN LITERATURE.

The literary critics have been watching us closely, and the moment a writer uses a phrase or thought previously written by another, he is held up to ridicule. Every reader of Canadian literature remembers "The Battle of the Poets" in which several Canadian litterateurs engaged with the object of proving that the other or others were plagiarists. Each and every one avowed his virtue and declared that he had never knowingly committed a theft. And yet here is a magazine writer who comes forward with the claim that plagiarism is the basis of all great literary achievement. Is this the secret of the weakness of our Canadian poets and writers that they have not discovered the value and benefit of literary theft?

This defender of plagiarism claims that truth and beauty are eternal and the most any man can do is to become

* *Ainslee's Magazine*, August, 1900.

conscious of them. "Every fundamental idea belongs to the world as a whole, just as does a word. Some man may be the medium through which it finds expression, but it in no sense belongs to him. . . . Your true genius recognizes no man's right to withhold any truth he may have discovered, and indeed it would be as reasonable for a man who discovers a comet to try to get a title-deed to it as it is for a man to lay claim to any idea, thought or truth simply because he has been privileged to have it occur to him." Shakespeare and Homer collected ideas together from everywhere and laid no claim to them. They were editors, epitomizers, plagiarists, literary Rockefellers and Rhodeses. Shakespeare "received the knowledge, beauty, poetry and wisdom contained in those wonderful plays from all the world, and to all the world he returned them without claim or vanity."

Every orator is a plagiarist, every painter is a plagiarist, and neither uses quotation marks. Why should literary men use them? Would it be reasonable to expect Mr. W. A. Fraser, whose animal story begins in this issue, to give credit for his work to all the men who have written animal stories before him? Would it be reasonable to ask him to give footnotes showing where each of the hundred bits of information in every chapter has been picked up?

In this connection a good story is told of two Canadian professors whose specialty is economics. One of them has been writing a series of articles on the early days of banking and exchange. The other is in a rival university, and found it necessary to recommend these articles to his students. In doing so, he pointed out that the articles were marred because the writer had neglected to give references to all the original documents, pamphlets and private records from which he had drawn his information. What an unnecessary criticism!

I remember once, when a student, having written and read before a student's seminary an article on Karl Marx's "Iron Law of Wages." I proceeded to demolish Marx's theory by quotations from learned economists controverting each one of his points. The professor, who was guiding our studies, criticized my quotation marks saying that I should have made these criticisms my own and read them as such in my own words. He pointed out that the objections were none the more forcible because I had credited them to others, that my business as a student was to master knowledge and make it my own. He could see no great harm in plagiarism.

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When William McLennan wrote "Spanish John" he was accused of having stolen the story from articles in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE published in 1826. What if he did? He made the story his own, told it well, and made it more interesting and artistic. And why should he not receive credit for his work?

When Gilbert Parker wrote "The Seats of The Mighty" he founded it upon a long-published volume of experiences written by an officer who was a prisoner at Quebec before the battle of the Plains of Abraham. But Mr. Parker was no more a plagiarist than Shakespeare when the latter wrote his "Julius Cæsar" and other historical dramas.

Canada is waiting for her great plagiarist, for her Homer or Shakespeare. She is waiting for the man who will write a great poem, a great epic which will embody her national history and her national aims; an intellectual freebooter who will embody in one grand work all we have done and thought. When his great work is issued, a hundred critics may arise who will cry plagiarist; and show where he has stolen from Parkman, Kingsford, Mair, Campbell, Roberts, and all the other past and present Canadian writers. He will probably receive neither praise nor profit during his lifetime, but centuries later Canadians will erect monuments to his memory, and praise him in innumerable magazine articles.

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There are many sane-minded men in Canada who deplore the criticisms of British military efficiency which have recently appeared in some form or other in nearly every paper in Canada. These even-tempered individuals fear lest our appreciation for British institutions and connection may be rudely jostled by the constant criticism of the British officer, the Army Service Corps, and the Army Medical Service. Here is a sample of what they deplore. A private in the Royal Canadians writes home from Springs and says :

CANADA AND BURDETT-COUTTS.

"He (Hutton) continuing on his route, ran into a nest and had heavy losses. The Canadian Mounted Rifles getting mixed up, had several casualties, and the Imperial Light Horse also suffered severely. The wounded were brought in here this morning in ox waggons, which I consider a shame. An empire like Great Britain should have a few ambulance waggons. It took the little colony of New South Wales to show them all an ambulance corps. The wounded have been sitting and lying in the sun at the station since eight this morning. I tell you the British have a whole lot to learn yet."

The local paper, in this case the Orillia *Packet*, publishes the letter and everybody reads it. Thousands of such letters have been received in Canada, and Canada feels, though she may not know, that Burdett-Coutts is to some extent right in making his criticisms. The Imperialists may regret the publication of these letters but they cannot prevent it. They may regret but they cannot deny that there would be much less enthusiasm in Canada if another contingent for service abroad was asked from Canada. Mr. Chamberlain would meet with less success in his second appeal for colonial support and aid—and yet we are not less British.

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United States war correspondents view affairs in South Africa with peculiar oppositeness. Richard Harding Davis says* that throughout the war one man to ten has been the average proportion of Boer to Briton, and that frequently the British have been repulsed when their force out-numbered the Boers twenty to one. Surely the Boers have been deceiving this anti-Britisher! He states that at Spion Kop a British colonel surrendered, and then on seeing the small force of Boers by which he was opposed threw down the white flag and fired on the Boers who were coming up to receive his rifles. Mr. Davis did not see this incident, and therefore can have no proof but Boer testimony, which has not proven itself trustworthy. He also states that the British officers who were prisoners at Pretoria spoke to and shouted at the ladies and young girls who walked past the high school where the officers were housed. Their remarks were so insulting that a large number of ladies signed a petition and sent it to the Government complaining that this prison was a public nuisance. For this reason the officers were removed to a camp on the outside of the town. Here Mr. Davis visited them. On this occasion he was accompanied by a Boer officer who was so insulted during the visit that Mr. Davis felt uncomfortable. He adds : "Some day we shall wake up to the fact that the Englishman, in spite of his universal reputation to the contrary, is not a good sportsman because he is not a good loser." These are grave charges and the only reason for re-stating them here is to show what kind of man Richard Harding Davis is and what kind of reliability may be placed on articles in certain magazines. At present one must be pardoned for a refusal to accept the story Mr. Davis tells, and for a persistent belief that his stories are ludicrous nonsense. In addition to this apparent ludicrousness, we have the denial of the whole thing by the Earl of Rosslyn, who was one of the prisoners. He says that when Mr. Davis went to Pretoria, he openly attacked everything British, and that when he visited the prison he was most insulting, "cracking up the Boers un-

SOME INSULTS VIA NEW YORK.

*Pretoria in Wartime. August Scribner's.

der our noses and those of the guards who accompánied him."

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On the other hand, Mr. Julian Ralph* speaks very differently. He remarks upon the magnanimity, forbearance and leniency with which the British have treated both rebel and enemy in South Africa. He contrasts the conduct of the British with that of General Grant and General Sherman. The latter said when marching through Georgia, "The more terrible war is made, the sooner it will end."

SOME PRAISE VIA NEW YORK.

The following paragraph shows Mr. Ralph's opinion of British valour, and how it overcame the opposition of the physical features of the territory :

"Of all these obstacles the men of Lord Methuen's flying column made light, by sheer valour, by a bravery we thank God our soldiers can match, but which no men on earth can possibly excel. These British officers and 'Tommies' have a quality of courage that passes my understanding. It even befogs my judgment, as I have said in writing to England, upon the return it makes for the cost it entails. At Belmont and Graspan the troops stalked up kopjes against almost literal ropes of bullets. The more experienced were placed five paces apart, and most of them escaped; but the naval brigade and a regiment of Guards, who lacked either proper orders or experience, marched along, almost shoulder to shoulder, seeing their comrades drop like autumn leaves in a gale, but still plodding on, until the Boers must have imagined them demons; so that, with terror at their heartstrings, they turned and fled from both battle-fields. The naval force lost precisely 50 per cent., or one man in every two. Thus Methuen's men marched on, hungry, tired, thirsty, losing a battalion out of ten, but rushing at the foe three times in one week, though his haunt each time was a volcano's crater spewing lead. At Magersfontein the very men who lost the battle were those whose bravery had earned them more celebrity than any troops in the British army—the Highlanders."

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One of the most noteworthy of the features of the campaign preceding the approaching general election is the entry of the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald into the arena of Dominion politics. He has accepted a nomination in the constituency of Brandon, being apparently ready to resign the Premiership of Manitoba.

BRANDON'S POLITICAL CONTEST.

The Hon. Hugh John Macdonald is not a great man—at least, his greatness has not yet been tried and proven. He has, however, shown himself to be a man of ability and tact, and possessed of unusual qualities. These endowments, and the fact that he is the only son of the most remarkable of Canadian statesmen, combine to mark him as a man in whom the public is certain to be interested, and as a man whose influence upon our national life may be considerable.

Mr. Macdonald is a native of Kingston, and spent the first thirty-two years of his life in the Province of Ontario. He was graduated from the University of Toronto in 1869, and three years later was called to the bar. When he moved to Winnipeg, he continued the practice of the law, and took no very prominent part in political campaigns for nearly ten years. At the general election of 1891, he entered the Dominion House as member for Winnipeg. Apparently his interest in affairs was not great, for he resigned his seat two years later. In April, 1896, he joined Sir Charles Tupper's Cabinet, and successfully contested Winnipeg in the general election of that year. The next year he resigned his seat.

Mr. Macdonald then undertook the leadership of the Conservative party in the Province of Manitoba, and last year opposed Mr. Greenway's Government in a general provincial election, in which he had such remarkable success that he and his followers were able to take possession of the Treasury benches. The policy which carried him into power was one aiming at Governmental control or ownership of railways, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the legal firm of which he was a member were solicitors for Canada's largest railway corporation.

This advocacy of Government con-

*The Teuton Tug of War. September Harper's.

trol or ownership of railways makes Mr. Macdonald's entry into the Dominion political field a matter of considerable moment. If he is elected he will be the leader in the House of the Western Conservatives. These men will undoubtedly follow him in this railway policy. To their influence will be added that of the Western Liberal members, such as Messrs. Richardson and Oliver, and some Eastern Conservatives and Liberals who are unavowed supporters of stronger Government control of railway rates, and unavowed opponents of a continuance of the system of railway subsidies.

Mr. Macdonald will be opposed by the Hon. Clifford Sifton, the Minister of the Interior, who has proven himself to be a man of more than ordinary talent. Mr. Sifton is eleven years younger than Mr. Macdonald, and has been practising law in the Province of Manitoba the same number of years. Both men have been successful in their profession, and both have had experience in Provincial and Federal politics.

Mr. Sifton will fight hard for his seat because defeat might imperil his position in the Laurier Cabinet. Mr. Macdonald will struggle grimly, because he knows that the Conservative party is looking to him as a possible leader in Dominion politics. Therefore the constituency which elected the late D'Alton McCarthy in the general election of 1896, and upon his resignation in the same year returned Mr. Sifton by acclamation, will be the scene this year of a battle which will be memorable in Canadian political annals.

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CLASS REPRESENTATION IN PARLIAMENT.

Professor John R. Commons, a somewhat noted United States economist, has written an article in which he objects to capitalists and labourers, Catholics and Protestants, educated and ignorant, natives and foreigners, whites and blacks being all thrown into one riding and commanded to elect one man who shall represent all. He thinks that they usually elect a colourless man who represents none. In this Canadians will agree with the Professor. He desires to go back to the old method of class representation. The bankers would elect the man whom they think is the most influential and capable manager ; the capitalists would send their ablest men ; and so with the labour unions, boards of trade, universities, law societies, religious bodies, railway directors, bondholders, farmers, country merchants, and so on through the list.

Prof. Commons has thrown out a valuable suggestion. In Canada, with the party system in vogue, too often a large corporation, or some combination of interests, can influence a general election by throwing its weight into such constituencies as are doubtful—that is, where the parties are almost evenly balanced. This is the kind of constituency where a knave may be nominated and elected. Some organization, some money and some influence added to one blind-folded party will make this knave an M.P., and a slave of the interest which supplied the money and influence. This is the great danger in party government as we have it in this country. Some improvements could be made, no doubt, if Canada possessed any political reformers, but unfortunately she does not. Suggestions from the bright minds of other countries are steadily trickling through, and these in time will have some effects on our political life. The present riding system may suit Great Britain, where members of parliament can afford to be independent, but there is not the same certainty of its suitability to this continent. Our geography is on a larger scale and we lack the higher political honours which draw to Government the best minds in the country. We occasionally get strong men, but we usually get trimmers and adventurers.

John A. Cooper.



SOLDIERING IN CANADA.*

AN interesting man is apt to produce an interesting book, and when the man is Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Denison and the book is his military autobiography, it goes without saying that we are always entertained and sometimes delighted. There is a vigour, freshness and candour about this new work which are seldom to be found in books of this class, and it is further unique in being the first Canadian achievement in autobiography by a man who has really taken part in great affairs, and rubbed shoulders with celebrities. Sir Francis Hincks, it is true, wrote his political recollections, but it was chiefly an attempt to record political history from his own point of view, and the personality of the writer plays a small part in his narrative.

In the present case, the personality of the author stands out on nearly every page: an aggressive, keen-witted, courageous man, with a decided love of fun and an extraordinary memory for anecdotes. Eminent persons, living or dead, figure prominently in Colonel Denison's book, and consequently we are continually coming upon material of the most valuable kind in constructing a history of Canada during the past forty years. Whatever criticisms may be bestowed upon it, this central fact will be admitted on all hands, that we have acquired a perfect wealth of information bearing upon events and persons of importance. But the author, happily, is not greatly concerned to instruct us, being more inclined to record the amusing side of his varied experiences. There are many anecdotes—in fact, portions of the book read like a succession of humorous experiences, and not even the most captious critic will quarrel with the author on the score of dulness. The book, in short, is a remarkable contribution to our somewhat scanty store of literature, will be quoted and referred to during many years to come, and is really a vivacious and piquant history of our military forces by the man most competent to write it.

Concerning the subject matter, it is difficult to give, within the compass of a paragraph, anything like an adequate summary. The origin and growth of our militia; the Colonel's personal experience in the Fenian Raid of 1866 and the Rebellion of 1885; his intercourse with the Confederate generals during the Southern War (an intensely interesting chapter); his successful contest for the Czar's prize for the best History of Cavalry; his friendly relations with military men of note like Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts and Sir Henry Havelock Allan—are among the leading features of the narrative. It should be said that at more than one point the author almost challenges controversy, and his version of events connected with the frontier operations in 1866 and certain episodes of the Northwest Rebellion, notably Colonel Otter's attack on Poundmaker, and the final capture of Batoche by the volunteers, under the late Lieut.-Col. Williams, have already attracted attention. In fact, a certain insistence which is characteristic of the style, and which might almost be taken in places for pugnacity, is not likely to pass unnoticed. On more than one occasion the author records some royal rows in which we cannot discover that he came off second best. The Colonel calls these the oc-

* "Soldiering in Canada." By Lieut.-Colonel George T. Denison. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co.

casions on which he "lost his temper." His quarrel with Sir George Cartier is a case in point, and although of purely Saxon lineage, he betrayed a perfectly orthodox Celtic temperament by following the eminent French-Canadian "over the border" (of the Province) and helping to defeat him in Montreal in the elections of 1872. There was also a neat little affair with an official at the War Office in London, and in divers other ways Colonel Denison indicates a willingness, with a genial cheerfulness that never deserts him, to meet a fight half way. In this spirit he had his differences with two or three of the British officers commanding our militia, and he complains with some scorn of the departmental rules and red tape that are apt to beset the path of an officer in the militia. We get the impression, perhaps wrongly, that the author is not greatly enamoured of British officers of a certain type. He praises warmly, however, several gallant soldiers who have served in Canada, and there is, on the whole, a great deal more praise than blame in the book.

We have not attempted anything like an analysis of this work. It is too rich in variety of material for that. Nor does it seem to have been written to advance any particular views of the author on any subject. It is probably just what it purports to be, a personal narrative of forty years in Canadian military life told with skill, with charming frankness, and with much good humour, but enlivened at times with more than a spice of playful satire. It is an audacious book, perhaps, but at the same time captivating. The publishers have done their part in turning out a well finished and attractive volume, quite the equal of similar productions in London or New York.

A BIOGRAPHY OF CROMWELL.

Will the hero-worshipping biographers kindly arise from their knees and give us a life of Cromwell, the man? Mr. Firth* has come within measurable distance of doing it. So high an authority as Mr. Frederic Harrison says it is the best biography of Oliver yet produced. But there is still room for a writer who can be at once kind and candid, who can throw aside the glamour that seems to take possession of everyone essaying to deal with Cromwell, and who can give at least due weight to the opinion of the age in which the man lived. The subtlest form of national vanity expresses itself in the idea that the Englishman of 1900 is better qualified to deal with the merits of Puritan rule than those who lived under it. There must have been something peculiarly obnoxious to the English of 1670 in Cromwell's person and government, when they could look back upon it and bring themselves to submit quietly to the degrading tyranny of Charles II. Macaulay, in weighing the qualities of Warren Hastings, declined to take the man's measure by the action of the Parliament of 1787 which impeached him, or the Parliament of 1813, which rose and uncovered with respect when he appeared before them. So, in Oliver's case, we need not adopt the views of those who would have canonized him if their religious tenets had not forbidden it, not those who with brutal bigotry tore his body from the grave and fixed the head, as that of a malefactor, upon Westminster Hall. The interest which attaches to Mr. Firth's book consists chiefly of the patient industry shown in sifting good material from bad, and presenting a narrative that is at once coherent and vivid, discriminating and persuasive, so that you arrive at pretty much the same conclusion as you do after reading Carlyle: that Oliver possessed nearly every virtue except that of convincing a perverse generation of his divinely appointed mission to mend all the ills of State. By a strange chance some one quality in Cromwell appeals to each of the ruling elements of the English to-day; the Imperialists revere him as a great captain and a founder of the navy; the Liberals, as the destroyer of an arbitrary king; the

*Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans in England. By Charles Firth. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

evangelical school, as the sworn foe of the Pope. The consequence is that foolish eulogy mars nearly all the biographies. There will come in time the inevitable reaction against adulation.

PURE GOVERNMENT.

An English edition has been published of a book which thoughtful students of politics hailed some time ago as a practical contribution to current writing. The author, Mr. John Jay Chapman,* has composed a series of able papers on the efforts of political reformers in New York : their difficulties, their successes, their failures. It is a wonderful picture of the decay of moral vitality in modern democratic institutions and other phases of the time. It is interesting to Englishmen ; it is both interesting and instructive to Canadians. "I suppose there are a dozen extant wrecks of reform political organizations in the city," says Mr. Chapman, and if he were not an optimist he would never have written this book. His reflections are crisp and pointed ; his remedies not so clear but equally honest, and his hopefulness is due to the belief that as moral reforms have usually, in history, emanated from the lower strata of society, the democracy will in time right itself. This is, perhaps, the only gospel for the citizen of a state which has carried democratic institutions to the farthest point. It is, at any rate, an encouraging view for a community where democracy rules, and if Mr. Chapman has not under-estimated the .far-reaching influence of money, reform will ultimately come.

CURRENT FICTION.

There is a great deal of natural fun and clear portraiture of Western frontier life in "The Girl at the Half-way House."† The girl herself is shadowy compared to the Western types who far excel her in vigour of movement and raciness of speech. After the overthrow of the Confederacy there was a stream of emigration to the West, some from the ruined planters' class in the South and some military men from the North who beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks to suit a time of peace. Mary Ellen Beauchamp, the daughter of a stately Virginian family overwhelmed in the war, goes out with her uncle and aunt to the hardships of a settlement on the prairies. To the same spot Edward Franklin, a young Northern captain, turned lawyer, also goes. The settlers fraternize, and the love episodes between Mary and her Northern suitor constitute the slender fabric about which Mr. Hough builds his clever and humorous narrative of the primitive ways of the new West over thirty years ago. These scenes are emphatically the gems of the book, and in Curly, who is a cowboy masquerading as stage driver, we have a laughable and entertaining character sketch.

Theological arguments worked up into fiction are not usually considered very entertaining by the general reader. At the same time Mr. Hocking's new tale,* in which reappears the clever Jesuit priest, Father Fitzroum, rendered famous in the author's other story "The Scarlet Woman," is not wanting in spirit and humour. There are probably a good many persons who are carrying with them into the 20th century the disputations about the Pope and the Protestants and the Catholics which began early in the 16th. These, if Protestants, will be glad to know that in this tale, as in its predecessor, the clever priest is defeated, and that instead of winning a convert from the Non-conformists, he actually loses an important member from his own church.

*"Practical Agitation." By John Jay Chapman. London, David Nutt.

† The Girl at the Half-way House. By E. Hough. Toronto : W. J. Gage & Co.

*The Purple Robe. By Joseph Hocking. Toronto : Wm. Briggs.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE progress of science is rapid, and one must be a persistent reader to keep pace with the onward progress of scientific knowledge. Force and matter have been explained to be co-related. Matter is never dead, but always contains force of some kind, even minerals, according to Mr. Roberts-Austin, of the Royal Society, possessing vibratory force and life-like phenomena. Like "living organisms" they have even a sort of selective power. And so with explanations such as these, the distinctions which divide the animal world from the vegetable, and the vegetable world from the mineral, are passing away. Shall we arrive at a theory of one "Reservoir of Life," giving out force, matter and consciousness in various forms; or giving out life which is evolved from the mineral world, through the vegetable to the animal world? And with this great evolution is there an involution by which active powers become latent possibilities? All these questions are discussed in a pamphlet from the pen of F. E. Titus, a Canadian barrister, who has become interested in Theosophy. (Theosophical Book Concern, 26 Van Buren St., Chicago.)

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Canadians, both English and French, will find much to interest them in "Les Gaulois, Origin et Croyances," by André Lefèvre. The Gauls, whom Cæsar found in the country now called France, were a peculiar race, and had religion and customs very similar to the Ancient Britons when Cæsar visited them. The Anglo-Saxons swept over the British, while another German tribe, the Franks, swept over and colonized Gaul. The author points out the relations and resemblances of the two races—the Britons and the Gauls—and goes even farther our way in his investigations, as stated in the chapter entitled "Origines et Croyances de la Grande Bretagne et de L'Irlande." (Schleicher Frères, 15 Rue des Saints-Pères, Paris, France, 3 francs.)

Scheicher Frères, of Paris, have also issued in "Les Livres d'or de la Science," number twenty of these one-franc volumes. It is entitled "La Photographie des Couleurs," by G. Ruckert. Four coloured plates show the various steps in this new process, and the text fully explains what the scientific world has discovered by its investigations and experiments.

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"Patriotic and other Poems," by George Munn, is published in paper covers by Imrie, Graham & Co., Toronto.

"Biblical Chronology" is the title of a pamphlet published by Major-General W. A. Baker, Royal Engineers, at St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Granger Frères, 1699 Notre Dame St., Montreal, who are exhibiting a choice collection of French-Canadian books at the Paris Exposition, have issued a catalogue of these volumes in which the titles are accompanied by valuable bibliographies. Nearly two hundred and fifty authors are represented.

The *Newfoundland Magazine* for September is Volume I, No 3. It is a very interesting publication, edited by Theodore Roberts. The first article in the issue is on St. Pierre, by P. T. McGrath, who has written on Newfoundland subjects for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The *Prince Edward Island Magazine* is now well on in its second year. At 50 cents a year, it is creditable to its Charlottetown publishers.

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Collectors of "old plate" will find much to interest them in a volume published under that title by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, of New York. The illustrations and the reproductions of trade-marks and hall-marks add much to the value of a

volume which will be a standard authority in connection with articles produced by the silversmiths of the last five centuries. The information which it contains will prevent trade in silver "antiques" made in modern shops.

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R. W. McLachlan, curator of the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal, and an authority on coins and medals, has issued a valued pamphlet entitled "Medals Awarded to Canadian Indians." Mr. McLachlan will shortly contribute to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE an illustrated article on the coins and tokens of the Bank of Montreal. These are some thirteen in number, and are among the earliest of Canadian copper coins.

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"Indian Club-Swinging," by Frank E. Miller, is a valuable and daintily illustrated book, published at one dollar, by The Saalfield Publishing Co. of Akron, Ohio. An even more artistic book, just issued by this firm, is entitled "Mr. Bunny, His Book." There are juvenile books of many kinds, but this is one which, in its drawings and its verse, may be commended to the most fastidious parent.

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It is announced that J. Castell Hopkins has in press a book entitled: "The Story of Canada: Four Hundred Years in the History of Half a Continent." This title shows the character of Mr. Hopkins' work. He presumes to do in a few months what would require years of patient labour on the part of a really clever man. If the work contains as many errors as "Canada: An Encyclopædia," it will be quite as valueless.

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Mr. Clive Phillips-Woolley is doing for British Columbia what Ralph Bolderwood did for Australia. He is describing the adventurous lives of the goldseekers in such a way that no reader can fail to see the dramatic elements in such a life. His new book "The Chicamon Stone," an Indian term meaning gold rock, is a most vivid story of searching for gold in Northern Canada. Shipwreck, faction fights, Indian treachery, struggles with the wintry Storm-King, hope deferred —these are the elements in the story of adventure. Many readers will remember Mr. Woolley's book, "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," but he has written several others. He has occasionally contributed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. (Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.)

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A new story by Gilbert Parker entitled "The Lane That Had no Turning" will this month commence serially in a United States weekly. Mr. Parker holds his material so high that it is not within reach of any Canadian publication. This story was offered to the Canadian dailies, but they would not pay the price demanded.

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"Mooswa," by W. A. Fraser, now running serially in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, will be published in New York and London in November. The Canadian edition will be issued by William Briggs, with a dozen excellent illustrations by Arthur Heming, and a cover design by J. S. Gordon, two well-known Canadian artists.

William Briggs will shortly issue "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, "Quisante" by Anthony Hope, and "The Isle of Unrest" by Henry Seton Merriman. These are three very notable stories. "The Master Christian" has already passed its fifth thousand in Canada. The size of Canadian editions has increased wonderfully during the past five years, indicating wealth, leisure and a healthy desire to possess books rather than to read the thumb-stained volumes which may be secured through a public library.

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"Sport in War," by Major-General Baden-Powell, has been issued by the G. N. Morang Co., Toronto. The most remarkable feature of the book is the collection of illustrations by the author. It is not often the world discovers a man who can write, fight and make a picture. He reminds one of Sir William Van Horne.

IDLE MOMENTS

THE GUARD.

THE station luncheon-bar was crowded with soldiers. There were twelve of them, their khaki uniforms were stained and torn, their faces were brown and thin, their cheeks were hollow.

"Is the war over, then?" I said.

He laughed. "Not much. We're going back by the next boat."

"Why did you come home?"

"We was a guard."

"A guard!"

His lips tightened. "To twelve of our men," he said.

"What was the offence?"

"Sleeping on duty. They'll get five years apiece."

Somebody shouted a jovial command and the guard trooped from the bar.

Five years! An impetuous moment —and Glory. A nodding of the head —and Disgrace. O Chance!

—*London Academy.*

THE RULING PASSION.

A FEW days ago—it was a Sunday —a hansom cab drove hurriedly up to one of Cape Town's private hospitals. Inside was a man; he looked, poor fellow, more like a skeleton, and, withal, he was a soldier of the Queen, fresh from the glorious battlefields of Natal. But the grim demon of dysentery had laid hold of him, and he had only got so far, to die, on his way to the dear Homeland. Tenderly the matron carried him in, featherweight that he was; he needed no permit, the badge of his calling was sufficient. Gently the nurses laid him upon the bed, where he would pass in comfort the few short hours he had to live, for his case was hopeless. A day or so he lingered, and then one afternoon they thought the end had come. Outside in the street the sun was shining, and the children playing. A band of strolling minstrels were harmlessly strumming through their stock of popular tunes; suddenly they struck up "Tommy Atkins," and then "God save the Queen" as a finale. The soldier, whose bedroom faced on to the street, raised himself with a great effort, and turned towards the sound; the notes he loved so well seemed to give him a new lease of life.

That evening the nurses were fastening up some fixture at the back of the bed, when one, being short of a pin, took the little Union Jack brooch she was wearing and used it as a makeshift. When the other nurse had gone, the soldier whispered to the one remaining: "Miss, you won't take the flag away, will you?" And the request was not made in vain.

Next day he lost consciousness for some hours; then passed peacefully away, but when the watchers came to perform the last sad offices, they found clasped firmly in the hand of the dead man the little Union Jack.—M.R.A. in the *Cape Town Times.*

A TROUT NURSE.*

I WAS fishing one day some twelve seasons ago at Testcombe, in New Hampshire, where the Anton joins the Test, when I saw swimming slowly along the side of the stream just below me a large black trout of about two pounds. It was a year when there were many fish suffering from fungoid disease, and this trout had the fungus all over its head, and was evidently quite blind. Behind this sick trout was a fine, healthy trout of about one and one-half pounds. Both swam slowly along close to the side, so that I was able to watch them for about ten minutes. The healthy trout was watching over the sick one. Whenever the sick fish got too near the edge of the stream the healthy one would swim inside and gently push the former in the side with its nose, and so get it

*From Wild Life in New Hampshire Highlands. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

out into deeper water. This was done repeatedly until I put my landing-net under the diseased fish and took it out of the water, when the healthy one left the spot. I have not the slightest doubt that the healthy fish had taken charge of the sick one. Up to that time I had always been accustomed to look on fish as very cold-blooded creatures. The incident presented matters in a somewhat new light, and for a while it rather took the edge off my pleasure in fishing.

—*George A. B. Dewar.*

A FEAT BEYOND HIM.

A SCOTTISH prison chaplain, recently appointed, entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection, and with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, my man, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Then I hae heard o' ye before!" "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Well, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but ye willna find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."—*The King.*

HE GOT THE PLACE.

DR. McTAVISH, of Edinburgh, was something of a ventriloquist, and it befell that he wanted a lad to assist in the surgery who must necessarily be of strong nerves. He received several applications, and when telling a lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner, "Part of your work will be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you may as well have a try to do so." A few lads would consent to a trial, and received a basin of hot gruel and a spoon. While they were pouring the hot mass into the skull the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it appear to proceed from the jaws of the bony customer, and gurgle out: "Gr-r-r-gr-h-gh! That's hot!" This was too much, and, without exception, the lads dropped the basin and bolted. The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came and was given the basin and spoon. After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say: "Gr-r-r-uh-r-hr! That's hot!" Shoveling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the boy rapped the skull and impatiently retorted: "Well, jist blow on't, ye auld bony!" The doctor sat down on his chair and fairly roared, but when the laugh was over he engaged the lad on the spot.

TWO OF A KIND.

A GOOD story is going the round of the London clubs. A certain very smart stockbroker was appointed captain in one of the Irish Militia battalions. He was warned that the plausible old soldiers of this new company would get the better of him. He only smiled at the idea. Soon after the regiment was embodied, the colour-sergeant came to his captain's room with an old soldier, who wished to speak to the officer. The man was admitted, and explained that he had heard from his wife, who was ill, and —"if you plaze sor, can I have forty-eight hours' lave?" "You say you have heard from your wife," said the captain, smelling a rat and beginning to turn up some imaginary correspondence on his table. "I have, sor." "Ah!" replied the officer, "I have heard from her too, and she asks me not to give you leave, for you only go home to get drunk and break the furniture." "She wrote that, sor?" "Yes." "And does that mean, sor, that I can't have me lave?" "It does." The man saluted and went to the door, then turning suddenly round he said: "If you plaze, sor, may I say something confidential between man and man?" "Well, what is it?" answered the captain. "Why, sor, under this roof are two of the most eeligant liors that the Lord ever made—I'm not married."

